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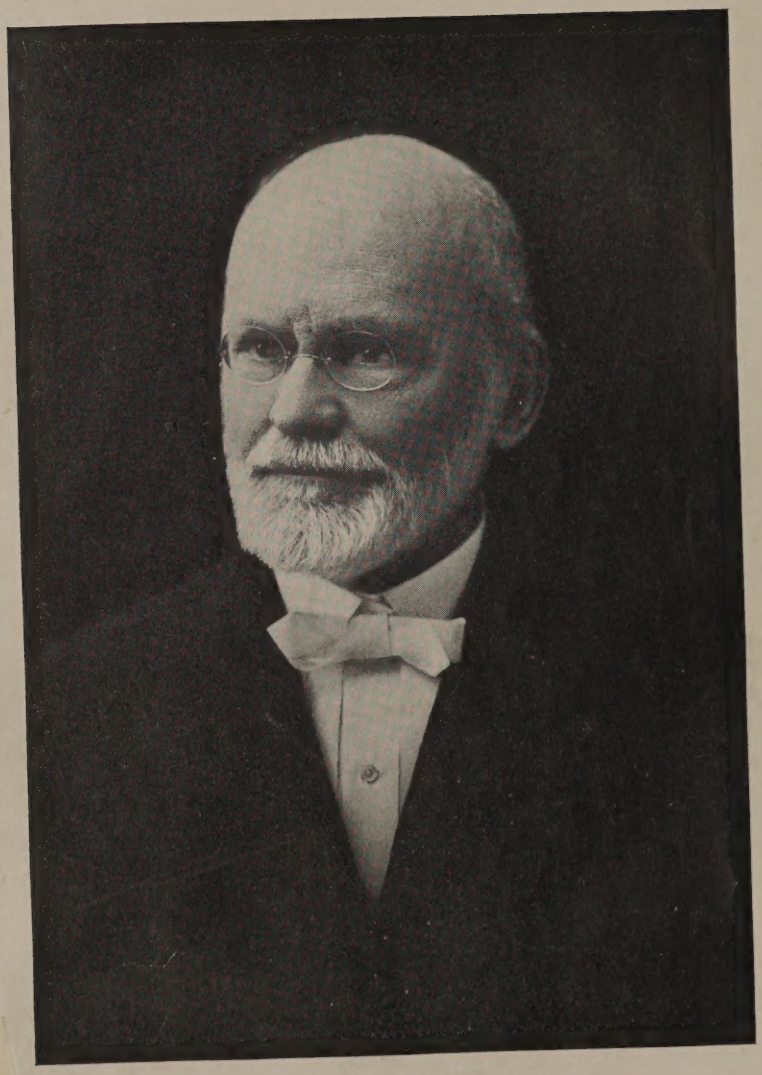

JOSEPH F. SNIPES

FIFTY YEARS IN PSYCHIC RESEARCH

A REMARKABLE RECORD OF
PHENOMENAL FACTS

BY

JOSEPH F. SNIPES

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DEDICATION

In fitting recognition of the comforting ministrations of his numerous spiritual inspirers, and their gifted psychical instruments for the past half-century, the writer respectfully submits the following evidential experiences to surviving kin and friends and all others who are interested in their own individual future.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES:

You do not know what plague has fallen on the practitioners of theology? I will tell you, then. It is Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is quietly undermining the traditionary ideas of the future state. You cannot have people of cultivation, of pure character, sensible enough to common things, large-hearted women, grave judges, shrewd business men, men of science, professing to be in communication with the spiritual world, and keeping up constant intercourse with it, without its gradually reacting on the whole conception of that other life.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, prophetically:

The lightning that now performs the duties of a courier, and which sometimes ventures to declare its independence of human power, will yet be the chief agent of mechanical locomotion, and the winds will no longer retard the flight of the aerial steamer across the hemispheres.

PREFACE

THE reader of this volume, whether skeptic or believer, must pardon the personal nature of the following numerous and uncommon messages and facts, from many different sources, as necessary for consistency and corroboration, after lapses of many years between their deliverance.

With all these evidences, and with ordinary faith in the honesty and intent of the careful relator, it is hoped they will be received with due interest concerning a paramount subject which everybody must eventually consider and respect.

Separations, in time of war or peace, by accident or disease, are inevitable, and no class of humans, editors, preachers, or others, can nullify this universal truth. But so generally diffused today is phenomenal information in scientific, religious and domestic life, that wide acceptance of super-normal facts is no longer considered deserving of ignorant prejudice, nor indicative of mental incompetence.

A few of the many inspiring lessons conveyed and suggested by these ministrations I think are the following:

That personal communications vary in thought and expression according to the mentality, cultivation and desire of the speakers, and the timely needs evoking them.

That spirit people are still natural and human, the same distinct individuals in mind and heart, with a counterpart body surprisingly light and relieved of all former pain and deformity.

That it is part of our future education and pleasure, with intensified soul sense, to continue our identity and affection for our earthly friends, and to seek every possible avenue for recognition by impression and speech.

That future change in spirit life is a gradual emergence and growth into better states, without shock or grief, after close of mortal ties.

That the highest permanent law of life and happiness is Service; that the only fateful arbiter is Conscience, and proper thoughts and deeds.

That there is no material Hell, without or within the globe, for graded deserts; that life's ill-conduct, injustice and memories, alone create the fires of mental distress; that we begin where we leave off, and hunger for self-redemption.

That the greatest inspiration for hopeful living is satisfying proof that death does not kill, is not a dreadable enemy, but the friend of human evolution.

That spirit communications are not necessarily august and unnatural, but the only conclusive evidence of human survival, affection and progress.

An unproven question is reincarnation. But what progress is there in a constant repetition of accidental physical conjunction and infantile ignorance?

Does not reason deny the need of a wandering shapeless consciousness searching for human embodiment? Do not the spiritual facts prove continual opportunity and desire for progress? Should they not convince us that the bottom is knocked out of the bottomless, that the future life is but another free gift, that the Omnipotent Father is not a pitiless Warden of an eternal prison, that the "resurrection" of all bodies of the past, present and future, does not depend upon the blast of a Gabriel horn for orderly huddling of human bones after indefinite ages of delay and decay?

Many of these regular verbatim talks were discontinued for a time during the great World War, from communicators like Thomas Paine, Horace Greeley, and Henry Ward Beecher, who declared they were needed missionaries to the wounded and dying boys abroad. But since the close of this half-century record, the same courted privilege of frequent communion with kin and friends and others has continued, and promises to continue as long as life and its conditions and devotion remain; especially through the mediumship of my gifted psychic wife, and myself, in private life.

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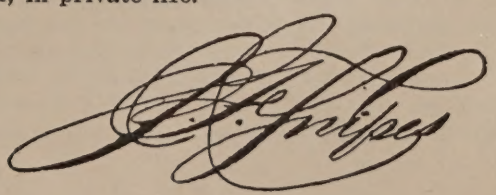

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CHAPTER I.

SINCE my voluntary retirement from all business over thirty-four years ago, and after patient and careful study and faithful record for fifty years, from 1873 to 1923, of the varied phenomena of so-called Modern Spiritualism, with its rational and hopeful philosophy and facts, I was compelled to acknowledge their truth and value, in spite of previous skeptical scorn, or stultify reason and common sense.

My first supernormal evidences were found in frequent interviews with gifted professionals outside of many exposed pretenders, but the most extensive and conclusive of all convincing tests were furnished under fraud-proof conditions in private life, through long-tried friends and my own unexpected development, as shown in the numerous remarkable happenings related in this book.

For a long time many interested friends among the thoughtful, religious and scientific, urged its publication, and in all these years I have kept a true account, stenographically and otherwise, of the more important psychical phenomena, but until now have declined to assume the labor, even with proffered manual help; but more recent appeals, in view of intensified public interest in the deeper problems of life, so generally created during and since the great World War, impel me to attempt the task in the hope that those concerned in the inevitable may find some tangible comfort in modern revelations of personal and general application.

My first interest in this curious and important study began a few years after the Rochester craze. My father was a Methodist minister and temperance advocate in and about Richmond, Va., a ready speaker on public occasions, yet occasionally we wondered at the antics and independent intelligence of the family table. Naturally I imbibed the religious faith and feelings of my parents, and neglected the usual advantages of association with the corner boys, and was a failure in the accomplishments of dancing, smoking, chewing, swearing, drinking and playing cards, contrary to the habits of a son of a preacher.

Later, after tuition in private schools, I entered Lynchburg College, Va., was advanced to sophomore wisdom at once, and in 1860, in competition with eleven other graduating students from different States, I was publicly awarded by half-a-dozen lawyer judges the prize gold medal for a competitive speech, on the Criminality of Duelling; yet the following week the college president, a brilliant and eloquent minister, was arrested in the act of fighting a duel with a politician.

Soon after the outbreak of the (un) Civil War I became private secretary to Surgeon-General Samuel Preston Moore, Confederate States War Department, and was thus denied the privilege of youthful exposure to the weather and the enemy's bullets, a sample of which I later enjoyed.

On the fall of Richmond I entered the City's First National Bank of Richmond, and afterward accepted an invitation of its president, Hamilton G. Fant, and General Thomas Ewing of Washington, to promote a business enterprise of theirs throughout the Union, which led to my permanent settlement in New York City.

Antedating this removal to New York, and while choir leader of the Union Station M. E. Church in Richmond, the father of its modest contralto singer, Josie Clark, informed me one day that his daughter had the gift of automatic writing, and was often impelled to write strange messages and names unknown to her but recognized by others. This aroused my testing curiosity and I called at her home for a personal trial. As desired, I wrote a question, beyond her observation, simply asking if any invisible friend of mine was present. I folded the pellet several times, retained it and awaited reply. In a few moments the young lady slowly wrote a line of joined letters, which disconnected read: Thomas Jefferson Edwards Fox. This was the full name of a former co-worker with me in the

War Department, wholly unknown to the scribe, and who removed to Baltimore two years after the war and died there.

My next concealed question was: What about my future? The answer was: You are going North to live. When? I asked. The answer named many months ahead, the day of the month and the day of the week. While unable to account for the full name, I had no faith in the prophecy and disclaimed the idea of leaving my Southern home and father, mother, sister and friends.

Several months later, forgetting this incident, I unexpectedly received the offer to traverse the States and accepted it because it afforded me my first chance to combine good business with extensive sightseeing.

Arriving in New York after tarries in the intervening cities, I stopped at Lovejoy's Hotel, Park Row. A few days after while sitting in the reading-room, feeling very lonesome and home-sick, like a flash came the memory of the strange prediction, and sure enough I had left home on the day and week of the month as prophesied.

This was blow number one, surprising and pleasing, long to be remembered and revived years afterward by other identifying visits from the same good friend through stranger psychics in New York and other places. Naturally this initial experience whetted my appetite for more.

In Boston a few days afterward, in a public meeting of the Banner of Light office, Fannie Conant the official medium, I enclosed a question in a sealed envelope, endorsed it with private mark, and placed it on the stage table with several hundred others. Entering the hall in shut-eyed trance the medium seized each envelope in rapid succession and wrote upon it a hurried reply. Recovering my own at close of meeting, it displayed a pertinent answer. My hidden question was: When should I return home? The reply was: Your friends will be glad to see you in your own time.

Completing my mission in the different States, in 1871 I concluded to settle down for life in the little cosmopolitan village of New York, and while engaged in other interests as reporter and writer until 1908, including a profitable connection with the pleasant officials of the Standard Oil Company, 26 Broadway, during and since that time my opportunities for psychical investigation were numerous and fortunate, but especially give I thanks for the wonderful assistance of "Mother Wakeman," through whose remarkable gifts I received extended and most convincing proofs of the return and positive identification of numerous departed kin and friends. In 1873 really began this experience and chronological record, and the privilege of a restful home for many years with this respected psychic mother and her devoted son and daughter.

Mrs. W., although uneducated grammatically, was an uncommon woman. Her spiritual gifts included clairvoyance, clairaudience, unconscious trance and prophecy, all improved by exercise and freely given for the comfort of the bereaved and needy. Even in childhood she was singularly endowed, and all through her long life every one who knew her acknowledged her magnetism, practical wisdom, and kindly charity. She practiced what she preached, and proved what she taught, but her decided development of mediumship was not fully manifest until after the death, on July 4, 1873, of a foreign woman, whom she had befriended and who was first to control her brain in trance. To enhance this novel experience we visited well-known public and private psychics.

August 12, 1873, we called, as strangers, on the famous Henry Slade, and received a message between a pair of clean slates untouched on a table between us, in bright sunlight, the writing heard in the act of execution, signed with the name of the above mentioned foreigner, who expressed great gratitude for kindness extended her in life. My chair and self were drawn around by some invisible force, and another appropriate message followed.

August 17, I called alone on Dr. Slade. Between two slates, in the light, was written an audible communication referring to certain pertinent circumstances entirely unknown to the medium. The centre-table, in bright sunlight, was whirled around with vehemence, and the large table at which we sat, at my request was lifted to the ceiling, turned over and settled quietly on my head, then arose

again, reversed itself, and gently returned to the floor between us. I remarked upon the incredulity of others if told of these facts, when immediately, on clean slate in centre of table, scratching was heard with the following impromptu words: My friend: Do not mind what others may say; be true to yourself. Alice Cary. (See fuller accounts at end of book.) This and other results were a combination of physical and mental phenomena on our "tables of stone," with recognized names and statements wholly unknown to the psychic.

On the same day, for the first time I interviewed another prominent intermediary, Dr. J. V. Mansfield, called the spirit postmaster. His method was to ask the sitter to address some one in spirit and fold and paste the paper together. He then approaches, places his left forefinger upon the concealed writing, with pencil in right hand, ready to answer letter by letter the telegraphic motions of the finger. In this way, replying correctly in the name of the party addressed, pointed reference was made to my visit to Dr. Slade only an hour before, giving my name, the name of the spirit invoked, and many personal matters. Was asked to call again, without charge.

August 24, in like manner through same psychic, the foreign spirit referred to her friends of earth, and remarked: I have seen your friend Fox several times, meaning the friend who startled me seven years before in Richmond, Va.

The reader need not conclude that spirit people are always able to write for themselves just after death. The manner of departure, by accident or disease, the strong desire to return to satisfy the calls of friends, and the time required for convalescence, determine their ability, and many times the message is managed by the medium's familiar guide. But psychography, or independent writing, appeals alike to the skeptic and scholar, the scientist or the dunce. Just as mental control of a mortal subject is determined by the mind and will of the mesmerizer, so is trance control affected by the ability of the spirit operator, and the physical and mental state of the subject. And because we know that modern spiritual scripture is a fact, we have reason to infer that possibly a Moses obtained his writings in a similar manner.

In this progressive narrative I shall give facts more than conclusions, for acceptance of obvious truth and rejection of anything that can be ascribed to natural agency.

Sept. 18. Mrs. W. reported that to-day, about 3 o'clock, she heard a rustling at her door, and said: Walk in; when she saw a brown shadow of the form and features of the aforesaid Julia enter the room, and the figure jumped into her lap with the weight of a mortal, as at Dr. Slade's.

The same evening we called on Charles Foster, a well-known modern seer, who said: A spirit says that Julia is with you; is that correct? Then we asked for the exact words on the slab over her grave in Greenwood cemetery, and Foster repeated them literally, as follows:

> Torn from her home,
> Toss'd by the world,
> Haven'd with God.

I next wrote a hidden question in short-hand, and Foster remarked: She says she cannot read short-hand. (Any message to Mrs. W.? When and where?) At Mrs. W's. Then the medium seized a piece of paper and pencil, rushed them under the table-edge and immediately produced the name, terminating with the diphthong a and e, as written in life. Where did you communicate before? Named the places correctly, and the word "slates," followed by showers of raps, loud and gentle, upon and around the table. (See account under Independent Writing at end.)

Sept. 23. Heard repeated rappings on different pieces of the house furniture. Attended circle of a Mrs. Reed. Said she saw a light from several directions and a pen before me, meaning I would yet publish something new. Skeptical and for fun I rapped with my foot under table, then seriously desired a genuine manifestation. In a moment Mrs. W. hung her head, breathed heavily, and with blanched face exclaimed excitedly: I did not want Ulrica to come. This referred to a sister of said Julia, named Ulrica, who was summoned from Germany. Mrs. Reed also personated the spirit perfectly.

Sept. 30. Mrs. W. and I visited Foster for the second time. As soon as seated he said: Madam, you have lost a son who died suddenly. His name was Daniel. His middle name began with W. (All correct.) Then addressing me he said: Billy McGee, a brother of yours, who died in infancy, is here. (True.) Other past facts followed and concluded the sitting.

About this time I called on the venerable Judge John W. Edmonds, of the Supreme Court of New York, who had published several able works on his experiences in Modern Spiritualism. I still imagined that, notwithstanding his high legal position, there might be a loose screw in his mental machinery; but, after narration of many remarkable evidences through himself and his gifted daughter, I respectfully reversed the suspicion.

Jan. 1, 1874. Just returned from my Virginia home. Mrs. W. in trance. Said Julia remarked: I have been present with her since you went away, and have preserved her from danger when she was not aware of it. She was nearly run over a short time ago, and by the greatest chance I was present, and the horses were frightened another way. In an instant more she would have been crushed to death. After recovery from trance the medium for first time spoke of her narrow escape from run-away horses corner Broadway and 14th Street. (See similar deliverance of my later wife as recorded Sept. 11, 1911.)

We sometimes join the rational doubter when he asks: Why is it that all persons in danger are not warned or protected? Probably because everybody is not susceptible to spirit impressions, or does not heed them when received, and it may be as difficult to convey them as to receive them.

The same industrious spirit reported she had attended me on my Virginia trip, attempted control of the little medium who predicted my removal to New York, and mentioned my call on Professor Nicol in Richmond; two facts entirely unknown to the New York medium. Another test was her mention of my narrow escape from death by a railroad accident in the night near Washington, just before reaching a burned bridge. Not noted in the papers.

Jan. 4. A Mr. Reed, a former friend of Julia, entranced and said: I have very few friends that call for me; but very few believe in this after-life, but they will know hereafter in the day they pass away. If they do not believe, I do not trouble them. I look down upon them, watch over them, and guard them as far as lies in my power, and know that they will soon pass away and then they will know all for themselves. That is all that can be done, sir. They have been so differently educated they will not believe, therefore it is no use to cavil with them.

Jan. 22. Met a Mrs. Tripp, who named and described the Julia and others, with identifying messages. Next day an old friend of J. called on Mrs. W., before whom she wept bitterly in memory of other times.

Feb. 4. Talked with Andrew Jackson Davis, the author and seer, who introduced me to a friend of Mrs. De Long, wife of U. S. Minister to China. She recently received through Charles Foster a message from her father directing her to certain property that belonged to him, about which neither she nor her husband had any knowledge. Following directions, they traced it to the father's former partner who was keeping shady. The property was restored and was worth $25,000. Many such interventions would make mediumship very popular.

Mr. Davis was well known for his lofty inspirations and prophetic gifts. His boyhood trance addresses while working for his father in the cobbling business attracted the attention of Professor Bush, Rev. Wm. Fishbough and other New York scholars, who tested his utterances on profound subjects and published them to the world. It was a great pleasure to enjoy his genial wit and wisdom, and to purchase about twenty-five volumes of his works.

As an illustration of his uncommon receptivity, one day I saw him in a Broadway omnibus going up-town. I was walking down-town, and to test the question of thought-transference, when two blocks away I said intently: "Mr. Davis, get out of that bus and come to me." Immediately, while invisible to him, he suddenly seized the stage strap, got down to the curb, looked about him as if bewildered, then started to walk directly towards me. I managed to escape him, and never mentioned the experiment.

The next morning, as it was necessary to be at my office early, I requested a spirit

friend to wake me at six. Exactly at that hour I heard loud raps on the desk near my bed, which continued until I arose, and then ceased.

Feb. 14. I received a letter from Staunton, Va., advising that my father was ill and not expected to live. I said nothing to the medium, Mrs. W., but her control entranced her promptly and said:

I see your mother on her knees, I see the tears on her cheeks. She is praying, and around your father is a mist. She cannot believe in the faith which you have adopted, and her heart goes out in prayer for you many, many times, that you may be brought back into her religion.

On reaching the office down-town I received a telegram from the family saying: "Father is dying. Come." I left at once, and by traveling from Washington on a coal train I arrived in time to be recognized by a shake of the head, but he could not speak. While the rest of the family were weeping, I said: Father, if what I have been writing about spirit return be true, will you come to me in New York and say: It is True, it is True? With great effort he raised his head and nodded affirmatively. Three hours later he was taken. We buried his form in Thornrose cemetery; but I could not weep, as I felt I should certainly hear from him.

Four days later, after my return to New York, I sought a sitting as usual with Mother Wakeman, who was deeply impressed by an influence endeavoring to control, rubbing the chest, shaking the head, and struggling in vain to speak. The medium's control then said:

He is too feeble to talk. Very feeble and excited. He came and wanted me to make way for him. I have done so, but it has overcome him and he cannot speak. He has retired, but we hope he will become strengthened and be able to come and talk. All these many hours has he wanted to come, that he might say something to you. When he is recruited, progresses and gets his strength, he will come and talk for himself. We cannot look upon the afflictions of those on the lower sphere without being moved by them. I see so much of it, and when anything happens to my friends it makes me feel that my affections still cling to the earth. But be comforted. It is much better for him; he is at rest now, and in a short time he will recruit and be able to talk, and I have no doubt he will be very happy here, now that he has laid off the shackles of earth. Your mother grieves much for him, is broken in spirit and weeps a great deal. But how much better it is to rejoice when the spirit passes away. Angels of a higher order will take charge of him.

Feb. 22. (To control: Have you seen my father?) He was here, but extremely feeble. They tell me he has gone away where he will rest and obtain strength. I think he will yet be able to control the medium. It was with great difficulty that the spirit left the body. It was present for some little time and it passed away in great weakness. He said he wanted to talk with his boy.

With some exceptions, the communications for many years were given through the same venerable psychic, Mrs. Wakeman. In all her trances her eyes were fixedly raised upward, for an hour more or less, showing only the white of the eye, without any motion.

Mar. 1. Medium personating and speaking very slowly and feebly:—Don't you know me, my boy? I did not think that you could not recognize me. I cannot talk much. There is no cause for weeping, no cause for sorrow, my boy. Here, in this sphere of loveliness and beauty I lay aside the cares of earth. Tell your mother not to weep nor mourn, for after a while she will come to us, where all is peace, and where earthly care cannot reach her, here in these immortal regions, where the attractions of earth are as nothing. Here we wait to be taken up to other spheres. Progression is the watchword of life. I see the cares that overcome the partner of my life. It is not right; she should have more faith, more trust. I see her in her solitude. It causes me concern. These scenes are new to me, these places, these spirits. Many of them I knew on the earth. The first to welcome me was old Dinah, our faithful servant for many years. Many, many others. John, the aged father of my wife, I have met, but he has passed on. We meet and are recognized, but they go from us. My own children have met me, my children here in the spirit world, waiting after the past years to see their father who gave them life in the lower world. They have been with their grandfather. They came with him and cling to

him. I cannot talk much. I am suffering with feebleness.

The medium reflected the symptoms of consumption, the usual law of first control. Those thrust from earth without disease manifest sooner and with more ease. The Dinah was a family servant who trod on a nail and died of lockjaw. Reported many times through strangers.

Mar. 8. Control, referring to Dinah, said: She has been struggling to see if she could speak to you, and it was quite an effort to drive her away, but she dangled you on her knee when a boy. She said: Tell him I have seen his father, that he has improved some in spirit life, is not so feeble as he was, and not so excited; he is in a different sphere from us, more exalted. She wants me to tell the Missis not to mourn, for Massa is all right; she has no reason to weep and mourn for him, for he is here and very happy, and says all his earth trials are over. He repents his mistakes in the lower sphere, but hopes to rise higher and become better, and later his partner will come and share his joys with him. She mourns, too, over Joe, and Mollie worries her considerably, but tell her to keep up courage, be comforted, cheerful and happy. This is about what Old Dinah says.

Mar. 28. Julia said she noticed I had erected a stone over the grave of my father in Virginia. Another spirit took possession, spelling perfectly on her fingers as a dumb girl, named Lulu, cared for by the medium after falling down stairs in Newton, Conn., ten years before, becoming blind and partly dumb.

April 12. Thomas Fox: Oh, Joe, you thought I had forgotten you. (Who is this?) Fox. (When did I hear from you last?) Through your friend you sent me a message some time ago. We do not want you to come away from the lower sphere, but I hope to meet you here some of these days. (This is different from our old theology.) Oh, yes—well, you know, you have to pass over before you know better. Religion is good if you only have enough. I have sent my wife several messages by Burton, whose wife lives in her neighborhood, but she has no faith in it. You have a good medium. Glad of it, old fellow. (His old-time expression and manner.)

Auntie: This woman, this medium, was a child of my adoption. A long time has passed since I have been in the spirit world. She was one I took from her infancy. She lived with me for many years, until her father took her from me. Many times I have desired to come and talk with her. She always called me Auntie. Ask her if she remembers when we killed the muskrat between the rocks near the little house at the foot of the hill. She will tell you who I am. Oh, I am so thankful to be permitted to come, and to tell her to persevere, to keep up good heart. How well I remember when she stood by my coffin, and the bitter, bitter tears she shed. I little thought then I would be permitted to come back and talk in this way. All my family are here, in this land of glorious light and love and liberty.

April 19. Control very dignified, mouth puckered, stroking chin: How do you do, sir? I come for a moment. Our friend here wishes it, and says you are exceedingly desirous to know the truth, and constantly wanting tests. I now perceive that in reviewing the hundreds of recorded talks, the labor of transcription can be lessened in many cases by repeating the thoughts and evidences in the third person. . . . In spirit life names are given according to attributes. For instance, Julia says her name is Fiery, and her medium's name is Faithful. Conditions of mind change the individual more than location.

Another influence followed, a friend of the medium, recognized as Percie Hubbell, who died at the age of 102; an old maid and a great talker.

April 20. Julia now expressed her willingness to allow others to speak, showing progression from her previous monopolizing selfishness, and promising greater development for herself and her medium. Had met her father and mother often, and they did not upbraid her for her wanderings. Scoldings belong to the lower sphere.

May 17. Medium's father: My child, I come to you, and I thank you that you are willing to listen to the teachings of the spirit. Remember that in life I was your father and your mother, and all in all to you. Your mother and I lay our hands upon you and bless you. Be comforted, my child, be comforted. Be not sorrowful

and downhearted, but look up and be cheerful, and remember that you are not alone, that you are surrounded by many other spirits that will aid you and guide you, and will not leave you to go through life's journey alone. My daughter in faith and love, I bless you. Be true to your duties, be faithful to your children, and let the spirit of your father abide with you. Good night, good night, my child. (Deacon Jennings, of Connecticut. The mother died when medium was very young.)

May 29. Visited Mrs. Fisher M. Clark, a fine psychic. Accustomed to sit for Commodore Vanderbilt. About twenty-five persons present. Friends easily recognized by names, description and manner of death. Mrs. W. addressed by a lady who went to country school with her. Was deceived by a suitor and died broken-hearted.

June 1. Lying on sofa, reading Judge Edmond's experiences, I heard repeated raps on the mantel, the sofa and centre-table. At night attended circle of E. V. Wilson at home of Mrs. Baker. Publicly, Mr. Wilson's method was to turn his back to an audience, asking for a question in the natural voice, and usually without failure his guides would retrace the life of the speaker and relate many family incidents, with exact dates. Heard him thus frequently. This evening, among other facts, he reported to my mother, then present from Virginia, that her husband came to Mary S. (her name), also her brother Henry, mentioning private matters.

June 2. Prof. George Morris Nicol, founder of the Old Dominion Business College, Richmond, Va., called today. Our acquaintance was slight, and he knew nothing of my distant family. Inquiring how Spiritualism was in New York, I expressed surprise, and he replied that while sitting in his college very recently his crossed legs had been made to oscillate vigorously beyond his will, and he heard himself talking in a foreign tongue. Advised that he probably was influenced by "spirits" he came to New York to investigate. Equally curious, I joined him in his first visit to Dr. J. V. Mansfield, in 42nd Street. Giving no name, he was asked to address some one in spirit and conceal his question. The doctor paced the floor at some distance, returned to his desk, placed his left hand on the hidden and pasted question, and with paper and pencil awaited reply. As his left forefinger ticked the letters, he wrote as follows:

My dear son: Do not be alarmed. You are being controlled by some aboriginal Indians of Virginia but higher spirits will follow. As ever, your affectionate father. (Full name, not in the question.) The concealed inquiry was: Dear father. What is the matter with me? In like manner the Professor received a recognized and appropriate message from his sister, over her name.

Knowing that he knew nothing of my affairs or people, I asked him to my room in 14th Street for experiment. Sitting quietly for a few moments, he was suddenly entranced and most earnestly addressed me, in the very voice of my father, and exclaimed: My boy, my boy: It is true, it is true. (The exact words I asked him on his dying bed in Virginia to give me in New York in proof of his return.)

June 12. Mother present. Mrs. Wakeman entranced, with laugh and fumbling fingers, said:

Don't you know me? Missis does. Dinah. (Where from?) Oh, way down South. She knows. I used to be purty bad with my tongue, but I am better now. I've not done repention yet for what I done. They called me That Old Witch, and Massa used to scold me awfully. He was so terrible cross. Missis knows. Don't you remember it? She thinks this mighty queer. Young Missis is very bad, very feeble. (What is the matter with sister?) Here—(hand on stomach). Her inside, not outside. I don't like to tell. Massa has gone off with Uncle John, and the children went with him.

June 25. Returning from Dr. Mansfield, who gave us and others many excellent tests, Mrs. W. under struggling influence placed her hand on head of mother and myself, rubbing chest, and said:

He says he is glad she seeks and receives the truth from those that are impressed, that have this great and noble gift. Her heart was callous when she came; she had made up her mind she would never believe, that nothing she could see would make her believe, but she feels very different. She will go back to her home feeling there is hope for her,

and that she will meet him again. He wants me to say to her, Be of good cheer, be not downcast, be patient, endure the trials of life with resignation. It won't be many years before she will shake off the shackles of earth and will come up a pure spirit in our blessed abode. He says, I want you to come. He will be glad when she does. It is very difficult for him to speak. There seems to be something here that is gone. (Hand on right lung. Died of consumption, the right lung consumed.) He may be able to control some others of greater physical force and endurance, as he can breathe into them his infirmities, as it were. You understand.

July 1. Mother returned to Virginia. Father tried to talk, but was prevented by coughing.

Control: He wants me to say to you he cannot use the medium without distressing her, that he has seen your kindness to your mother and is thankful. Continue your love and kindness to her and you will reap your reward. He says that for many things in this earth life he is sorry, when he might have done differently, but his bodily infirmities influenced the mind, and that is the reason the power of control is denied. After a while this power will be given to him.

About this time my brother-in-law, John T. Pritchard, Staunton, Va., sent me some inquiries, sealed and unknown to me, which I placed before Dr. Mansfield, without any superscription, and which were answered as follows:

My dear Pritchard: I have been called by Mr. Snipes to respond to the few questions in Joseph's possession. If I read them correctly, I fear I shall not be able to give you the desired information, for as to gold being buried on the place I know of none. I did bury a few thousand dollars there once, but took it up long before I left. I did it by solicitation of Mrs. Garland, who now is a spirit, too. (No mention of this correct name was found in the letter.) So lose no time, John, in searching for that which has no foundation in fact. I know your aim, and your mind is often puzzled to know what is your whole duty. Let me say: Have Right for your motto at all times. Dare to be independent in thought and action. You have to live for yourself, as you have to die for yourself. (Was discounted for his spiritual faith.) I have met your father several times. (Name given correctly, but not mentioned in letter, and not known to me.) He often speaks of you and yours, and so does Squire Snipes. (My father was called Squire in his life. The above message was signed Clifton Garland. Name correct, but not in letter.)

At home, having catarrhal pains I asked Mrs. W. to make passes over my head and forehead. In a few moments she complained of pain in head and arm, and I was quickly relieved. Next morning fester appeared in palm of her hand, and the back of the hand was blue.

July 18. While at my desk down-town this afternoon, three hours before closing time, I singularly felt impressed that the medium must be ill, and that her ailment was the effect of sunstroke. So strong was the influence that I threw down my pen, hurried to the house, rang the bell and was informed by the servant that Mrs. W. had just been sunstruck on 42nd Street, and brought home. I found her on bed, dressed, and told her of my experience. She said she felt so bad she thought her time had come to die. Immediately a seemingly superhuman strength and will possessed me and compelled me to make vigorous passes over her for a minute or more, when her glazed eyes resumed their normal look, and she exclaimed: How strange! It is all gone. Then she arose and proceeded with her home duties in comfort. I had felt as if I had enough imparted power to overthrow the house. Said she saw a spirit standing beside me. Later I asked if the power was spiritually given. Answer: Indeed it was. Without it the vital chord might have been snapped, for she was in great agony.

Sept. 17. At breakfast the subject of dreams came up. Said I did not believe in them. That night I had a vivid dream; thought I was separated from the body, recognized friends above and below me; tried to impress some on earth, made a few nervous, went to church and sang to attract attention; some remarked: What was that? Wanted to tell the children of a common Father to live in harmony. Got no response, and then found myself in bed weeping with joy at the vivid memory of

spiritual freedom, and grieved at the comparative coarseness of all the material surroundings. Two days after, with other visitors at Dr. Mansfield's, and without any previous hint of the incident, he took my hand and said: It was not a dream, but a vision. Alice.

Sept. 20. Mrs. W.: Your father comes, as if he would speak. He has been strengthened, and joy seems written on his face. It is only of late that he has come where we are, but he tells me that many times he has sent messages to you through different ones, and he bids me say to you: Be not discouraged if your mother does not fully believe, for the old faith of her life is so firmly interwoven into her being that she cannot be separated from it, no more than she can be separated from her breath, her own soul. At this time of her life deal gently with her, whatever she may say or do. I am surrounded here by the little ones that passed away in their early life and I am glad you have embraced this faith. Do not waver or go back. Act like a man under all the impulses of life, and you will come up here and reap your reward.

(Control): There is no spot in space that is not inhabited by some living soul, some living creature, with breath or soul or spirit. And what is Man? Only a spirit with breath in it, going about and doing things, many things that he should not do, living in discord and contention with his fellow-men. Oh, that the eye of the understanding of every one could be opened and sweet peace breathed into the heart, that they might feel that love and affection that goes out from the spirit world into the lower sphere, that they might be drawn together in love, in peace and in harmony. Such is the way they should live in earth life, to be fitted and prepared for the great destiny that awaits them hereafter. Oh, it is all that we can do to grasp that peace and happy state, for it so fills our mind, we are so lifted above the earth that at times we lose our utterance, we cannot speak, we are afraid our breath may be taken from us. But we welcome you, my brother, and the medium we encircle and crown with wreaths of peace and joy. Your own life has been filled with varying lights and shades, but press onward, look upward, with faith in Nature's God. While you are treading these lowly spheres I will often come and impress you and breathe upon you the sweet spirit of hope. (Your name, please?) Alice Cary. (Asked her to bring her friend Mr. Greeley some time.)

Sept. 27. (Had been talking with skeptics):

It is through inspiration that I come for a little season to communicate with the dwellers upon the lower sphere, that I may convey the sweet love of truth to the hearts of those who would believe. Many harden their hearts and will not believe when the truth is told to them, but others reach out their hands and grasp after the truth and like it brought home to their hearts and have it impressed upon their minds, that they may teach it to others, that they may follow it up in their own life and example. And so for a little season I would commune with you. You are lifted up above the coarser elements of life, your composition or constitution is refined and you search for the truth. Hold fast to that which you have and work faithfully for more. Let it be the standard of your life to do good, to advance the welfare of others. Let your aim always be upward and your feelings will be more and more exalted as you grow toward that knowledge of Spiritualism to which you so much aspire. The desires of your heart in a great measure will be granted, and you will feel that you have achieved a work that many have tried to attain but never could because of the grossness of their natures and feelings that are filled with earthly longings. We come to you with much joy and welcome you to our sisterhood, and feel that you are one of us and sympathize with us, and we feel akin to you. Alice.

Another control, and manly: Well may we say, as we survey the scenes of the lower sphere, how are the mighty fallen? How are those who once held the high places of earth brought low? Still charity will be given them and they will be lifted up, for it is not always those that are most sinned against that are the most guilty. And so it has been with our brother who was of our faith and who indulged in those sentiments that have in a measure brought him grief for a time. But he cannot always be downtrodden, the angels will help him, good spirits will guide him, for he has striven to do

great good. (To whom do you refer?) Can you not tell? Dost thou not know? His life was given to us; he was great and tried to lift up others to his greatness. We deplore it and we weep because of it, for he advocated our sentiments, he espoused our cause, he was faithful to us and trusted in that faith, and they who sought his downfall were antagonistic to his faith and sought his ruin; but as we survey the world from our standpoint, we would say to you, he thought and said and did mighty things, and others did not have his greatness and were not equal to fill his place in the world, for but few have held his high position in life, and therefore but few have fallen as much as he in the estimation of the public. (Meaning Mr. Beecher.)

(Is this Mr. Greeley?) (Bowed.) When upon the earth I advocated the truth, and after passing over I advocate the truth still. (Did you believe in Spiritualism in this life?) To a certain extent, not as it is followed by many for wickedness, but I always felt that those who passed away watched over and guided my career while on the earth. It was the guardianship of friends that led me on and helped me to achieve the conquests that I made over the minds of many, that gave me the position in life, in society, which I held for so many years. It was the cheering words, the kind influences of those that were above me, that aided my spirit, that governed my principles, that actuated my feelings, that gave me a keen sense of honor, that sought for me a destiny which, if I had achieved it, would have crowned your nation in one sense with success. But my work was done, I was called for, I laid down the weapons of life and passed away, to take up the warfare here, to aid those that need my assistance in earth life.

Oct. 25. I induced a business friend, Col. Levin Crandall, of Brooklyn, formerly in the Civil War, skeptical but interested, to test the claims of Mr. Mumler, of Boston, a so-called spirit photographer. Up to this time I had had no experience in this direction, and before investing faith and fee in experiment, I wished him to make first trial. Mailing a small photo of himself, he was requested to appoint a day and hour for the purpose and to centre his thought upon his spirit friends. After complying and waiting quite a long time he finally received half a dozen copies of his picture with the face and figure of a lady in white, standing between the card and the camera. Excitedly he called me to see it, and I asked: Do you know who it is? Certainly, it is my sister. Then he drew from his desk a large size picture of the departed sister, a perfect copy of the face and form on the card.

To better satisfy myself, I asked him to go and see my venerable trance psychic, Mrs. W. Entering the house, without any hint whatever of our object, I introduced the gentleman and requested a little sitting. The lady at first hesitated, saying she did not sit for the public, or for pay, was afraid she might say something wrong unconsciously, but finally consented to try, and after a short silence her first words were: Yes, dear brother, it is my picture you have in your pocket. She then gave him several names of different members of his family who were with her at the moment, and in the order in which they died. This looked like pretty good confirmation and whetted the brother's appetite. (See more under Spirit Photography at end.) Page 469

I next invited the Colonel to attend a public seance of Maude E. Lord. Seated in the room were thirty persons, the door was locked, the key retained by a skeptic, all joined hands, the medium sitting in centre of the large circle. Just as the light was extinguished various manifestations commenced. Every one present, at same time, exclaimed that fingers were caressing his and her hands and face, and voices addressed them all with recognized names and messages, the medium describing various forms, with tests. A small music-box was placed in my hand by baby fingers. No child was present in the room. Mentally I wished that it be taken to the ceiling and played, and immediately it was seized and played upon overhead and near the ceiling. The medium was describing different faces around each sitter, giving correctly the full names and relationship. At the same time a number of balls of light floated before and behind the sitters, shedding illumination from within, enlarging to life-size and disclosing human faces. One of them halted before the Colonel and extended itself full length to the floor. Mrs. Lord turned and said: I see a

lady before that gentleman, and she gives me the name of Emma Crandall. She says she has been in spirit life but two months, that she is his wife, and that her death was due to the birth of her child. (All true.) The full form was easily seen by every one, and the Colonel was an entire stranger to the medium and the company.

Nov. 22. Col. C. and I with Mrs. Wakeman. His sister Eliza tried to control, could not talk. Then a childlike voice said: Father, father, papa, papa. Alice loves you. Asked who was with her, she replied: Aunty. Aunt Eliza here, all, papa, all together. (Who else?) Uncle Alexander. Alice is happy, very, very happy. Kiss me, papa. (The three names and relationship correct.)

Alice Cary (to myself): My brother, I would say to you, as these spirits are departing, they are not yet strong enough to control and speak as they would wish, and it was with great effort that the little one was enabled to speak for the others that stood around about her. Little Alice, my namesake.

Chapter II.

JAN. 27, 1875. Greeley: As we open the lips of the medium to breathe into her the words that we would speak through her to you, my brother, we greet you with joy and are thankful that we can come at this time and speak words of comfort to cheer you, for we see the worry of your mind and the desires of your heart. Be not discouraged if difficulties come up to mar your happiness as you journey on through these lower spheres; they will certainly come, but you will rise above them. Do not let the affairs of life draw you back or annoy you, but remember you are not of the earth earthy, that the time will come, as we have told you, when you, too, will stand as a beacon-light before the public, when we will breathe our spirit upon you, and you will be permitted to speak of the things that you see and know.

Father: My son, I feel great joy in knowing that I have so far overcome the great difficulties that surrounded me, and that I can speak to you without stammering lips, and so create a voice that you can hear me, my son. It affords me great pleasure at this time. We see and know your works, your faith and your increasing patience. Be not discouraged, my son, because at home they do not enter fully into your views, or because they often feel that you are almost an alien. But, my son, patience. In due time they will feel it a blessed privilege to know these things they now despise. I thank you, my boy, for your kindness to your mother. You were always a comfort to me. So may we meet as we parted. I am here to receive you and to twine the laurels of hope and joy around your brow. (Arms around my neck.) Good-bye, my son.

Jan. 31. Father: As the time drew near when I took my departure from these lower spheres to come up here, a long time has passed in trying to overcome the obstacles that were in my way, when I could not control the medium, nor gain the power to do so, but as the time passed, and as I have progressed through these long weeks of difficulty, and become able to control, it is with great joy that I come once in a while to see you, my son, to speak of things both spiritual and temporal, and hoping that you will be benefitted by it, that you may be strengthened and strengthen others. (Any word for mother?) I can only talk to her through you. It is pretty hard to overcome her scruples. It is hard for her to overcome the habits and ideas of her life, the principles she always did practice, but she has no right or cause to doubt the truths that have been opened before her; she knows that what has come to her cannot be untrue. Cherish what you have, and more shall be given to you.

Feb. 21. Alice Cary: As we acknowledge that Divine Power which has lifted us up and placed us far above the dwellers of earth, we acknowledge His great goodness and feel that through His might we come down symbolically to talk with you and try to give you some glimpses of this upper life, this peaceful world wherein so many from earth life come to dwell, in sincere adoration of Him who made us all and in whom we all rejoice; and so it is through His great power and kindness that never cease we come and bow our heads in reverence before the Great Father of all. Could we but open the portals and lift you up above earth life we would do it, my brother, but as it is we can only open to you the invisible door and take you within the scenes of great loveliness and beauty. Here are flowers that never fade, that bloom forever; here are white-winged birds more beautiful than any we ever beheld in the lower spheres, and here they sing such notes as none but angels hear. Here we are visited by the white-robed throngs that come from the upper spheres to this, our home, here by fountains of never-failing waters, where we wander on through pleasures untold until we meet and greet those that come up continually from earth's lower

spheres. We are here to welcome them and to teach them what they must do.

But while you have your eyes fixed upon these upper spheres you have many things to do in the lower, for your good work here adds to your graces hereafter. You must cherish that disposition in your earth life that will give you joy and hope in the after-life, for as you work here so you reap your reward. You cannot at once lay aside the shackles, as it were, of earth life, but must grow gradually out of them. This life is a school, and I often would fill the mouth of the medium and let her be your teacher. (Who is this?) You think that because I do not always come with song or rhyme that I cannot put on sobriety's garments, but, my brother, I am one of your guides who is often present with you and with our beloved medium. I must now leave you, for the influence, the atmosphere with which I have come to the medium is exhausted. Our visits are necessarily short on this account. Alice Cary.

Mar. 18. Alice Cary: How true it is that the mariner, after a long absence, crosses the trackless deep and seeks his own loved shore. So you, my brother, after a long absence seek again to speak with the departed. We know that you often desired us to come, and that during the frequent affairs of earth circumstances have prevented, but like a true captain that stands at the head of the ship and guards the barque, though seemingly frail, to a haven of rest, so you may rest upon its deck and rejoice and be glad. We compare this fleeting life of yours to the mariner at sea, because you are tossed and carried hither and thither by the winds and the waves. And so it is through earth life, but at last comes a season when you can sit down in quiet and in peace. Even so to our sister we would say, she may take courage and be glad that her barque is safely moored and she can find that quiet rest that she so much needs. We stand manfully at the helm to guide her firmly into the port of rest.

Father: My son, a long time has passed since I have been permitted to come and speak with you, but I have waited and watched for the time with an earnestness known only to a parent, and I am glad that the time has now come when I can again talk familiarly to you as in times gone by, my son, to tell you that I have progressed and that I have got control over the medium after long weary times of labor to get that control. I have succeeded, and so it is one of the great comforts that I now enjoy to be permitted to come to you. And I look with yearning upon your mother, and feel that her heart is right and that although she does not openly declare the truth on account of her surroundings, still in her inner heart she believes in her son. There are many little things that cross her path, but no one goes through the lower spheres of life without trials and many more crosses than she at present is called upon to endure. She must bear with patience the little ills and try and feel that all will end well at last.

Just here came another visitor, giving the name of William F. Mitchell. Said he knew me in Richmond, Va., and was connected with Union Station M. E. Church. (I succeeded him as choir-leader before the Civil War.)

Greeley: Well, for my part I like to see people cheerful and happy. I tried very hard for that when I was with you. I felt that I was not to stay always, and that it was better to do all I could while I was on earth than to leave what I had for others to use. I think it high time that the people should wake up out of their sleep and lethargy and sow the seeds of comfort and kindness over the earth. You labor and toil and lay up for heirs that care not how you got your wealth provided they have it to spend. This has been a season of great sorrow and suffering to the inhabitants of the lower spheres, and we have felt that we, to a certain extent, were empowered to act; still with all powers that have been given to us to influence a certain few, what are they compared to the majority? Oh, it needs a mighty revolution to shake old Manhattan, and one of these days I tell you it will come in a way you do not expect; the purse of the rich man will be opened and the poor will be made to rejoice.

May 9. Father: Well, my son, I have succeeded in pushing my way forward that I might come and talk with you for a little while. I know the desires of your

mind, I know your continual longing that you might be permitted to talk with me, and to know more of the history of my life here in the upper spheres. (My unmentioned thought.)

My son, after my passing away it was exceedingly dark for me, and I could see but little light, feeble and depressed, and not understanding the laws by which we were controlled and sustained here, but knowing there was a way by which we could talk, feeling that the power was given to some I sought for it, but a long time passed before I was able to make myself known, before I was able to control the medium. It seemed to me like time beyond endurance, that I could not have that power of utterance which used to be mine. After a while, as I gained strength in the spirit life, I grew stronger and bolder. I was able to overcome the difficulties, I was permitted to come and talk with you little by little. You have it impressed upon your mind, and there is no need of my going over it, but if you wish to know more of my life here I will say to you, my son, that it is calm and serene, surrounded by myriads of those that have departed from earth. Each one seems to have his own employment, each one striving to grow better and stronger in spirit life, continually becoming, as it were, new beings. Some depart to the upper spheres, some go away to return no more, while many, many come. We all acknowledge the Divine Power, the Divine Being, our Father, God. It is by this Power we are here. We bow our heads and worship Him. He permits us to have clear views of the lower spheres, and we see the many escapes that we made, we see this divine goodness in keeping us through the many trials of our earth life, and it leads us to be grateful to our Father. The passing away is bursting into new life, and like the birth into earth life. We enter upon the life here almost the same as upon earth life, for we commence here to grow, not in stature, but in purity and in faith, we strive to enter higher spheres. This seems to be the prevailing feeling of all, to go upward and onward, this seems to be the business of all, each one and all striving for another and higher existence, a higher sphere than the one we occupied. We have no desire to come back to take upon ourselves the burden of life, we lay it down joyfully and enter upon the rest provided for us. I do not like to leave you, but the atmosphere is exhausted. Good-bye, good-bye.

June 4. Alice Cary: With a mind ever anxious and alert to hear and to learn something new, to roam out into the vast spheres of Nature's laws, to see and understand Nature's doings, you need food and strength and encouragement, that you may better know how to instill into the minds of others those great truths which you have so deeply learned. You are one that will sift everything to its centre, you are not satisfied with what would satisfy others, the mere shell, but you want the kernel, the whole grain, the whole truth. (Followed by another prophesy of future public appearance.)

June 8. At Mother Taylor's, New York City: Through Mrs. Wakeman Mrs. T. was convincingly addressed by Alice Cary and by her own father and son, the latter referring to his spirit picture just obtained. Asking if her husband was with her the Sunday before, the control made motions of kissing. Mrs. T. was awakened that morning by that token. Mrs. W. gave to Judge Erastus Culver names and messages of his father and mother.

July 25. Returned from family home, Staunton, Va. Mrs. W. controlled as follows by

Father: I feel the yearning of your heart, my son, and I would come to you many times, but I strive to forget earth's cares and its vexations and the things that annoyed me when I was in earth life, that I may go higher, and that I may be sundered from these things and have more repose. Still I feel a yearning desire for your mother, so much at times that I cannot enjoy the surroundings here and the beauties of my home when my heart goes out in sympathy for her. The distance between us is not so great as you imagine. Oh, the inexpressible love that fills my heart when I know that you will all come to me! I cannot go back to you again and take upon myself the form of earth life, but if I can come in spirit, so will you, my son, in time be permitted to come, and then you will see and know what it is to be severed from the cares of earth.

Aug. 1. Alice Cary: Many strive to tell

you that the same thoughts and feelings actuate you here in spirit life. It is not so. The earthly body perishes and the new body is of different structure. It does not eat nor drink what you must eat and drink, it does not want the same raiment to wear, but it is clothed with light, it is a spirit that comes and goes and does its work. Each one has its allotted work to do—what is termed its portion—and must do it and if we could only have the power to impress every one truthfully through the whole universe, what a powerful revival there would be among you, what a shaking there would be. But we cannot. It is a great gift given to some. We wish there were more, we wish that all our friends could be baptized with the spirit, for then they could talk of spiritual things and would be filled with spiritual love. What is earth but gross matter? There you live and strive and live out the passions of life, and what is it? And we that have crossed over take up earth life no more, but go on and on in newness of spirit and life and service.

Father referred correctly to family conditions in Virginia, and reported presence of Dinah, an old-time colored help who died of tetanus in my childhood. Some one of your spirit friends is with you constantly, first one and then another, sometimes a band of them, and if you were clairvoyant enough you could see them and might be very happy, you cannot with the natural eye but they stand round about you. You drink water, my son, but you do not see the minute particles that are in it; you eat food and do not see what is in it; neither can you see the spirits that are around you. They are there. Let that suffice.

This evening we had a remarkable experience at home, with twenty-one visitors and a Mrs. Youngs, a musical medium of Washington, D. C. (See account near end of book.)

Aug. 16. Mrs. W. said she had a vision while awake of a beautiful girl standing beside her and looking so natural she thought it was an earth child until she saw the name of Cora on her forehead in golden letters. (Sister's child.) A few days later, entranced, she said, with child-like accents:

I have never been here, but grandpa said I might come, and I might say to you, papa will be very glad that I can come and talk to you. And tell mamma not to worry and think I don't come, because I am little Cora, and I want to come so much and see and talk with my uncle, and he can tell papa that I am very happy, and that little Josie is with me (her brother), and Oh, so many little spirits are here, bright and beautiful little children. Tell mamma she needn't worry and fret and think I don't come, because it is surely little Cora that comes to you. I can't say any more at this time, but I want you to tell my papa this.

Sept. 5. Medium's father: I always was a man of few words, never much given to talking, but I thank you for your kindness to my child. I thank you. I feel very thankful that in the cares of her life she has met with one that can sympathize with her. There was enough left for each one to share and enjoy the benefits of what I left, but it seems that in the course of their dealings they did not administer justly, and that for that reason those to whom I left it were robbed of what I left. But I think there will be a great change, I think that this unjust work will be revealed and brought to light. It should be, for those that have the power have no right to rob. Things have gone very differently from what I expected they would. I am not satisfied with the way my whole estate was managed. I will see that the whole thing is overturned until justice is done to each. And I hope to be able to be of service to you by impressing others to aid you in your various duties. You are a friend, I might say, to the orphan daughter that I left behind me. At present, while things are so obscured, we cannot bring them to light until certain ones have passed away, and then the whole matter will be laid open to show where underhanded work was done, but all will be made clear as noonday. I have been present with my child many times, trying to keep her in health and to give her the strength she so much needs.

Sept. 10. At home of Fisher M. Clark. Mrs. Clark the psychic. Stand moved about the room and over our heads, in turn, and without any contact. Mrs. C. said she heard the names of Papa and Cora. Mr. Lincoln claimed to be present.

When asked his name, he replied: "I am one who once held public place here and tried to rule wisely, but my life was taken from me, and I went forth and left behind me those that wept and mourned until reason was dethroned." (It is well-known that psychics, like Mr. Conklin, Mrs. Youngs and Nettie Maynard, held private seances with Mr. Lincoln. See report of Mrs. Lincoln's experience in spirit photography in later notes.) Mrs. Clark was thrown suddenly to the floor, uttering the words Bank and Ralston. Said he did not commit suicide, but was drowned in a fit of apoplexy. Wrote father's name, speaking middle name as something like Parry. (Parish.) All present saw spirit lights. Message to mother, with name of her brother. Father: I come to correct the errors of earth and to preach immortal life. (Was Methodist minister.)

Sept. 19. Mrs. W. at home, with great dignity of manner and deep masculine voice, slowly said:

I do not know you. You are capable of extending mighty truths, but be careful. Be not too anxious to extort, to promulgate the cause. A word must be sufficient, for I feel that I have trespassed. (Your name?) If I had been of humble birth my name would have been unknown, but I was once the Chief of State—Chase.

Oct. 10. Father controlled and furnished proof of his observation of removal of the family, mother, brother-in-law, sister and children, in Staunton, Va. (This move was wholly unknown to the medium and to myself, until advised by mail afterward.)

Father: It is natural for your mother to hate changes now. She met them with me in my life. All through her life she has lived in the belief that unless you do this or do that, you will suffer and suffer. She likes to dwell upon it. It is one of the things that makes her miserable, and she enjoys it.

(Will you name Mollie's new baby?) Cora says name it Cora, after her. (So done later.)

Medium said: Something tells me if I go to photographer Evans I will get a message. She went the next day and received a picture very like an old one she had of her father. (See "Spirit Photography" at end.)

Oct. 17. Illustrating the truth that if there is a way out there is a way back for all grades of souls, father this time was compelled to repel some undesirable visitors.

My son, some evil spirits that have passed away from earth in discord and unhappiness seem to come around and long to get possession of the medium. It is better that she is not subjected to their control. They fill the mind with evil thoughts and feelings. Even now I see them standing about ready to seek possession the moment our force is removed. It is better that they retire. (Waving his hands.) Go back to your haunts and look for those with whom you would be friendly in the lower spheres. Be not urgent in your entreaties to come, for you cannot. Back! I say. We do not wish you. We have our own band to speak through her one at a time. Let them seek their own level and not strive to infuse their feelings into others.

Nov. 14. For first time medium was entranced to speak for Rev. Mr. Freeman, of Connecticut, her former pastor, expressing regret that she was unwilling to appear in public work.

Mrs. Mary Charter, of Boston, another stranger to me and my affairs, had just written that the spirit of an Aunt Dinah had called on her and wanted her to tell me. On receipt of the letter, this colored mammy of old controlled Mrs. W. and said:

Massa Joe, Massa Joe: Old Aunt Dinah remembers Massa Joe when he was a little fellow. (Laughing.) Massa can't come this time. He is away up high, and he says he can't come, and Dinah can talk with Massa Joe and say old massa happy, getting bright and shining like the higher spirits. Here in this life no color, makes no difference. We lay aside all color, Massa Joe. Massa Joe, we all no color here, old Aunt Dinah no more than anybody else, and only through the love of young massa I come tell you that massa says he is very happy, and he is glad you stick to the truth. He don't want you to go back, but feel you know a great deal many don't know. And missis, massa says, feels she would like to believe in this, but everybody would know it, and everybody would have something to say and

talk about it. She goes on in her own way, likes to hear and know all that's going on, and feels if this be true she will be saved anyway, and if not true she be saved anyhow. (Laughing.)

Cora, in childlike manner: Dear uncle, I want to say I am so glad my little sister bears my name, and they will think of me so often when they call her little Cora, and I am so glad. And I am glad that my papa feels that I am a comfort to him, and that he likes to think of me, and feels that I am near to him. He is a very good papa. He loves us all. He is a dear papa, and I love him, and love to come to him. And when my papa is troubled, I am sorry in my heart. I am sorry, papa. Mamma thinks of me, but she thinks of the other little ones, and she don't love me like my papa, although she loves me, but the other little ones most. Good-bye, uncle. Good-bye. I will go with Dinah. We go.

Later Julia, daughter of the medium, heard the rappings around us, and with a scream said she saw the form of a spirit between the wall and ourselves. The daughter was opposed to Spiritualism. Spirit Julia informed me that my mother was not with the family. Afterward advised of her absence in Richmond.

As experienced investigators know, I soon learned that when the mind of the medium was undisturbed by daily cares the influences were able to use the brain with more facility and comfort, and for an hour or two at a time, at home or in congenial circles. In such cases it was usually easy for kin and friends to remind me of my business thoughts, intentions and acts, all totally unknown to any one but myself. In fact, my life to them was an open book, and has so continued with constant proof of it personally and secondarily, as these and future pages show. And this visual clarity was manifest often through strangers as well.

Chapter III.

FEB. 7, 1876. Father: My boy, so long a time has passed since I have had control of the medium that I would like to come now and talk with you almost as it were face to face, and it is with great thankfulness that I come. I have been gone far away. To you this may seem strange, but I have not been confined to any particular place, but have wandered off through the distance, going with other spirits to other parts of the universe, to behold distant cities, and to see sights which my eyes never beheld in earth life. I have gone to the remotest parts of the earth, to see how different people worship and live, and I have seen the same sins and iniquities, the same grievous things, rising up as in my own native land, and as I look back upon my earth life and see my short comings, I often think of my own feebleness and the many things which seemed to cling around me and bring me down to earth. I can assure you, my boy, that after my spirit left the body I had a longing to come, but I had not the power, I was very feeble and I could not control the medium for a long time, but as I gradually grew in strength, and as my mind became enlarged, I could go out into the universe and behold the different scenes and conditions of life. We have wisdom given us which we never had while in earth life, for here we can look down and see things as they are; we know the uncertainty of life, and here we know there is no more death to us, we shall live on through the coming time, and as we live we grow continually in strength, not so much the strength of the body, the spirit form, but in the wisdom and strength and grace of the inner soul. (Do you read each other's thoughts?) You look into the mind and see and know how other spirits feel. There is a certain peculiar feeling which draws you to them, which you can only know when you come here.

Alice Cary: So many say there is no communication from the departed, that it is all imagination, that you imagine these things and think them over in your mind, but you do not have any communion with the spirit world. But after a while their own friends, the loved ones, pass away, and how earnestly the spirit goes out with the desire to know what is really beyond the earth life, to know whether it is possible to come back and converse with the loved ones here. My friend, it is the easiest thing you can imagine. You have only to select one who is easy to be controlled, easy to be influenced, and one whose temperament is mild and gentle, and you can get her in subjection to yourself, you can subdue the will, and you can hold communication with your departed friends. The inhabitants of the lower spheres realize their loss when they shut their ears against the truth that is before them. They want their own way, they have been taught from their birth to believe thus and so, and it is very hard for them to lay aside their old prejudices and take this new faith into their hearts and live up to it.

A stranger next spoke, no name given: I never was very much of a speaker, but was always a pretty good thinker; I could think of a great many more things than I could speak of. I sometimes used to feel that I would give a great deal if I could use my tongue as well as my brain, but I could not, and then after a while my brain began to soften, my tongue began to loosen, and I said a great many foolish things, so many that my friends said it was a pity that my brain had not kept a little harder and my tongue a little stiller.

But all this is of no account when you pay the debt of nature, my friend. Here we have beautiful fields of flowers, and trees forever green, a home fit for angels, where all delight to dwell. As we look upward we see nothing above us but distance, clear and bright, and we feel the presence of our Father all around us. These trees that I see reach far up in space, clothed with everlasting verdue, green and beautiful, that fade not nor wither. And we have fountains whose banks are lined with such bright and beautiful flowers as the eye of

earth can never see, fit emblems of the spirit world. Here you gradually grow, not so much in size or proportion as in faith and in the feeling that you are re-born for a purpose. As you look down upon the earth it seems like a vapor that vanishes, you behold places and people, you see them come and go, you see them rise and fall and disappear. There is but one thing that is lasting and that is Life Immortal.

Feb. 22. After a talk from Mr. Freeman and father, Warsaw, medicine man of the Sioux, directed his daughter Wiona to come and prescribe for my severe cold and cough, a tea from fresh balm of gilead buds, sweetened with honey, which proved a remarkably rapid remedy. Wiona became a faithful attendant, almost daily minister in practical matters, and a ready giver of numberless tests to friends and strangers. Her natural pigeon-English, with elimination of first syllables of polysyllabic words, and her spontaneous wit and cheer, were a constant entertainment and benefit to all whom she addressed on her own account and as proxy for others.

Aug. 10. Mr. Freeman, referring to my ardent speech in Harvard Rooms about materializations, said I longed to express the language that swelled up in the mind, and that I yet would be heard on the rostrum. (Then much doubted.) We are birds of passage here and lay the foundations of the future life by our thoughts, feelings and habits. Spirits come like a flash of light, have homes of beauty to which they return; not wandering all the time.

Greeley: Good times will come; it is in the distance, but it will come. Men are rising up that shall rule this world in truth and in righteousness, men that shall aim to be just to their fellows. Great sorrow and grief are all over the land in these lower spheres; desolation and darkness reign, and if we could remove them, we would. We try to move all the spirit forces to overturn the men in power who are responsible; we strive for the people—the masses; for them we labor, not for the men high in power that would rob the rest of mankind. The spirit world is composed of mortals of earth, of talent, who would be glad to use the pressure of spirit influences, and they have longed for the time to come when they can overturn and overturn and bring truth and justice and right to bear in place of wrong. No spirit loves to sit in judgment, but right will be right, the right men will be found that will hold the reins of your government and will be guided by justice and truth, each man will feel that he is interested in the government; we will bring our spirit band to help, we can wield a mighty power. Everywhere is your faith increasing in numbers, everywhere is the truth spreading, everywhere is the spiritual truth being established.

Aug. 27. Greeley: We told you sometime since that the times would change, that mankind in general would revive, that we would impress the people that they should take the weightier matters of business in their hands and examine and see why it was that so much distress and sorrow prevailed throughout this land, and we did it. We touched the heart of the nation, we made the nation feel that the time had come when they must arise and be aroused from their lethargy, and they must study the wants of the working classes; that they must see to it that the people were fed and sustained with the bread of life; that they must do it; and we waked them up to see the fearful situation in which they were standing, that we could suffer this thing no longer. The cries of the multitude had come up even into the spirit world and we had heard the cry of the working people and came to their rescue. We will roll back the feeling of prejudice and we will help the people to attain to their just and lawful rights. It is right that it should be done, that men of wealth should no longer monopolize the places of power, but they should be shared by those who labor, who toil by the sweat of their brow. It was for them that the laws were made, and they should be the ones to make the laws. And we come at this time to bring peace and comfort and good will to all in the lower spheres. We will strive to comfort the hearts of the down-trodden. It was for this that Spiritualism was first taught, that it might comfort the people, that it might lift them up, that they might look beyond this world and be consoled by the influences of the better life. It is not for a selfish purpose, but that the hearts of the people might be made glad, that they might labor in love and promote the happiness of their fellow-men.

Sept. 3. Freeman: It has often been a subject of thought to you how it was pos-

sible for spirits to come and communicate through the medium. You have thought about it a great deal and wondered if they come through the clouds, through the atmosphere, or if there were solid matter through which they come to opposite sides of the earth. In speaking of earth, of flowers, of rivers, of trees that grow, we mean the streams of perpetual mercies, not rivers of water, but rivers of blessings, of kindnesses; but then we have flowers in the spirit world that endure forever, that need no earth to sustain their roots, nor any water to make them grow, for they are made and fashioned by the hand of Divine Love and are always bright and beautiful; and then we have mountains of transparent alabaster, but they do not stand upon what you call earth, but are upheld by hands that are able to sustain them in endless white and beauty. How different is the spirit world when you look upon it with the spiritual eye to what you think it is in earth life, one thing fitting in with another, every thing corresponding throughout spirit life, all fashioned with supremest grace. And when we expect to come to you we do not come through the earth, but we come as it were in the form of mists, we take upon us the spirit form and we have the power given us to control an earthly substance.

Sept. 24. Father: My boy, you often wonder how we live in the spirit world—whether we sleep, eat and drink the same as you in your natural life. We do not. We know nothing of hunger or thirst, we never feel the pains of hunger, nor the appetite for drink, we are not of the earth earthy, but our spirits are spiritualized by the change which takes place when our spirits are separated from the grosser matter. In earth life we ate and drank to satisfy the mortal body, but when dissolution takes place, when the spirit goes out from the body it becomes a spiritualized frame that needs neither food nor clothing, but what is given us by the great Father, robes of whiteness, pure and beautiful to behold. This is all the covering we need, it never wears out, it has no need of sewing, for it is made without seam. When we enter the spirit world we receive this nature, we grow into it as you grow in stature, we grow into that robing which becomes a part of ourselves. It is not attended with grossness nor with anything that tends to ridiculous things, but it is of a sober nature, of deep thinking; our lives are outstretching. You can never imagine in the human life how it is in the spirit world. You grow into things, you become a part of everything, you take upon yourself the form and being of the atmosphere with which you are surrounded. As you lay aside the mortal body, evil thoughts and evil feelings are laid aside with it. You are made into a form in which there is life and feeling and knowledge, and still it is not made up of pain and sickness or suffering. That is laid aside when the change comes which separates the spirit from the natural body, and as you live on here you grow to a certain stature, and then you cease to grow in height, but you retain your strength and knowledge, you have your work to do, you enter into the mind and the thoughts and the feelings of your fellow-men and labor for their good. It is a very serious thing, my boy, to feel that when you leave the mortal body you not only leave the body of corruption, but you see and know your friends in earth life and all with whom you have been associated, and know that they, too, must go through that change, and you see them plodding along and struggling to obtain a living, laboring for food for their perishable bodies which go to help the spirit form, the only thing that is worth cultivation, the only thing that is of any value in the human body.

Dec. 10. Father: My boy, I am glad to meet with you and to feel your hand clasped in mine, and to come in sympathy, knowing that your sympathies come to me in the spirit world, and you are drawn to me by a feeling of affection as well as love of conversation with your father in spirit life.

As I have often told you in the course of the events which govern the nation, I see the conflict going on among the people here of the lower sphere. There seems to be so much discord and oppression and evil-doing that it baffles even the spirit power to control it. We know that a change is necessary for the good of the people here, who have much sorrow and tribulation alike. I strive to influence the hearts of all with whom we have any power, to impress them to overthrow every evil thing, to lay party spirit aside, and to come up for the good of your land. Soon it will be all over, but who can see and know the

working of the great machinery with us, how all nature revives, how everything works for the benefit of man in the lower sphere? And then when we see man, turning back to his own ways and against his own interests, we feel that it is time for us to come forward and impress him and help him on in the right cause. Oh, there is so much to do, so much to be done to this nation in this hour of her peril. We cannot but feel that although we are separated from earth life our friends and families still live upon this sphere, and we feel that it is for their good and the good of the nation that this thing should come to an end and that peace should be established and discord discarded, that harmony should prevail and all party feuds be laid aside, that every one should feel that it is for the country and not for his party, that all should try to rise up and save the nation from anarchy, which will surely follow in its course if this condition continues much longer. It is said that we should not simply impress this and that individual, but should come in our might as an army and try to save the country. This is our talk in spirit life. We told you sometime ago there would come a change, that we were trying to create a feeling in the hearts of the men that make the laws that we were trying to bring about a change for the benefit of the people. You remember, my boy, that I told you this, and we still try. We do not know how we will succeed, but we feel that the nation's peril reaches even here, and we see the suffering and sorrows of mankind in the lower sphere, the sufferings of the poor and lowly, and we feel drawn to earth. Humanity calls to us from the earth and we feel that we have a work to do, to impress them with better thoughts and feelings, and to open the hearts of the rich that they may help humanity. This is our work now.

Wiona: 'Spect you want little papoose come along tell you what's the matter with you. 'Cause I come once, want me come again. I don't care nussin' 'bout coming down to talk with man, tell him his 'plaints. My father is medicine man, he tell you. Don't watch with old bach'lor anyway. (Don't you like me?) No; don't like bach'lors, don't like old maids. (Can you bring Warsaw?) Big, big; I can't bring him. He never be old bach'lor. He say you ain't got no papooses, you ain't got no squaw.

Chapter IV.

MAR. 11, 1877. Judge John W. Edmonds, in masculine voice, after struggle with neck of medium:

For a long time you have been sending out an earnest desire that I come and control this meduim and speak for your benefit, feeling that the words that I might say would be words of profit. My friend, a great deal has been said to you about the spirit world and the manner in which spirits live after they enter upon spirit life. You have a great many lectures, a great many talks and theories upon the different phases. The spirit world is a place where we feel an earnest desire within us to do what is right, where we are looked upon with searching eyes, where we are seen through and through, where every motive of our earth life is known, and with what interest we acted. The pulsation of every heart is felt, whether it beats for good, for weal or woe in earth life. It is like being tried in a criminal court. You stand before a bar and the records of your life are made known to you. You feel an inward trembling and unrest, not knowing what sentence the Judge will pronounce upon you. And it is even so here. You have the same feeling of unrest and disquiet, and a feeling that you know what your sentence will be. You look around you and you see every one with an earnest look in his face, and a great desire to do good, to benefit somebody. All have to go through the trying ordeal, and when sentence has been pronounced, when you feel in the deep humiliation of your soul that what has been said is just and right, you enter, as it were, into a state of penitence, into a desire for atonement, hoping that you may be pardoned, that you may become reconciled to the Father, the Great I Am. Friend and brother, there is a God Omnipotent, of Might and of Power. Let the deeds of your life be so clear and perfect that you can stand before the Judge in the spirit world and receive the sentence without any feeling of dismay, ready for the atonement you will have to make.

Friend, in my earth life many things were made pleasant before I passed away, because I had the strong assurance that I would meet my companion and so many of my friends that had come before me, after living in their society and dwelling with them continually in earth life. But earth life is made up of cares and trials. Although when in it we all love it, still there is but little rest, but little quiet in all our journey through it. I have long felt a strong desire to come and speak through the medium, but others have come, and not being acquainted with her in earth life, and knowing her only since I have come to spirit life, I did not do so. (You control very easily for the first time.) Hers is a nature that can be controlled—kind, genial temper, an outreaching disposition that invites spirit control. That is one reason I am able to use her better than most mediums. (Followed by Tecumseh, Mr. Bradshaw, a friend of the medium, and Captain Jennings, her uncle.)

Apr. 22. Judge Edmonds: Friend, it is a comfort to your friends in spirit life to see that you are more happy in your mind. Although you are troubled upon some points, still remember that, like a ship at sea, a pilot is at the wheel, and remember that in the spirit world there are many pilots, many that are guiding the frail barque of life, although you do not always see the effects and you wonder how much good they do. Do you understand that your own life-giving principles are in the hands of spirits, and that you are permitted to live, to breathe and to enjoy the comforts of earth life through spirit power? We know that over us is the Great Spirit, the Great Head, we acknowledge His presence and His great power, the great patience and great goodness in the heart of the Father. You know in earth life that the one man that does the most good for the nation is called the

father of it, a man that executes the laws, and that governs by his word and power. And so in the spirit world we acknowledge the Great Father as our Father, for He makes the laws, He holds us in His power and we are subject to His will. Did you have this idea, did you realize that this is the way in which we are governed in spirit life? Friend, there are many new things that can be unfolded like the opening of a new book. It is not for idle talk nor power nor honor that we come, but it is to do good. The warm love of spirit power is more than this sphere affords, it is not in every heart nor every place. We sometimes feel such gladness that we dread earth-born mortals and would rather separate ourselves from them than to be clogged with time and the trials of earth by which we become alienated from our own friends.

May 6. Freeman: In earth life when a number of people meet together it is natural for them to bow, and I can do reverence and bow my head to so many in this room, for it is filled with spirit forms. Although you cannot see them with your naked eye they are around you, they encircle you, as it were, in their very arms; and then you say: What comfort is it if they come as long as you cannot see them or feel their presence? But you cannot see the air you breathe, nor the wind as it blows; you only hear the rushing sound. Many things you cannot see, only feel, things that you are in constant use of and have every moment of your life, and still you have faith to believe that they are here, because you use them. So it is with spirit forms. Sometimes, in days when troubles and trials come, they are spirits of a melancholy nature that were troubled in earth life, and they come and take possession of the mind, and you feel low-spirited and depressed and cannot tell what is the matter with you. Other spirits are with you and are governing every action. When you get in this mood throw it off and rise above it, throw off the influence that the unquiet spirits bring and seek to be removed from them. Because they are discontented themselves, they wish to make the poor mortals in earth life discontented also. They do not have the patience, the lovingness which adorn the spiritual life, like the bride who puts on her gay attire. So let the spirit put on cheerfulness and happiness and holiness. Oh, there is much here that is beautiful and good and grand, so much to fill the mind and the heart. It is necessary to come in contact with trials to know how to appreciate that which is to come, and great is the joy to those who have lived good lives on earth, they can hardly contain themselves with rapture, but continually shout of the glories around about them. Oh, that you could have a realizing view of the beauties of spiritual life, could make sure and strong the faith you have, and feel there is no deceit in it, that it is a living reality. What a comfort it would be to the human heart. (Here the preacher disclaimed equal eloquence with Talmage, whose sermons twice weekly I had reported fully for the *Christian Herald* of London.)

May 13. Received a talk from one who gave the name of Rabbi Israel Ben-Anim, and said he went down on board the steamer *City of Boston.*

Father: My boy, nothing is lost that once has life, though you may seek to destroy it. If it once has life it belongs to the great Father of Life and is cherished and nourished as His own. (Is sex preserved?) In your mind you have been wrongly impressed; the sexual nature is destroyed; that is of the earth earthy; it is laid aside with the body. You cannot bring earth matter into the spirit world. I have seen nothing of the kind. There is here an earnest striving after spiritual knowledge, a longing after higher and holier views and more serene joy, a desire to be made more happy as your knowledge extends into the spirit world. All things belonging to the body are laid away with the body for the purified spirit. Now you understand the expression in the Scriptures, that it is clothed upon. It is the mind that improves and expands and grows. (But you keep your shape?) The shape is covered with driven white and power; it is the spirit which comes up out of the body and takes its form in the spirit world, without food, without sexuality.

June 3. Medium: There seems to be a vision before me. I am standing in a valley, and I see houses all around me, not so near together, built of wood, not very high, not very large nor extravagantly

built, but comfortable. Back of these houses stands a mountain covered with trees and verdure. A road, not paved as in the great cities, but of earth, surrounds this one house. The inmates seem very sad. There is a child there and one or two others. There is sickness there and trouble. The doors are closed, but I see a great many friends round about the house as if waiting and watching for some spirit form from the home. The pain is here (hand on stomach.) The vision is gone. (A few days later I received word from the Virginia home that little Cora had swallowed a two-cent piece and was expected to die. Medium knew nothing of the surroundings as correctly described, and neither of us knew of the accident.)

June 10. After a talk from Evelon, brother of Wiona, she said: My big brother been to see you. He had long speechin, long talks. I like medy. (Your brother speaks big words for an Indian.) Funny. Ain't been here so many years for nussin'. No; he ain't been all these years with the white man for nussin'; that's the way he got his 'cation. You gets 'cation when you gets here such as you ain't got now. You'd have lots of things if you had everything you want.

Oct. 7. Father (after long interim): My boy, I am glad to come for a little while to tell you I have progressed higher, higher in the better world. I have removed to a different place where I can go out and see and take in a broader view of heavenly things, where my mind is benefitted, where I can see different sights and hear different sounds from the murmurings and sorrows of earth. It is for this reason that we like to progress, to go forward, so we cannot be dragged down and feel that we still must take upon ourselves the trials of our earthly friends. It is very hard to be sundered from these at first, but when you gradually lose your hold upon them you can rise higher and higher in the spiritual life. It was for this that I so long have striven and often prayed against the carnal life, but when I saw the disappointments of my family, it drew me down to earth, it drew me there with ties so strong that I hardly could sever myself, and I felt that I would give it all up and turn to my Father and He would raise me higher in the spiritual life. This is the reason I have not come so often of late to see you in your surroundings. I know your inward strivings, I see it all, nothing is left unseen or unknown; but take courage, my boy, in any event which clouds the face of Nature's sun. Let in the sunlight of happiness, and it will beautify your whole nature, make you warm-hearted, and make you feel that you are indeed a new man.

Chapter V.

JAN. 20, 1878. Greeley: Moral Reform is the question that comes up continually, and I feel that the lower spheres are so lost, with each one seeking to convert all others to his way of thinking. There is so much trouble going on I am very glad I am safe on our side. I have never felt any desire to come back. My own family are comfortable and happy, but my heart aches and bleeds with the unkindness and uncharitableness of the world. When I was on earth I strove to bind up the broken-hearted, and to pour oil upon the wounds of those that were afflicted, and my whole life was spent in trying to do good to my fellow-men, and now as I have passed away seldom is my name heard, seldom am I spoken of unless in some radical joke. So you see the labor of man is in vain; it is naught. You may labor and lay up treasure, but when you have passed away your name is forgotten and with many becomes a by-word.

My friend, you know I had a great love for the western part of your world, and I used to journey among its hills and through its valleys, leaving the seeds that others planted there, and there I am far better remembered and my words are treasured up with more kindness than in the city where I dwelt so long. I see so many kinds of reforms and of governments and of despots and everything that comes up, one trying to put down and rise above another, each one excellent in itself and each one bad within itself, and there seems to be nothing but civil reform; but when I survey this world, it is in sorrow I see the multitude downtrodden and oppressed, and anger and strife and business grief on every hand, and I feel that it needs the voice of a mightier man than I am, a mightier spirit to raise it from its slumber and ashes. The times with you are oppressive; you cannot see it because you are not in condition to see anything but your surroundings; you cannot tell all over the vast world of all the sorrow and crime and groanings that come up from the oppressed. It is enough to rend the very spirit world and clothe the spirits themselves in sackcloth. We look on and sympathize with them, but the voice of an archangel would hardly save you, for you would listen and turn away. Each one is rushing on to his own end and will not heed the voice, and still it comes in whispers telling you to hope, to be kind and sympathizing, to let your heart go out in kindness, not each man living for himself and caring naught for his neighbor. The times, as you call it, have made the world as it is to a certain extent, oppression dealt out by the hand of man, misery following in its trail. None can see it with greater grief than they who were benevolent in their time and who felt that they were a part of the world. When we lay off the shackles of earth and come up here it clogs us and makes us feel that we are not worth being called spirits in spirit life, for there is so much of earth in our nature still. You know, friend, when I was in earth life I was first in politics. I was a Republican, as you call it. Your government is all right, its laws were made in uprightness, and if administered as they were framed by our father Washington, they would be answerable, but everything is changed, even the Constitution itself to some extent, and one President after another fills the place. See how they are regarded by the opposing parties, how they are suffered to be betrayed, no respect for the head of the nation. How can you expect the times to be better, and expect any improvement when even the head of the country is trampled in the dust? I have been looking for a long time upon the world at large and feeling that I would like to come and talk with someone upon the public stage and express to the world my feelings and views upon every subject connected with government, with government rights and government duties and obligations and all the charges of civil life. I would like to express my mind freely in regard to these things.

(What are your views of Hell?) I have heard the question agitated in high places on the earth, and let me tell you, there is a

place of punishment, not what you call hell and hell-fire, but a place and condition of punishment where so many, even in the spirit world, are cast out into darkness, because they would not yield to the laws of the heavenly world. What could we do if all dispositions and tempers and peoples were to come here together and would not conform to the rules and be in tune with the higher powers? They would be quarreling, dishonest, contentious, and universal sorrow would prevail and pervade this beautiful home. When they pass away from earth they do not become changed at once; they must grow in the immortal. They come as they leave the lower spheres, and consequently many come with their evil passions, their evil tempers and dispositions. Shall they be taken into spirit life and be given all the privileges of the meek and lowly, the devout and the good? Oh, no; they must commence for themselves and grow, grow better and mindful of their duty. But many natures, very many, will not submit, and they are cast out into darkness. As I have never been an inhabitant of such a place I cannot describe it to you, but let me assure you, my friend, there is a place of punishment. When you come here you will see it and know it for yourself. Your own good sense must tell you that where they disobey the laws they must be punished. And I will say further, that the deeds done in earth life are remembered and treasured here. They are all remembered, deeds of kindness and deeds of unkindness, and here you go through a repentence more strict, more severe than anything you have in earth life. Here your character is all dissected, here you are picked to pieces, and all the good that is done, not for the sake of doing good and having it credited, but for the sake of the good done in earnestness, is remembered, this thing for you and that against you.

April 15. Father: My boy, I have seen your earnest endeavors to bring the family into the faith that you profess, and I know the impression that is made upon John. Though invisible, I can enter into his thoughts and feelings, and I can influence him to do certain things and help him in the duties of life. I know that many obstacles are raised against him, but there should not be, for he is truthful and honest and forbearing, his love goes out in earnestness towards his family, and he strives to maintain them in a manner that is noble and grand, and I love to come and dwell in the secret thoughts of his soul. I love to watch over them all. Sometimes when there is mourning and complaining it drives me away, for when I take upon myself their sympathies I am drawn to earth, and I try to rise above its cares and its trials. I like to come when all is peace and kindness and no ill-feeling prevails, but when it does I soar aloft and keep away, and feel there is more fellowship with the spirits above me. I see the darkness and feeling of dismay that overspread our beautiful land. It seems as though darkness had come upon the people and superstition dwells in their hearts. They must look upward with spiritual eyes and behold the Giver of all good, look more to the great Father of Life, and be not clogged with earth and earthly cares and hardened so that the light of love cannot penetrate their minds. They are so earth-bound and so wrapped up in the cares of every-day affairs that they have no thought for the approaching time when the dissolution of the mortal body takes place, they give no thought to the Hereafter, they make no provision for their standing in the spirit world. That foundation needs to be laid while they are here on earth. It is not good to come over and feel that you have no home, no abiding place here. Each one who expects to have any enjoyment in spirit life must make sure of his home, and this must be done while in this sphere. It is just as necessary for the spirit to make good his abode, to have his flowers planted, and the pillars reared around it, not simply believing that when his life is done he has only to go to the heaven that was so much talked about for many years. The spirit world must be obtained by faith, all through this land of beauty must the faithful dwell.

Think of what I suffered the first of my coming, the darkness, the sorrow, the unbelief, the repentance that I went through. I had no knowledge of Spiritualism, and my faith was not strong enough to give me a home I should have had, had the faith that I preached been true, for by my fretful disposition and temper and shortcomings I would have been cast away from it, but by the good spirits I was received, and after humiliation and working deeds of penitence

and faith I became in a manner strengthened and renewed in spirit; I was enabled to communicate with you; but even at this distance, at this time, I have not arrived to that faith nor that strength which are given to many. Being of a nervous temperament and exceedingly irritable, the cares of life weighed heavily upon me, and I was not one that could take them patiently. But all is now forgiven, and in love and kindness I come with good will and joyful greetings. Oh, the time is hastening on when the feeling of being afraid of Spiritualism will be done away with. It requires that the mediums should be pure-minded and live good lives, that they may be looked up to as ministers of the faith, that no degree of shame may be found upon them. It is in a great measure dependent upon them. They are watched by the world, and many think that no good can come out of their mouths, but if the lives of the faithful are good and pure there can be no reproach.

April 29. Bishop Wainwright: Changes have taken place with Nature and empires, the world continually works on with its revolutions, and still the spheres remain in their actual course revolving around the sun, wanting no change with each succeeding day, and yet the planet grows old and the spirit world will hold her course where now the universal world revolves. Hades is a world you often hear of as a place of punishment. Hades is here, reserved for those that obey not the laws of nature and that break the laws of God. We all acknowledge God, we acknowledge a Supreme Head, a divine Power that holds the destiny of the spirit world, the destiny of earth life, and of all things. He maketh us obedient to His will, without Him we can do nothing, for it is through His love that we are permitted to visit mortals in this earth-born life. It is through the love of the great Father that we are permitted to live and come up to these beautiful realms. He is above us, and we rejoice in the light of His love. We know of no other but the love of the Father, which makes us better, which purifies us and makes us so bright and pure that the light of the Father's face, compared to the rays of the sun, does not dazzle us, and we feel that He is all in all with us, that we need no different arrangements than those the Father's love has given us. You have been allotted a work here in earth life, and see that you do that work well. You have been given the gift of speech, the swift hand of the ready writer, and you are qualified to fulfill the desires and purposes of those surrounding you from the spirit world. You are under obligations to them for the privileges given you, for your knowledge of the spiritual life, and you have been given a medium whom the spirits delight to control. Sometimes an unhappy influence comes over her, but it is quickly vanished and the sunlight again takes possession of her, and cheerfulness and peace dwell within her heart. (Your name, please?) I was a bishop of the Episcopal Church in this State, Wainwright.

Aug. 22. Father: My boy, I know that you have been wanting me so long to come. I came and gave you my name through another medium. It is not often that I am drawn down now to earth life. I seem more in the distance, and the longer you are away the more you become estranged from the affairs of earth life. You cannot help the events unless you are strong enough to impress the people. I had it more on earth than I have it here, I could draw more to me by my speaking when I was there. A good deal of the time I like to be by myself. I like to know and see and feel, but I cannot enter into the things that govern the people of earth. If I were brought down to their complainings I would be miserable and unhappy. As it is, I strive to avoid them, knowing that all will come after me and go through the same process and be fitted to the place that Nature intends for them. Did you ever think that each one is like a part of a great building, that we are all morticed into the place designed for us by Nature? In a building each brick, each stone, each bit of mortar has its fitting place. Even so in the spirit world each one fits into his proper sphere, whether it be in the cellar, in the middle, or in the upper part. Some are put away back and some high in the light.

Dec. 12. Took the medium to home of Mr. Furney, associate editor of the *Christian Herald,* where his mother tried to control and was recognized through spirit aid.

Jan. 18, 1879. A stranger, speaking quaintly and measuredly, said: I am an old lady, very old. I have never been to see you before. I have been to some of

the mediums, but not in this part of the country. I am not known to you. I was a Miss Robbins, and I passed through many years of trouble in earth life. I lived in Nova Scotia, but it makes no difference, for I often come with brother Greeley who was my cousin in earth life. There is no relationship to speak of in the spirit world. You should remember the situation of things with the medium and not press the influence.

Mar. 18. Wiona: . . . (You talk now like a philosopher, Wiona.) You know I can get out this child's influence. You have heard me talk like orator when it's necessary, but I like the child's nature. (The flowers in the parlor I give to you.) You gives 'em to me and I gives 'em to medy. The lily is pretsy, I likes that, and squaws likes red flowers. Oh, yes, they likes the green woods and the green leaves and the red berries and the lilies in the ponds, and then they has the dandelions and the little blue violets and the grass, don't you know? So in earth life squaws has red flowers and in spirit world they lives 'mong the flowers. (How do they grow?) Oh, the flowers grows and they don't grow old. There's always flowers, bright perfumes. You don't have in earth what we has, 'cause they made and they stay. They grow in moist air, like moist dround, not like what's down here. Nothing dies in spirit world. Ain't you learn that? (Did you go with us to hear Talmage?) Yes, I seen big crowd goes with the man with awful big mouth. He talks and tries so hard to say things. I likes him good enough. I likes the fat chief better. (Beecher.)

April 9. Greeley: My friend, I come again this beautiful morning, with the sunshine bright around you and in the many beautiful places of earth. There are many things which ought to draw out your heart in thankfulness. Be not overanxious, my friend, for that which you will save; it will not be taken from you, but will be added to. You have heard the common saying, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." That has been so in my case. I cast out my bread, never expecting it to be returned, yet trusting that those I left behind would be amply provided for, but in the right time and when most needed it was restored again to my family.

As I look over the broad spheres of earth, I see how much good the sun shines upon, for it warms the heart of man, it makes you feel there is a warmth in nature, and it is natural for every one to rejoice when he sees the brightness of the sun. Oh, how many, how very many times in my life I looked out towards the East and felt, when it was cloudy and the sky was overcast, if the sun would only rise it would warm me and draw out my influence, it would enable me to go on with the work in which my very soul was bound up, the emancipation of the Southern States. Oh, how I longed and longed to have them united, and you, who are from the South, can well know the sympathy that I felt for them. It was the one great struggle of my life, that I might see them united in the bonds of love and peace before I was called away from the earth. To a certain extent I succeeded, but not in the way my fondest desires went.

My young friend, the snows of winter have not settled upon your head, neither have the lines furrowed your cheek. You are young, you are full of fire, and your affections go out for the beautiful. Now, my friend, show in yourself the true manhood that is in you, let Uncle Horace be your example. I came here a poorer man than you. I reared my family, and left them without a blot upon my name, I left them my example to follow. Let me be your guiding, guardian spirit. When trials come, think of Uncle Horace. Oh, how well I remember the old home in New Hampshire, where we struggled on, with not enough to eat, with nothing but the pure fountain to drink. We went through it and came out conquerors, every one. We stooped to no mean thing, we acted honorably and nobly by all. And when I think of the bright sunshine this morning, my heart goes back again over the earth and I see my family, I see my friends, and I am rejoiced that it is as well with them as it is. And I turn from them to others in this great city whose lives have been lives of sorrow, and I would help them up, I would put the broad hands underneath them and I would comfort them. Brother, (let me call you so, because all on earth on

whom Uncle Horace's shadow fell were his brothers), I have longed to come to you, because there is much in you, a fine flow of language and the full use of your pen and faculties, and it is well your lot is cast in a city of great intelligence.

Sept. 12. Medium's father, earnestly: My friend, I cannot express to you my joy in seeing the family making mighty effort to recover that which was theirs. It has been the great grief of my spirit life, the manner in which I left my property. It should not have been done, but in an hour of darkness I made the Will which has embittered so many of the hours of the lives of my children. I am glad that they are making an effort to recover that which is theirs, because it is theirs by right, and that which belongs to them they must have, although the offender is squandering a great deal of it. His ways are ways of darkness and he strives to defraud even the spirits of the spirit world. Under the garb of religion he claims to be a follower of that Father that he so much defies. Gold is his God. Friend, you have been a friend to my daughter, and I thank you. I will come again.

Later we heard that this defrauding party while on horseback was dashed against a tree and killed.

Sept. 18. Greeley: My friend, in the coming political warfare each man will struggle for the one he considers the champion of right, each one will fight for his own party, and the struggle will be great. As yet it has not been decided who will be conqueror, but Oh, what good does it do to appoint men whose purpose is only for gain? It is only to enrich themselves, to grasp the money, and a deadly fight which has not existed for a long period will be enacted again; bitter strife and contention will separate friends and brothers on account of political questions. We can look down upon you and see all the people in their earnest desire for this, that and the other; I can compare it to nothing else but the seething pots that will boil over and over and overflow to wash off the impurity, and that which is good will remain. And so it will be in the coming contest. Animosities and hatreds and bitter contentions will come up between brother and brother. These things ought not to be; this argument, this warfare for political power should never, never be; your country should be ruled in peace and quiet by the one selected from among you to hold the conspicuous place of the head of the nation. When you vote, choose those who will rule rightly, that will obey and administer the laws in uprightness of heart. My friend, I take an interest here in the world from which I have departed. I love to look down upon its people, but I hate to see them in strife and conflict. Your Uncle Horace is for peace. I wanted peace when I was here, and it was with that feeling that I craved to hold the nation's power, that you might have peace with your Southern brothers. Peace, peace, is the watchword of my heart and soul. It was so in earth life, and now I see that all quarreling is vain, all contention is wicked, everything that leads to jealousy, to disagreement and unkindness is wrong.

Sept. 24. Father: Good morning, my boy, good morning. I will come for a little while and talk with you. I have seen the kindness you have extended to the family, and I am truly thankful. John tries by every art he knows to obtain a living for his family. Were he alone he could live in comfort, but an increasing family and a sickly wife keep him always down. It was kind of you to help him, and I thank you. When everything is prosperous, then I can come and talk with you; when they are made comfortable then I am glad and I can rise above earth life. And, my boy, I am glad to see that you have arrived at an age when you are getting wise for yourself, because it is not right for you to derive no pleasure from life, and then have to pass over and leave it all. How much happier, how much more you would know if you were in spirit life and could see the workings of things in earth life. You would get so disgusted, as it were, with the unprincipled things and everything that is so wrong and so different from the operations of a well-balanced mind. It would not be right to take upon yourself that nature that becomes so engrossed with earth as to care nothing for the future. I know you feel that you have many things to encounter, but when you contrast your life with mine, see how much happier you are. I married in early

life, and you see how much struggle and affliction I had all through my earth life. While you are free from those cares, the anxieties, annoyances and trials of a family, you ought to be happy. Whenever you feel like murmuring, compare your life with mine and with your brother's and see the difference, see which of the three is the best. . . .

Dec. 26. Father: My boy, I know that you desire me to come. It is a long time since I have held communion with you, still I have not ceased to feel that you are very precious to me, I feel my heart going out in affection for you. You know your mother must have a certain amount of worry all the time to make her comfortable. Brooding, longing, looking forward, and still dreading every day. You seem to be her only oar and she thinks she would be as happy in one place as in another as long as she can pay. She needs affection in these last days of her life. She will soon reach the end and her wanderings will be over. She feels that she is ready when the time shall come, but she dreads to leave Mollie and the children in an unsettled state. I have always felt, especially since I have been in the spirit world, that John has had a hard trial, for Mollie's health was poor, he had met with no encouragement, it was all he could do to supply the necessary wants. Where others worked their way he failed; not for lack of confidence nor lack of personal perseverance.

My boy, I shall be glad to welcome your mother here in the spirit world, and to know that she will be far happier here with us all. Mollie is like the waves of the sea, rolling up, flowing out, and rolling back, without any hope, and drifting here and there without any anchor and with a poor rudder. So she goes on. In my spiritual life I am happy, happy as I can be knowing the condition of my family, but I do not dwell upon it so much as I have done. I strive to forget it, to rise above it and grow in strength. Others that came here to the spirit world when I did have passed far beyond me and left me as it were at the bottom of the hill, because I was drawn down to earth life so much. For a long time I could not outgrow the cares of earth; but I have at last, and I feel that it is good to be here in the spirit world, to be free from anxious care, to grow in knowledge and know we are no more of the earth earthy. We feel there is more happiness and more pleasure here than we ever had while with you in earth life. My boy, be not discouraged, you will see many pleasant things in your life, many joys and pleasures will come up that you have not had. Earth life is a trial from the cradle to the grave. It is pleasure one day and sorrow another all the way through.

(Have you met many relatives?) Not so many relatives as friends. Those of kindred mind, that were in unison with the spirit life, have been my friends and companions. Judge Edmonds, as you called him, of late has been my warm associate, and it is his kindness, his strong faith that has helped me so much to bear up under all trials. He was also acquainted with you in earth life he tells me. With me is Henry Hughes, Aunt Betsie, your mother's aunt, and the children, and quite a company. Little Alice has got to be a bright spirit, so bright she resembles neither father nor mother, but is like a bright star of the spirit world. Oh, it is good for children to come in early life. Parents in earth life should not mourn for children that pass away, for they grow up here and attain to so much purity in their lives; they are not cumbered with earth life, but are free from domestic troubles and other cares, and become such beautiful spirits. My boy, I bid you goodbye. (Many later talks omitted before resumption.)

Chapter VI.

JAN. 18, 1882. Father: My boy, I have heard you speak of Foster. We have here in the spirit world a friend of Foster's, one who was quite intimate with him in earth life, and he says that his brain is diseased. I know that I am wandering a little from the common talk that I generally have with you, but I wanted to tell you, my boy, many mediums become insane, those who are deep-thinking, whose brains have been overtaxed. With the medium, I know that she labors under a great disadvantage and that a great deal of the time the cares and business of her family greatly perplex her to know how to get along, and you should take that into account and explain it to her.

Later on, through excessive public exercise of his marvellous mediumship, Foster died of brain trouble.

Feb. 3. Judge Edmonds: (unknown to the medium, facial expression and delivery exact):

Good evening, friend. When I was on earth I went through every grade of society almost, and studied all its forms. I was sneered at by my fellow-men, I was ridiculed and made sport of because I was a Spiritualist, and after I left it was said that my family had become Catholics, that they were not Spiritualists, that they did not believe in Spiritualism, it was only because I was here on the earth and insisted upon it. Such was not the case. My conscience approved of what I did, and I felt a great desire that mankind should enjoy the same privileges that I enjoyed. But after I passed away my daughter had a great desire to hold communion with me continually, and we talked together as familiarly almost as when I was in the form holding sweet communion one with the other. I can fill her mind with knowledge and with love of the bright spiritual life that I loved so much.

I still remember, my friend, when you visited me. We talked upon the subject of Spiritualism. Oh, I had such clear visions of spirit life after I left this earth. It is not the life you think it is. I found that the bliss, the exceeding happiness, the great joy that we experience in the spirit world was so much greater than anything you can think of or imagine, so much beyond anything that you have in earth life, that we look back and feel that you that are in the form are passing through a preliminary state, you do not realize for one moment what it is. You are wrapped up in the cares of life and seem dead as it were to all your surroundings, living within yourself and in the enjoyment of what you call pleasure, and what I call folly. It should be the aim of every one to enjoy happiness in spirit life, to be as pure a spiritualist as mortals can be. That was the object for which I lived, and I felt that I had made a great change, for my life here has been free from pain and free from care, except the desire I have that all the people I ever knew should be drawn into that life which is promised to every one that has obeyed the laws, lived up to the light they had, and been true to the principles of Spiritualism.

I come to see my friends from time to time, I visit one and another of those I knew in the earth life and talk with them. It does me good, and I think it does those good whom I address. The good strong pillars of Spiritualism seem leaving its ranks. They seem to be mixed up with the world and go out feeling that the order of Spiritualism is not high-toned enough for them, that there is not enough element in it to help them up in life. I say to you, as I say to every one I visit, be pure in heart, be earnest, be faithful to the light you have.

Feb. 19. William Cullen Bryant: Friend, you have an anxious desire to hold communication with the spirit world, and you wish for something that will gratify your curiosity, that will please you and make you feel glad of the knowledge or wisdom which you hope to get. Have you prepared yourself for this, have you approached this sitting with solemnity, have

you brought your mind to that state where what you hear you will receive and dwell upon it in great seriousness? Remember that you are in the presence of a spirit of one that was once a living mortal and who has passed into the spiritual portal, who once lived and moved in the busy world, taking part in its science and its literature. You think too much, you do not take time for rest, you are growing prematurely old, you do not enter enough into the pleasures of this life to rest your weary brain. You plod on and plod on the weary way without taking rest and comfort and pleasure as you go. This is altogether wrong. Friend, I advise you as one that has tasted much of the pleasures of life, that had many friends, friends that loved me, as one whose earth life was suddenly snatched away.

I feel a deep interest in your welfare, for like you I liked my pen, I liked to write and read, and when I see such a student I deplore the intensity that takes possession of him, for he becomes so wrapped up in self and in business that he forgets the great secret of life. And, my friend, without entering into the details of that which surrounds you in your business, and your cares and trying positions, I advise you to take better care of your health and mingle more with men, with society, and leave books and study alone, practice that which will give you an earnest desire for the spiritual life, indulge not in light reading, because it dwarfs the mind and fills the imagination with unwholesome thoughts. This is a great wrong and to be deeply deplored among the young men of this city and of the world at large, not only young men but the middle-aged. It is reading that kind of literature that poisons the mind. Perhaps you think this is very practical talk for one that has never come to you before, but I understand your situation exactly, and I see the intensity of your thoughts, and I tell you, my friend, in all sincerity, to read less, to think less, and enjoy more the pleasures of your life while you have the opportunity. Grow not old nor grey-haired with anxiety, with worriment of mind, throw it all off, banish every care, and you yourself will expand, your own heart will be enlarged and you will be more like a man. Now, my friend, Cullen Bryant has talked with you, and I bid you good-night. I will come again.

Wiona: Oh, guess you didn't 'spect much bushy whiskers. Old spirit had great lot all 'round his face. All spirits likes him. Others going to come, but he just waived them right back and come himself. I laugh when I see the tricks. (Had performed some for home entertainment.) I like see you have such things. Good for you, better than for you to sit here reading books about Jews. (Josephus. Medium did not know it.)

April 30. A Mrs. Olmstead came to board with medium, was a confirmed invalid, went to bed and died two weeks later, next to my room. After her death Mrs. W. said she saw her sitting in chair, handling a pack of cards, and saying: Ask Charlie if he knows who Madam Arlington is. The husband informed us she was formerly a card-reader, under the name of Madam Arlington. He had two sittings, and said she otherwise identified herself thoroughly. While dying rappings were heard on headboard of her bed, and her husband exclaimed: I will never doubt again, for in the act of passing out I saw her spirit form rising from her forehead. (See A. J. Davis' similar account of a spirit birth.)

Aug. 15. Wiona: I went with you to Virginny, but I didn't come through no medy. What's for your mother gone down on the cars? Your mother goes off long ways. She has some condition like jaundice. (A letter later advised me she was in Richmond, and had the jaundice.)

Father: My boy, I want you to be perfect, to have your life such a bright and shining light that you will not be subject to the process I went through when I left the earth. I hadn't your advantages, I hadn't your ability to learn, and I hadn't the knowledge you have of the spiritual life. You have so many chances given you to improve and to study and to see and hear for yourself that I never had. The only little glimmering that I had was before I passed away. It was nothing that I could lay hold on, because I did not have that knowledge and that light that you have, and for that reason I had so long to undergo humility and outgrow the earthly and grow into the spiritual nature, and rise above the cares and the trials of my family; I must come back and dwell in their midst. And then when these

links were severed and I tried to come away and to grow in strength, just as I got able to be benefitted and to be strong and to do good in a spiritual way, back again would I come, to know and see how the family were. And so I have lived, hovering near the earth, and ever trying to rise higher in the spiritual life. I have felt at times the desire to be with you and with my family, and the desire to rise higher and higher in spirit, so that I might come back and strengthen you and talk to you as a father to his son. Such has been my desire and such is my earnest desire now. I feel more strengthened in this visit, I feel more earnest in the spiritual life than I ever have been, because I will need all the wisdom and grace that I have yet to attain to give me so much peace of mind that I may be able to receive your mother when she comes, and to teach her of the spiritual life. How much she will have to lay aside. All things will be made new to her. When you have done with her I will take her.

Sept. 10. Cullen Bryant: I promised you, my friend, that I would come again, but I find on looking into your nature, that you are so entirely wrapped up in your books that to take them from you would be like taking your life, or to lay them aside is like laying yourself aside. I understand your nature from careful observation of your character and your life, and often think of coming to your sittings. At this time there is not much magnetism to aid me to say very much, but I would warn you as a friend, and with brotherly love, to rest a while and give your eyes a rest. It is far better to abstain from so much reading. It is the brain which governs the whole constitution of man, the eyes, the stomach, the liver, the spleen, everything. In my own life I was a bookworm. I dwelt among my books. It was the life and light and joy of my life, I felt many times that softening of the brain had come over me, and finally came the fatal fall. Let your mind rest, live more with the world, in the world and in society; enter into its joy, indulge in laughter, it is good for the stomach, indulge in light jokes and the many things that confer pleasure. Let all somber, trashy reading be laid aside, even the so-called classical, and enjoy the pleasures that benefit the body and strengthen the mind. It is said it is better to wear out than to rust out, but in your case it is better to rest a while.

Nov. 5. Greeley: Oh, the days of darkness that hovered over the life of Garfield. His words were grand and lofty and noble, but who can triumph over the darkness of the hour when the life is freed to enter the spirit world? A nobleman, a grand masterpiece of a self-made man. He reached the highest estates that a man could reach in this land. He died a martyr's death, and in spirit life is one of our brightest ornaments. Here are Lincoln and Garfield side by side—both men that strove in their poverty to reach the high positions they held—both knew what poverty and suffering were, both fought the grand old battle of life, and fell by the hand of the assassin. Woe unto those who sent them to their doom. They cannot come up to the light of the spirit world until they have outlived all the passions and the ignominy of their lives.

Nov. 18. Phœbe Cary: My friend, I come to you that I may exert a better influence over you than has of late prevailed. You must feel that you have friends, that you are not alone, deserted by the human tide of men, that you have an object in life, and make it one of grandeur and sublimity, and seek, my friend, a peaceful mind, and lay aside your reading. If you could, under the present emergency of the case, withdraw yourself from business for a while and rest, and regain your business when the springtime comes, when the trees burst into bloom, and all Nature wakes from her sleep under the earth, if you could lay aside all labor and take rest, perfect rest, it would be well. If you could travel, go away among strangers for rest, you would be fitted for the cares and duties of life, and you would take hold again with a vim and with strength. You have not taken care of your bodily health; that has been enjoined upon you for a long, long time. Spirits able, smart and practical, have come to you and told you to take the exercise you need after close application to business, but you have seen fit to lay all advice aside and follow your own inclinations. You feel that you are able to control your own body and bring it in subjection to your will. You must know that you have labored a number of years incessantly,

taking no rest, giving no rest to the tired brain. I feel that if you had no permanent place of business for some time you might have perfect rest to your body and recruit your health, which is of vastly more importance to you at this time than the money you labor to obtain, because you have, under the present emergency, enough to restore tired nature, give it strength, and put on her garments again. Your whole body needs clothing anew, and every part of your system trained to repair the tear upon the human constitution.

I come in place of my sister, for we two are together in the spirit world. We have our little court here, our band made up, and we have such perfect faith, such perfect peace and harmony with the loved ones that meet us here in spirit life, that it is only once in a while we come to visit those that dwell upon the earth. When we know their worth, their goodness of heart, when we know there is an intellect and brain within that can be worked upon and made to act like touching the lyre with the fingers, we feel that we have need of such forces, that we have need of you, and we come to you, our friend, and look to you to take an active part in Spiritualism. I know that my labors on earth were not great, but I left a record behind which speaks for me now that I have passed away. My prose and poetry are read and sung in almost every land, and I think they do much good. It brings warmth to the heart and light and love to my own soul, and I am glad that I left living testimony behind me to speak for me, and if every one could leave a pleasant remembrance, a feeling of love and gladness behind him, softened with mercy, how much happier he would be. If I understand it correctly, the medium was given you as a mouthpiece for the spirits, for a comforter, and was to exercise her influence for doing good, in living up to the principles that come through her. The medium seems gradually breaking down. Deal very gently with her. You see the change, you see it in your own life, you see it in your business, and great changes will come to you when you will need kind care and words of kindness. I, too, drank of life's sorrow, and I laid it aside and exchanged it all for a home in the spirit world, and I can look back from the escapes of life and see the many mistakes that I made, for which, could I right them now or undo them, I would be willing to suffer more than I can express, for to me they are a continual reproach, a continual sorrow that haunts me still, and I labor incessantly to do good, to try to overcome prejudice and every feeling of unkindness in others, for I know that they, too, when they come to the spirit world will see the mistakes that they made, and like me will return to labor to overcome them.

Dec. 3. Phœbe: . . . You will see, my friend, when you come into the spirit world all the acts of your life. Every act and desire will be written out fully and plainly, and for every unjust deed you will sincerely repent, and where you have done good, your deeds of kindness, your acts of mercy and justice will shine like a bright light before you, like a beacon fire, and make them so grand and beautiful that they will over-balance all that was wrong and unjust. You will see all the facts of the natural life come up before you, and you will see yourself as you have never seen yourself before. All things will be made plain, you will see your great mistakes, you will see your great victories, you will see everything there face to face. And it is so with every one that enters into the spiritual life.

In my own life on the earth, in the last few years, I was what you might call happy, because my faith was well chosen, I had many things to make my life bright, many things whereon my earthly hopes rested to make me serene and joyous, with the companions that were lovely and pleasant in their lives, who are now with me here, bright spirits in the spirit world, and we have, as it were, grown together into spiritual life and in perfect fitness, like a plane whose grooves are fitted together, where all parts of the relationship are fitted in one with the other. All the sorrowing, all the bitter repinings that were endured in life are over, and we rest here like a soldier under his own hammock, we rest here under our own grand canopy of everlasting love and peace. And, my friend, I speak to you as a sister, as one who would like to see your own path in life made happy. You made a great mistake in your early life. In the first

place, my friend, you live too much within yourself. The companions that you meet are those that do not harmonize with you, you want more freedom and you want a greater sphere of usefulness. Confined in your place of business your habits become chronic, and at your age you ought to throw off care and anxiety. Be open-hearted and free as the air, light, joyous, happy, and in all the changes before you adapt yourself to the situation, have a peaceful mind, for that prevents the hair from growing gray prematurely, it prevents the face from wrinkling, and prevents ill-health, which brings discontent.

Oh, how many struggles in mortal life there are, a continual warfare through it all. Even if fortune smiles upon you, it does not save you from agony, and Oh, how many welcome the last act of going out of life, feeling it brings eternal peace. But they cannot have that eternal peace unless their lives here are fitted for it. My friend, when I enter upon this subject I feel there is such a field for thought and for tongue that it is almost a sermon, but I have no desire to enter upon any controversy or anything of that tendency. We hail the coming of every mortal being, for we try to lead it into eternal life and training. Entering into the spirit world is like learning your a-b-c at first— you have to be taught and gradually learn. So live in this life that you may wear as a crown the immortal wreaths that are placed upon your head by loving hands. Millions upon millions of spirits here are seeking eternal rest, and many that go forth as ministering spirits to mortals. Some are gifted and bright, others are more dull and feel that they cannot exert an influence or bring anything from the spiritual life. . .

Dec. 10. Phœbe: This seems to be a season of great gladness on the earth. The joyous Christmas seems to be coming and everything is filled with bright hopes and beautiful things, and the heart should be cheerful and glad. While you are in the world enjoy the things of life. Oh, how I look back upon the happy Christmas that sister and I spent in our homes, how many bright faces came to see us, and how joyous and happy we were. And we have so many dear familiar ones with us in the spirit world. They come around us and we spend delightful times together, and we feel so much joy and pleasure in the society of each other. And we like to come at this time to those in earth life that have any desire to look upon the spiritual life, to encourage them and make them happy. Oh, there are many bright and beautiful things in earth to make you joyous, and things that are dark and sad, that leave a sad remembrance behind. But, my friend, I feel at this time that there is cause for great joy in the spiritual faith, so many prominent ones in good positions, influential ones, embracing the faith and declaring their sentiments openly before the world. Why should they be afraid to acknowledge the faith that even the best in the spirit world were glad to acknowledge, glad to feel it is true, that after you pass on the spirit enters a region of light and joy. And Oh, how grand the thought, how exalting the idea that we do not always live on this earth to endure its trials and vexations, its crosses and sorrows, but that some day we lay it all aside like the coat you wear; it is all over, and is it not delightful? Oh, we dwell upon it so much, sister and I. We were separated in earth life, but our separation was so short, and we had such a happy reunion in the spirit world that we were ready to receive with great joy those that come to us. Bye and bye you will be added to our band, and it will be indeed a happy one. I feel that my influence, my magnetism will strengthen you and do you good and soften that which is morbid and make you glad.

(I was looking at a book of yours downtown.) I think that our poems are widespread and printed in many languages. I remember when we were all together in earth life with good old Horace and all our dear friends, and so many that are with us now. We used to often speak of what we would do, what would be remembered of us after we had passed away, and who would do that which would be most remembered. We often speak upon that subject, and I believe that each one has done something, whose name is remembered and spoken of, and oftentimes the books are taken up and looked over, and one and another says, I knew them in their lifetime; I have read their writings and they have done me so much good. And it is pleasant to us in the spiritual world to know that we left a sweet remembrance behind us. Our record was just, and we labored hard to lay a foundation for ourselves that would not be forgotten when we left this earth.

So you see, my friend, books, prose, poetry, all breathe a sweet influence, all have a touching effect upon the heart. You cannot take up a book containing our names and verses without a feeling akin to love goes out towards us, and you feel that you would like to cherish what we wrote, what we said and what we did. Oh, we cherish those that cherish us, we love to come to those who entertain a feeling of kindness for us, we feel a nearness to them, we feel drawn to them, for we know they love our memory. So you see, my friend, I love to come to you, I love to speak words of kindness and affection to you. It was my nature in earth life, and I treasure that feeling now with great kindness, and it is easy to come to you, because the medium is easy to be controlled. She herself is naturally kind and patient. Good night, my friend.

Dec. 24. Phœbe: It is pleasant to be a partaker in everything that is pleasant and agreeable in earth life. I feel at this time there is a great deal of joy on the earth, a pleasant, happy feeling pervading the hearts and minds of the people, and almost every one who has a heart can attain a happy feeling. There is reverence and joy in the human heart for the grand old Christmas. You see it in the laurel and the evergreen and everything that is beautiful, the tree boughs and the beautiful bells, and everything is lovely and delightful, hearts are rejoicing, even though great scenes of sorrow and sadness have been upon the earth during the past year. Families have been broken up, homes desolated, and everything made drear and dark. Still, my friend, the heart cannot always be sad, neither can the spirits be always broken. Like the morning that comes when the sun lights up the atmosphere and goes over its daily round shining upon all, so comes the faithful morning glorious in strength and beauty. It makes the spirit world rejoice, and we would take up the song and from one to another proclaim: This is Christmas morn!

I love to come and talk with you. I wish that I had known you in earth life. But you live too much within yourself. Be more cheerful with the world at large. Don't confine yourself to prosy books, but entertain company and be sociable. So many friends that meet with us were noted for their kindness, for their hospitality, and they made earth life so pleasant for sister and me that we feel that we can encourage others to maintain a pleasant and agreeable and social life. I seem to be the one that takes more interest than sister, and I seem to come oftener. If you could understand my nature and disposition, my friend, you would find me very much like the medium. I can take her actions upon myself and feel that she would have made a very agreeable companion had I known her in earth life. I did not have that pleasure, nor the pleasure of knowing you, but I am drawn to you by your intellectual life, your brain, your talent. You hide your light under a bushel, but now as the year advances to its close and the new year opens before you, my friend, take an interest in the spiritual life of the people, go among them, and it will not only benefit them, but benefit yourself.

Dec. 31. Phœbe: I always liked to sit with my hand reclining upon my head. My head is not so large or so heavy that it needs support, but it is a favorite way I have of sitting. I can think better, and then I can look you in the face and bid you a Happy New Year. The time with you flies away day by day. You hardly get up from your bed and go to your daily labor before night returns, and one day answers to another. Is it not so? And you feel that it is the same thing over and over again. And it is so all through the journey of life, both with the male and the female dependents of labor, at home and in all places. Another year comes and it is New Year, and we see the busy preparations that have been made in the various parts of the world for the holidays, as you call them, and we, too, enter into the spirit of them. We feel a loving, tender kindness for the little ones, knowing the trials that are before them. We have so many here, so many continually coming, of the little angels, bright and beautiful, growing up into more knowledge and wisdom. If it were not that employments were given them and they were taught to do good in the spirit world, you might think we were overcrowded, but it is not so. Each one has a place, each one is fitted, dovetailed into it, as you call it. There are many master-minds, and they have their place, and many inferior ones, and they, too, have their places, and so on. We have a band of spirits with us that are very gifted and bright, and they afford us great happiness. . . .

Chapter VII.

APRIL 22, 1883. Phœbe: I see, my friend, that you have taken an interest in my coming and like to think of my visits, and I am always glad when an opportunity offers to come and speak through the medium to you. I am glad that you listen to my advice and will read it over and think of what I say to you, for I think I understand your nature better than many do that have been your intimates during your life. I can see the workings of your brain, and I feel such an earnestness in you that I would gladly lift you up out of disturbing conditions. You feel that it is very hard for you, after laboring and toiling so wearily for many long years, that the results should be so soon spent, but let me tell you as one that labored for a living, my sister and I labored hard for our daily bread and for the roof that covered our heads. We lived in constant toil, feeling that the time would come when old age would creep upon us and we would be dependent upon our friends, when our lives would be a burden to us, and we would not go in and out as of old and labor with our hands. So we strove to save and attain that which would make us comfortable in the later days of our life. But Oh, how mistaken all earthly joys, how they passed away! Nothing that we ever planned or marked out for our future came to pass. Bright hopes ended in sister's death, bright thoughts and anticipations of old age were laid away with her. I felt the death blow too keenly, I can assure you.

Oh, let my life come up before you, think of the hours that sister and I toiled and labored for our daily bread, and how we came away and left it all behind us. We left our friends and our family and many dear connections, but sister and I labored long, early and late; she sewed and I wrote; I sewed and she wrote, and we labored with our pens, our minds and our fingers, to obtain our livelihood, and so it all passed away in the using of it, and it was a sad passing away when I laid sister to her rest. To me the chords of life and love were broken, and I, too, soon came away. And what was it? I tell you, my friend, we had a good, strong, abiding faith in the spirit world; we were Spiritualists; we lived it in our lives, we practised it in our daily life, and the circle of friends that gathered around us encouraged us and helped us on. And so many are here with us, dear old friends of earth life. And now, my friend, I am going to say a few words to you kindly. I know that you think of Phœbe, that you think of my memory and cherish towards me a feeling of kindness akin to love. Had I known you in earth life I think you would have been one among the many friends that cherished me fondly. But while I have this opportunity and can approach you in earnestness, I am going to speak for our medium. She needs constant kindness, she needs watchful care, for as surely as you write this in your book, so surely are the threads of life loosening on her, and now as aches and pains come upon her in old age, deal gently with her, and your own life will be made pleasant and happy by the remembrance, for you will survive her.

May 13. Medium thinking of going away for her health, which would interrupt the sittings.

Greeley: You should go West, young man. You are two old maids, feeling so bad over a little separation. Uncle Horace traveled all over the country, over towns, cities, villages, hamlets, everywhere, building up, pulling down, reconciling, making peace, healing difficulties, destroying evil, making everything peaceful and happy, didn't go off to himself to mourn. Oh, no, that will never do; to get along in the earth pluck up courage, build a steam-engine, run a railroad, do something to elevate the mind, throw your books away, you read altogether too much, and you think altogether too much of what you read, it dwells in your mind, and you become almost like the authors, rusty. Stir

about, breathe the air, see the sunlight, live in the atmosphere of good nature, strive, rise up, build up, never despond. When you feel like desponding, strap your knapsack on your back and go West. I like to see a man a man, and a woman a woman, I like to see a spiritualist a spiritualist. If you are not one, be one, embrace the faith, live it, act it, die it.

Sister Phœbe comes and talks to you in her soft, melodious way, trying to cheer you up. You want a little punching. The medium is more to be pitied than you are. Cheer her up, lift up her hands, hold them up, do all you can to encourage her. I have not got many earthly ties left, most all my friends are here in the spirit world, one or two left on the earth. (Are your daughters with you?) Have one of them with me, Ida, in spirit world two years. Some of your best men have passed away, men philanthropic, men that helped the poor, that cared for the sick, that fed the hungry, men that were men, lived while they lived, died and were mourned. Such men's lives were an honor on earth and are a glory in the spirit world.

May 27. Phœbe: . . . Our lives on earth were made pleasant and happy with the thought that we lived to do good, to benefit our fellow-creatures, that we lived to raise up humanity and to make them better by our being with them. I think sister and I left no stone unturned to do something to benefit others, to lift the broken-hearted and the weary and troubled ones. We gathered around us a large circle of acquaintances, we devised ways and means to help the poor and afflicted, and we did a great deal of that work, one going out and the other taking turns seeking for the sorrowing and suffering, and when our earth life work was done, you see, my friend, we had our dwelling place built for us, we were prepared for the change, and we found all things ready for us at our coming. My sister had made clear the way and she had laid the foundation of that good life in the earth, and when we came together on this side we felt that our homes were to be together, we were to live and try to come back to earth life and develop humanity, and I sought you out and I came to you through the medium, meek and humble as she is, pure in heart and earnest in thought.

I think you made a great mistake in early life that you did not seek out some maiden, someone whose joyous heart would have blended with yours in true love, but as you have lived on in single blessedness, as you call it, so we lived, and so we passed away, but if we were back again on earth and had to fulfill our mission here, I think that both would marry, and would seek to make our lives happier in that respect, although we would have had more ties to be broken when we parted. . . .

Aug. 5. My first and only experience today with an astrologist, named De Leon, a total stranger. I had no previous faith in the study, and many doubts, but after charting and reading a horoscope correctly, forward and backward, his statements seemed to prove one of two things, either some truth in the science of the stars, or his possession of the gift of mediumship for spirit attendants. Among other facts of the past, the present and fulfilled future, he assigned me long life, said my father must have died of consumption, that there were only two others in the home, with sickness around them, away off; described my own physical liabilities; that I had my main sickness in early life; that I possessed musical taste, was careful of worldly affairs, had financial system, made my own path in life from an early age, was studious and literary, could not be extravagant, had spells of generosity, then spurts of carefulness; a determined will; was lucky in escaping dangers; inclined to science and observation rather than theory; that I had trouble in 1874 (lost my father); that all my brothers and sisters died in early life (all but one out of twelve); that the path of the family was uncertain, and that I seemed working under an inspiration.

Sept. 1. Today I met, for first time, a daughter of Mrs. Hollis-Billing, later wife of lawyer John H. Judge, who said a lady in my Virginia family would not live long, that my brother-in-law and I would not be thrown together in business; that my mother had had a sad life, and corroborated De Leon in many points. Her mother a remarkable public psychic in Europe and America.

Oct. 7. Father: For what purpose was your life given you when all the rest were

gathered into the great garner, and now have come out of their childhood and grown into a spiritual life? They have been saved the sufferings and trials of earth. They have never entered enough into life's ties to draw them back into the family circle; their lives have been pure and glorious. When I see them about me I am happy, but when I look upon the little company of sorrowful ones I am drawn again to them and my sympathies go out to them, and I must say, my boy, in all sincerity, I shall be glad when I can see them here in the spirit world, your mother and Mollie and all of them, and have them for my companions, for my daily associates, but as long as they live I am glad that you are enabled to look after them as a son and brother. It seems that some have their portion in the earth to know what is best to be done, and some have their peculiar traits given to work out the true life, and to show by their work that they are laying a foundation for the future, building their homes with acts of mercy and deeds of kindness. I had no foundation on which to build, so strong was my feeling against the doctrinal points in which I was involved in earth life that I could not overstep them, I must work and act according to the faith I preached. Had I followed out the dictates of my own conscience, I would have liked more liberty, more freedom of speech, a wider range for thought, but I had circumscribed myself within the limits of the law of the church; and after I had entered upon the spiritual life I saw that everything was changed, I saw the mistakes I had made, the errors I had committed; the days of darkness had passed and the light shone upon me, such light as can only be revealed in the spiritual world. But for a long, long time I lay as in a prison house, I had not learned the truth of the spiritual life, I knew nothing of its tenets nor its laws, I knew nothing whereby I could steer my way clear of the shoals, and I had to be brought into that faith and led step by step until everything was unfolded to me, until my spirit had overcome its weakness. I could not comprehend that I had been so blind, that I had so long faltered, that I had led my people in darkness; I was overcome, I felt that I was nothing within myself and that I was almost lost, so different to me was everything I saw from what I had believed, so different was the teaching that I received here in spirit life, so different the knowledge that was brought me. I was dumb and held my mouth, for wonder and amazement made me speechless when I saw that I had taught such great errors in leading others to think that they must either think alike or be lost. When I came here and found it all as clear as noonday, clear as the brightness of the sun, I rejoiced, my boy, that the scales had fallen from my eyes, and I rejoiced that my family have a home here, and I feel strengthened to know that I am permitted to receive them when they come. Oh, I long for the reunion, I long to gather you all in my fatherly arms and feel that I am a father still.

Nov. 16. Phœbe: When on earth we made a happy life for ourselves, we had our home, our little parlor, our choice friends, who for so many years sat at our table, for twenty long years of uninterrupted friendship and peace. Oh, those happy days! Even now we talk about them and think of the happy Sunday afternoons when tea was ready and the dear old faces came in at the door and drank of our cup and ate at our table, filling us with good humor. And we are all together, life-long friends on earth and eternal friends in the spiritual world. Oh, how happy it was for us to come so near together, to meet one another, the dear friends of earth life, so many of them. Oh, my friend, I wish you could wake up to the interest you never yet have felt for your own good, for your own happiness. If you do not choose the married life, if you prefer to live a life of singleness, seek society. It has a charm about it that prevents homesickness, that brings a feeling of pleasure to the heart in the cultivation of friendship, the society of intelligence, and you can form acquaintances which will make your life pass pleasantly away. Instead of spending your hours in reading, go into society, seek every opportunity for improvement, store your mind with something that is useful, seek the company of the wise and the intelligent, be amiable and pleasant, maintain your dignity of character, and you will find your social bearings.

Dec. 16. Phœbe: This season brings me back again to the memories of earth, and to those chosen hours when friendship was so precious in our home, with all its fond endearments so sacred to sister and me. We

dwelled within our home surrounded by those companions of superior mind and intellect, so sacred with their visits of friendship. It was very hard for us to see one by one going out from our door and passing into the spirit world. We, too, soon joined the groups that were awaiting us to renew those bonds of peace and friendship that were broken only by death, that were severed, but not severed so that the links could not be taken up again and united. And we have so much happiness here, such tried friends, such valued friendships. When we see the earth again, crowded with busy life, teaming with millions running over with happy joyous hearts and faces, I feel there is indeed pleasure in earth life. When I see the little ones' faces brightening up with joy, and when I look into the faces of the older ones, I feel that there is still love and sympathy in the human heart, and that it reaches out from childhood to old age, and that it all helps to cement the bonds of peace and love between parent and child. Oh, how delightful such times, when the earth is covered up with green and beauty looms up in every place. I look upon my home and I see its windows made joyous and bright, and I see all the friends that remain gathered within, talking of the Christmas days to come. Sacred is the memory of that home, sacred is every tie that surrounds it. And, my friend, why not try to win a happy life, full of pleasure, instead of letting your life pass away like a tale that is told and soon forgotten, with a mantle of loneliness wrapped around you? Oh, let kindness and love at this season of the year fill every heart with joy and let it overflow. Many a heart is sad tonight, many a broken family, many a one feels that indeed the hand of sorrow and oppression has been heavy upon them, that families have been riven, ties have been severed, and oh, the heart made sad with so much anguish. But if they could let the blessed light of Spiritualism come into their heart and comfort them, they would feel that it is not always to live upon the earth, but to take up the broken link in the spirit world, and prepare a home for those that follow after.

Chapter VIII.

FEB. 22, 1884. Went over the Brooklyn Bridge with the medium, who was enthusiastic about the day we celebrate. At home, with great dignity, in trance, eyes as usual fixed upward, I was addressed through her as follows:

My friend, I have never approached you, nor come within the sound of your voice, but today I thought I would commune with you for a short time. I have become much interested in the medium by your side. I have sounded the depths of her heart and found her mind so clear and pure that I feel in harmony with her. I like to draw out the sentiments that emanate from a true spirit, and today, hearing her eulogize the memory of the day, hearing her dwell with rapture over the nation's flag, I felt that I would like to visit her and breathe upon her my own spirit. Indeed she is one of those rare women whose mind continually goes back to olden times, who has but little interest in the future but constantly dwells upon the days that are past and gone. It is a part of her nature; she cannot help it. Hers is a superior mind, one not educated, but Nature's education has much to do with training, reading and thinking and dwelling upon the olden days, days when poets sang, days when heroes played the instruments, days when nations were poor, when the spirit of man rejoiced within him, and his heart was made glad in wisdom. Those good old days have passed, and now are days of sorrow, and you say, my friend, days of more intelligence have taken their place, but crime is augmented. How much more sorrow there is in the world, how much more sin of a deeper dye, crimes so dark that the hand of man almost refuses to write them, crimes that should make a nation blush. Still these are modern times, the times when you have no love for the godly life, the times when the spirit runs riot, and you feel there is nothing worth living for, when you have no attainment to a higher and better life, when you seek continually for something to please the senses, while all Nature is clothed with mourning, while all the earth groans and weeps over its defamation. Those that are gifted feel that it is indeed a nation's calamity to know so much, that they had better go back to their darker ages when there was more virtue, more honesty, more uprightness and better principles than at the present day. How many times have I lifted my voice in argument as I have stood before the bench to plead a nation's cause, and wished for the wisdom of the sages that are gone, that their spirit might rest upon me and overshadow me, that I might proclaim their wisdom to a waiting world.

My friend, you are gifted with a brain, with an intellect that is broad, but you mar it so much by the quality of your reading. My own life was marred and sullied by many things inconsistent with my profession and my family, but I now see where I could have escaped so many temptations, where I could have avoided those things that bound me down and obscured my mind to a certain degree. Brought up and educated in old Massachusetts, I felt that it was one of the greatest States of the earth. I ignored those principles that New England people held so firmly, and I wandered away and believed more in the works of Nature than the works of God, and still, my friend, my intellect was not seared; I could speak in language that could make the blood thrill, and draw together crowds that would listen as if to the voice of the last trumpet, and of what avail was it? Now I have passed away and dwell in the spirit world, I feel that I am one that can come back and talk to you and raise you up to my standard. My friend, that brain should be used for a noble purpose. Make your mark in the world while you have the ability to do it, stand upright as one of Nature's noblemen whose intellect is forever thinking, forever working, forever searching some great and noble end. There is much in you that can make the heart glad and the spirit rejoice. While the way is open before you, while you have knowledge given you, make much of your opportunities, improve your abili-

ties and make for yourself a name which will stand after you have passed the boundaries of time. Now, my friend, I have exhausted the magnetism. (May I ask your name?) Webster.

Medium soon after with her son, now married, removed to Demarest, N. J. Her daughter Julia also married and settled.

May 4. Medium, visiting New York, was entranced by Phœbe Cary: I come with happy greeting after so long a parting. I am glad to come to you again, while you were waiting so patiently for my coming. It has been like lighting a lamp and waiting for it to burn, it has been like the lengthening of the season and patiently waiting for the returning of the budding. It seems so long since I have had a pleasant seance with you, as in the hours that are gone. Oh, glad I am to speak with you, my friend. I know how you waited with a pleasant feeling that it would bring the sweet return of the many days that are past. It is with great pleasure that I shake hands with you, that I bridge over the interval to come with the old-time fellowship of love and mercy, hallowing the Cause made dearer by the separation. The winter of sorrow is past, and with it comes the joyous spring with the singing of birds, with the sweet blossoms of the flowers, everything pleasant to the senses, and in the outcoming joy let not your heart grow sad, but joyous; be like the birds of the air, free from care, and feel that you are still able to hold communion with the spirit world.

Many doubt that there is any such communion, yet in all ages of the world have spirits communed with the living, with some classes and conditions of people. Ever since the foundation of this world, long before Spiritualism was heard of, mediums were known, and in the days of Wesley, and far back in the old scripture times were these things known, and they have been handed down like the records of the wars, generation after generation, until now they come with power and mighty force, so many speaking all languages, proclaiming the glad tidings of great joy to the people on the earth. When they pretend to say that spirits do not come back, they are ignorant; they are prejudiced; they shut their ears and their eyes against the truth; they do not investigate; they read only what suits them; they do not enter into the depths of the study, into those researches that will establish the conviction of spiritual truths. You can scarcely take up a single periodical of the day that will not tell you of Spiritualism in all parts of the world. You see it progressing everywhere, not only on this continent but upon the continents of Europe, and in all places where human language is spoken the spirits come and talk through mediums and tell of great truths that lie beyond the river. But, my friend, when we speak of the river we do not mean a stream of running water, we mean the death that separates the soul and the body. If you could have one hour out of the body so you could see yourself, read your thoughts and know what you were doing, you would then say how wonderful is this spiritual life. It is no wonder that the educated and those who stand in the high places of earth become avowed spiritualists. They stand and proclaim Spiritualism, and when the people mock at them, they feel the light of the spiritual world dawning upon them, and so lofty are the views that are open to them, they cannot but open their mouths to speak the thoughts that come to them, and their words are like fire.

You have much to encourage you, because now in your retirement your mind is at rest, you can command your own thoughts and commune with the spirit world if left undisturbed. Great repose steals over your mind and you feel calm and quiet, like the last rays of the setting sun, and this is the spirits' influence over you. (My feeling of late.) Although you do not realize it, it is drawing you out so that you yourself will behold new things that are developing from day to day from the spirit world. You have often wished that you could talk with spirits, and that they might use you for some purpose. Before you are aware of it you yourself will be so full of spiritual influence that you will speak the glad tidings to many people and feel your mind withdrawn from every care and everything that can molest or annoy. I am preaching quite a sermon, my friend, very different from Phœbe in the old-time sittings, but it has been so long since I have come to you that I feel like talking thus to you, for you are alone, left alone, and I assure you, my friend,

that I watch over you, that I love the mind that can think and act; I like the beauty of that character that is above deceit and reproach, and I see anew all the noble attributes of a true manhood, and therefore I am drawn to you. I, too, bore life's battle, and I, too, have come to help you bear yours. My friend, I bid you good-bye.

May 25. Visited the medium in Demarest, N. J. Had brought my sister to the Woman's Hospital, New York City. After a few weeks' care and little improvement, she begged most pleadingly to be returned to her children in Staunton, Va. . . . Medium returned to New York to live.

Father: My boy, all that you could do has been done. I told you from the first that Mollie would never recover, that she might live a length of time, and we desired that she might be spared for her children's sake. Poor Mollie. You were doing all that a brother's love could do, and oh, how I appreciate it. She will linger on for a while, but in the end she will come to me. As for mother, all is done that can be done, Nature must take its time. (She writes me she thought she saw you one night when she was in great pain.) I was with her, and Oh, how many times have I told you that I was with her, that my arms were stretched out towards her. It is only the fulfillment of what I have told you in the past. . . .

Aug. 27. Phœbe: How glad I am that the spirit's warm influence is resting upon you once more, and how glad I am to see and know that you will take an active part in Spiritualism. It had been long predicted that you would stand upon the rostrum and speak to the public, and you almost laughed within yourself when this was told you in the long past, but you since see how all was realized and how the predictions have come true. We have thought it best in our way to bring you out, to make you feel reliant, that you could speak and aid us in our Cause. We removed the medium from you as you did not show to the world what was in you, the spiritual power that you possessed; you hid it under a bushel, in the dark, and it was not until your force of character was portrayed by loneliness that you came out and spoke and gained the good will of the public, and the estimation of a loving spirit world. Persevere, my friend, be not afraid, stand up boldly for the truth, deny it not. Converts will be given you, but be not carried away by all the mediums that come around you. Try them well. It has been better for you and better for the medium that she retired into the country in perfect rest from daily trials, from obnoxious bills and everything that made up the sum of her life.

The foregoing referred to the weekly meetings of the New York Psychical Society, of which I was president from 1874 to 1881, when I declined re-election. These meetings were a source of great interest to the public and provided the best resident and visiting talent for lectures and evidence, all proceeds above the rent going to the psychics. (See notes under "New York Psychical Society" at end.)

Sept. 2. A Mrs. Higgins' control, for the first time, described and named correctly an old colored man of twenty-five years before. Asked if he remembered our trips, the reply was significant: "What! To get his eyes blowed out?" He was blind in both eyes and I led him daily, when a boy, to the Ballard House in Richmond, Va., for treatment by rubber suction cups.

Oct. 14. Mrs. K. M. Parent (afterward Tingley) described my father; also a negro boy who used to whistle all the while and dance a jig as reported by Mrs. Read years ago. Holding a letter from my brother-in-law, sealed in a plain envelope, Mrs. P. pictured him exactly, said domestic sickness had kept him down. She also psychometrized correctly a sealed letter and contents from Mrs. Wakeman.

Oct. 21. Phœbe: . . . (Have you seen the ancient spirits that purport to come with their native tongue?) They seem to come around you and they are coming for a purpose. They will yet help our medium so she will talk to you in their own language. (I had already recognized some of their correct and appropriate Latin.) There is a very ancient spirit that will take possession of the medium, that she may let the world know that she is indeed inspired. I feel, my friend, from your standpoint of life, wrapped up in business affairs, your time crowded to its utmost limit, that you cannot appreciate the great work that this medium will accomplish, you cannot realize that she has been selected for it in the wonderful manner she

has been led from the first. Long time ago, if you remember, this thing was predicted, and it was so long coming that you failed to believe it. You know that she did not bring it on herself. In the times gone by she shrank from being a medium, or even holding communion with the spirit world, and hid her light and knowledge, or what she did know under a bushel, and the manner in which she has been developed shows to you, and to all others that know her, that the spiritual manifestations through her have not been of her own choosing, so she does not come before the world as one that forces herself upon it and wanting the people to believe, yet she comes forth openly and willingly and full of tests, and that you know as well as I. . . .

Another influence followed, with stately manner and changed expression:

I would like to look as much like Franklin as possible, that you may identify me by my picture, for you know that I have a high forehead, hair combed back and parted. I have never come to you, but I have chosen the medium to be one of her future guides, and I have been drawn to her with such a magnetic feeling, with such a feeling of sympathy, that I will stand by her for the coming time. I know full well, my friend, what it is to struggle with the bitter ills of life. I know what it is to leave a father's house and go out into the world and journey alone, I know what it is to suffer poverty and privation. I know what it is to be snubbed by the aristocracy and laughed at for all my progressive views. And today, friend, I stand by the side of this noble woman who wishes to choose her path in life, who wishes to mark out for herself a mission so that she may bring into her sphere and around her those people who are unbelievers. It is not for the sake of those that believe; they can obtain knowledge and are established in the truth, but it is for those who do not know about Spiritualism, that go on toiling and struggling through the world without one hope to cheer them, or without one thought or desire to rise above earth life. They are the ones that we want to bring into our jurisdiction. There is no one we want to transplant into the spirit world, but we want them to have this knowledge which will enrich and ennoble their lives. It is for such purpose we come, and I will go with her and help her. And many more are willing to come and assist her in the noble work she has laid out for herself to do. She is not alone, for without spiritual assistance she would be a failure; but we will stand by her. I know what it is to stand in the presence of earthly monarchs, and I will stand with her before the multitude. What care I for the frowns of the world. What care I now for the snubs of aristocracy? What care I for the laugh of the harlot? They are as nothing in my sight. My friend, you do not guide yourself as you should, but withdraw within yourself. She will arise in her might, and hard will it be for you to keep up with her. The grand and the noble of earth life that have passed away come and lay their hands upon her head and give her their everlasting blessing. . . .

Chapter IX.

MAR. 18, 1885. Dr. Hallock: My friend, be not afraid of feeding the poor sheep that wander away; give them the crumbs that fall from the table; let them be brought into the fold. Would you destroy the fountain out of which flows the living stream of pure faith and knowledge? Would you cover over the well from which you draw, so to speak, the living water? Garner what comes from the eternal abode of peace and love, gather it up and scatter it broadcast. You can see yourself that Spiritualism is in all the churches throughout the length and breadth of the land and of the world wherever civilization reigns, no realm so distant that has not heard the glad tidings. Then roll on the work, let the banner be unfurled, inscribed with joy and peace to a perishing world. (Who is this?) My friend, do you not recognize me, have you not looked upon my face and heard my words in the old Republican Hall?

April 19. Franklin: I cannot stand aside when such an opportunity is offered. What is life or earthly pleasure? What are you here for? Only to fulfill your destiny. Lay aside every care, every argument, every selfish feeling, every unkindly disposition. Come out and show that you care not for frivolities, for the idle feelings of those that choose to make mischief. Stand up boldly and speak for the Cause, and I, Benjamin Franklin, will put words in your mouth, and I will stand by you like a rock. My friend, Spiritualism is of such vital importance that nothing in the world can stand before it. It will level mountains, it will raise up valleys, it will make all Nature and the whole world rejoice in one grand peal of music that will reach up to the seraphims and to the spirits that have gone before, made perfect in the spiritual life. What did I not suffer? How I stood and labored and persevered. Nothing could put me down or stop me, not even poverty with its iron grasp, nor avarice nor slander, nor anything. Ambition reared its proud head, and I stood side by side with kings and monarchs, and what cared I, a plain humble citizen of these United States, proud that I had made my own way from poverty to my position of Ambassador. What cared I? I struggled on, and there I stood in St. James' Court side by side with royalty.

My friend, your instrument is but a medium, stand by her, lead her along as you yourself will want leading. She is the stronger of the two, because through her the spirits come to you. I have stood by other mediums, have visited them in their circles and given them my influence and my magnetism and made them feel that though passed away for generations I am still Franklin as of old. I saw this medium bowed in spirit, struggling for a home, feeling that she had to live upon those tender family ties that were not able to keep her, and in her crisis and struggle for emancipation I stepped forward to rescue her, to open to her a channel; I helped her develop, I stood by her, and I will stand by her.

May 10. Freeman: A long time ago, my friend, when the medium was in another home and far away from here, I saw clouds hover over you; I saw a change in your business place. So vivid was the scene that I appeared to the medium to send you word, and you said you saw no change, you hardly believed it. I want to tell you, my friend, sometimes the curtain is lifted and we get a glimpse of what is to come. That scene pased from me, but I feel that you will hear something that will startle you exceedingly before many days. (Firm dissolved partnership and made surprising changes all around soon after this prediction.)

At times our medium is prophetic, and I think that it is one of her best powers, and that the time will come when she will become so clairvoyant and so prophetic that it will outstrip her test seances. She is not gifted with the power of inspiration, only as it comes to her from an unseen source.

I am very glad that the medium met my son and I would like to come and talk to him. He became a spiritualist through the influence of a sister long since passed away. My son John is here with me. He also investigated Spiritualism but did not become a believer until he came over on this side. He was an orthodox preacher, and when he entered the spirit world he found that he had much to unlearn, he had to gain for himself a foothold here. But he was a just man. Understand me, the outward teachings of his life, the doctrines he taught, were contrary to the life he now lives. Now he undoes those things which in earth life he believed were true, the preachings of orthodoxy. My daughter Elizabeth has materialized, she tells me. She was the oldest daughter of my wife Hattie. Oh, what a sad life of sorrow came upon my family. Stripped in earth life, they passed away one after another, father and mother, wife and husband and children, but they have been united again as one family. Like begets like; minds that are intellectual grow more intellectual, and there are various degrees, and it becomes the highest duty of the more advanced to lift up those that are behind them, to educate them in the higher laws. In time they have great trusts given them and they themselves can go out and seek fields of usefulness and labor therein.

Alice Snipes, my sister, passed away in East Virginia in infancy, now grown to womanhood:—

My brother, I have been wanting to come to you for some time, but have not had an opportunity. I see you here in your rooms alone so much, I see you surrounded by your books and I see all the little comforts that you have about you, and oftentimes I see you when you are sad and depressed and disgusted, as it were, with the world and with everything connected with it and in it. I see your surroundings continually. You are yourself a part and parcel of the earth, and you have your own likes and dislikes, your own temperament and your own way, you live here basking in the sunshine, and you find your pleasure in your books. Now, my brother, I see all this, and I see you so many times feeling poorly in your health, with the different complaints of your poor, tired body. How weary sometimes you get, and feel that you would like to close your eyes and enter the spirit world and be at rest. I see all this, and then again I see that if you were here, with the same disposition, you would not be happy, you would have to outgrow it. You want to analyze human character, but you so critically analyze that you become severe and have no charity. Now, before you enter the spirit world, you must become more subject to the laws of that life, you must become more passive and more willing to do your whole duty, not with the spirit that brings around you distrust and a feeling of uneasiness and disquiet.

Never having known much of earth life, I cannot define my words as I would like, but you must lay aside that suspicious feeling and be more cordial in your nature. Let the outgrowth of your heart be kindly, and feel that all is right until it proves itself wrong. You feel that everything is wrong until it proves itself right. Now that is not the way to do. You have, my brother, great trusts; you have to care for mother, also to help our invalid sister, and on you seems to devolve the cares of the family, and I know that many times it is heavy, but you are the only one that is left, all the rest have been taken away, and you are left for a purpose—that you may sustain our mother. I feel a longing to come to you. Sometimes I feel I would like to come and lay my head by yours and say to you, dear brother, but I cannot, because the magnetism here is wanting. Our father had a long and serious time. You see, brother, how much our father suffered before he could outgrow the tendencies of his life, his disposition, and how hard it was. Through long years he suffered in the spirit world to outgrow the temperament and habits of earth life, and Oh, my brother, do not let his life be yours. (I would like to see you now as a woman.) Father says I am like Mollie was when well.

June 7. A nameless spirit gave the following fine test: I went to see your sister a short time ago when she was suffering, and a spirit came to me and said he was her physician, and he was here in this city at one time in a hospital. He doctored your sister down there—Dr. Chestney, of Staunton. He says: I went home to die, but still live. I had no faith in mediumship. I know now it is true. Give my love to my mother. I have met my father and your

father. Too weak to tell you more now. I cured others, could not cure myself. (Moved hand over lungs. All correct. Died of consumption.)

Aug. 9. Medium: Some one is here by the name of Fox. (See first account of him in Richmond.) I think he had something to do with the war. He looks as if thin and has light hair. I get the first name as longer than the last name. He is enveloped in a mist, but I get the words Old Fellow (his old salutation.) I hear Jane, Jane Hughes, John Hughes, and a William Hughes, who thinks he was soon forgotten. And there is Henry, too, and a great many of them, quite a family together. Melissa. I think she had consumption, because she is so thin. I am in a clairvoyant state, partly conscious. This Jane Hughes and that family are acquainted. They have come together, all talking together. And Sarah Hughes. Then there comes another William. William is the first name in that family. An old man comes up whose name is John, I think Mr. Pritchard's father, or some connection; wounded in the arm, walks lame. Says John is more comfortable, is a good fellow, deserves more credit than he gets. Martha, quite an old lady, and they call her Aunt Martha. Rebecca. Belongs to the others, not the Hughes. Many of them married cousins, intermarried, until finally the family has almost dwindled out, nearly all on the other side. Intermarrying relations is a bad thing, it shortens their lives. They kept within their tribe as much as they could, a very united people, very harmonious feelings. I see one man that committed some crime. Why, he killed himself, and it was a long, long time before he could outgrow conditions. His mind became obsessed, and he took his life with a gun. He married some one of the family. I do not see his wife. I think he left them poor and in trouble. He seemed to be jealous of his wife, because I see another woman here and another man. Melissa (his sister.) I think she had a child and it has grown to quite a height, and she calls that little child Millie. I think her husband is with her. I see the names of John Henry and William Henry (Ammons). One went away. Did he get into trouble? Michael, Hannah, and Emily and William. Sam comes up. Parrish. Who was William Parrish? (Father.) He was a very sick man, fearfully quick, terribly nervous. And another brother Henry, and a sister who went away to another place quite a little distance and settled. She has passed away. The house was fearfully lonesome where she lived. Don't see anything but a few trees. Your father says he knows that family. (All the names, etc., fully recognized.)

In trying to bring to your memory those who have passed away in your boyhood days, there are so many that it is impossible to bring them all up. They are here, and they seem to be all together, a very large family. They have kept together as much as possible, and like begets like. The enjoyment they have is in the society of each other. They have not taken upon themselves the privilege of going forth into this earthly life trying to raise the fallen and benefitting humanity in general, they live more within themselves; the affairs of this earth life do not trouble them. A great many old slaves I see, old women, large family. They are now free, out of bondage. Every night spirit hands are over your head making passes and trying with all their power to have you see. (I felt them nightly.) You have such a critical nature. If you would lay that aside and try to be more calm, you would be clairvoyant. You cannot help the disposition you have, because you inherited it from your father and mother. Your father has outgrown his conditions, and your mother will have it to do. I have to say this, the name of Gaines comes (Haines.) B— R— X—. (indicating name of suicide—Braxton).

Sept. 20. Phœbe: My dear friend and brother, I feel very glad to come and talk with you, for it has been such a long time since I had the precious opportunity of communing with you from out of my own heart. I feel so glad when I see your surroundings, and really feel that you have many pleasant conditions in the associations you have formed within your home, and I congratulate you upon it. After a while you will be able to establish your own circle, and it will be very pleasant for you. You will feel a confidence, a peace that you have not known in years. You will feel when the day's work is over that you are hastening to your home to meet the blessed faces in social greetings. As regards your business, I know that you are a careful, earnest thinker and a great worker, but be careful and see

that there is no fraudulentcy underneath all the pretences in this case. It has been settled that everything will go on, but there will be a change in the heads. (So happened.) . . .

I handed Wiona a tiny sprig and asked where it came from. Answer: Medy was never in the graveyard at Staunton, but you got that from the grave where your father is buried, and you bring it right here to make my medy tell you where it came from, and I make her tell you. (Correct.)

Oct. 25. Phœbe: My friend, I see with great pleasure the beautiful things with which you are surrounded, especially one, for I had it in my own home, the counterpart of the draping of your mantel, about the same. We had so many little things to make our life pleasant, and it is the little things that make life pleasant, and it is the little deeds of everyday life, the little acts of kindness, that make up the sum of life. I suppose you have realized by this time that they are the bright guide-posts to every one that journeys onward to the better life. The medium needs words of encouragement. She is like a flower that grows up and if you tear its leaves and buds you break it down and leave it to perish. Encouragement to her is a tower of strength, with that she will go over mountains, but the valleys are deep and dark, and they should be bridged over with loving kindness.

In your business I often see them talking and talking. One of the firm feels discontented with the choice that has been made, although the other in financial matters feels there must be a shaking there. Something has happened. I can see that a member of the firm will willingly withdraw. There would be other matters, other business for him to attend to, and he will withdraw, not the large one, but the thinner one. (E. H. Ammidown, the smaller man; J. H. Lane, the larger. Ammidown, Lane & Co. Fulfilled soon after.) . . .

Chapter X.

MAY 16, 1886. Mother present from Virginia. Medium: There is with you a young man who is tall, with a smooth face and blue eyes. I saw him with you at the dinner table and he called you mother. His name is William McGee. Many more: one is Alice, and an older person named Jane; quite a family, John, Henry, William. Another, a little one, Joseph, is with them. This young man McGee is a school teacher. He passed away as a child, in infancy. It is not like the school here, because the things taught here are not taught there, but knowledge of divine power and wisdom, always progressing and going up for a higher life. It is not the highest life they take up when they leave earth life, but they are taught to attain to a great degree of purity and preparation for the upper and better life. There are two Alices, one taller, one younger. The young man says: Mother, you had a long journey, you bore it well. So glad you are here, and you will be happy here. Mother, you are strong for your years, and I am glad you are here. The children all send love and greetings. So many of them. Here are two, Joseph and Alice, another Alice and another William, and another William still, and another family, almost a colony of themselves. The links of life break one after another, like a chain that is put together and separated, and so it goes on, ever on, like the waves of the ocean that beat upon the beach and wash out again; so time casts the rugged mariner upon the beach and washes off again. Such is life, and finally it washes them off to a haven of rest. (Names, etc., all correct.)

June 6. Father: I am glad, glad, mother, mother. So many come. Two little Billys. (William Singleton and William McGee.) Now they are grown. Two Sarahs, one belonging to you and one of your family. They come up back of you and they bring so many of your own family, and they are glad, all of them to meet you here. I cannot talk much. I am glad you are here, and know and see that the days of your life are pleasant to you. Here is our boy. He is doing what he can to make you comfortable and happy. In a little while you will come over to me, and oh, how I long for your coming. I long to take you in my arms and lead you onward to realms of peace and love. Oh, how I have longed for your coming here that I might talk with you. You would like to know about the children. They have outgrown your knowledge. Billy McGee, tall and splendid, Sarah and Alice and Joseph, your namesake, my boy; such a family I have waiting for you.

Medium: I see three Sarahs. One looks as if she is a grandmother or mother; then there is another one, and still a younger one; been a long time in the spirit world. John and Henry and William. I see also Melissa, related to you some way. Quite a family of them. . . .

You don't believe very much in the spiritual faith, Aunt Mary. You look upon the medium as something very novel and strange, but you have not been where there is much spiritual light. They feel that it is a sin to talk Spiritualism, but all good people that live in your orthodox faith believe in spiritual teachings. You feel frightened, Aunt Mary, when you hear the word Spiritualism, and you want to go away from it, but if you take that good book that you like so much you will find that it is all full of spirit teachings, and if people here that call themselves spiritualists lived up to the doctrines which that teaches they would be the best of people. I see you have a nice pleasant visit here so far away from your home, and still you are nearer the majority of your family than you are when you are at home. The greater part of them have come over on this side, and they are waiting for you to come, and you will come after a while, and there will be great joy in your coming. You have nothing to look back upon and feel that you have neglected anything, because, Aunt Mary, you have been a good and faithful woman all your life, and you will meet with your

family, with your children, and all of them, every one of them will be ready to meet you. I am Melissa. (Her sister's daughter, Melissa Gill.)

Medium: Who is it shot himself? Some one in the family. (Braxton.) I see it plainly and it was a man. And someone who had a dreadful cough, seemed to cough his life away. All grown up, right back of you. And I get the name of Rachel, quite an old lady, passed out with consumption. She knew you when you married, she says. You used to go and see her. You knew Becky. Oh, so many you have known. They crowd around you in such numbers. In your life you have been through a great deal of anxiety and worry, and now as the days of your life draw onward you are more comfortable, your step is not so uncertain, and you feel safer as you lean upon the arm of those that have gone before you.

William McGee: . . . (What is your occupation?) Teaching children, instructing them. Ah, mother, I need no earthly education, I have been taught of the spirits and made spiritual and improved spiritually. I train the young children that come up from earth life, teaching them to progress, teaching them to sing the songs you love on earth, teaching them to worship and adore the Great Spirit that is above us, even as you in earth life look up to your Spiritual Father. Father and mother are not so near to me as the children are, because I never knew them in earth life, being so young, so little, and I have grown up here among the children. Joseph is here, and he is quite a tall boy, my sister's child. And the duty before me is not as hard as the teaching of earth life, because we have so much of an exalted nature and so different. The teaching of earth is the work of the day, but the teaching of the spiritual life is forever.

I have seen you, my brother, in your struggle to maintain your own independence, I have seen you at your earthly labor, when pain had racked your body, when your head and eyes and heart ached, and Oh, my brother, I have felt so full of sympathy for you, I felt like throwing my arms around you, to tell you there was one of your kin, one of your born brothers in the spirit world that sympathized deeply with you. (How is father?) Father is here now. His face lights up and he is overjoyed that mother is here. It seems to overwhelm him, and I wish she could stay with you. You seem so timid, mother. Be not afraid, but be strong, be strong. You will come to me and see me. Mother, you will not know me, as we have grown, every one, but joy and peace and happiness will be ours. I am very tall for my years, grown up here without pain or flesh.

July 8. At home of Mrs. Leah Underhill, one of the Fox sisters in the history of Modern Spiritualism. Independent raps downstairs and in the library. Name of McGee was written through hand of Mrs. Underhill, also William, and a communication referring to an experience I recently had with a young medium in Richmond, Va. Strong touches on knee and limb. Lawyer Mundy, a stubborn skeptic, received his mother's name, relationship, and her maiden name, amid loud raps. (*Sic transit gloria Mundi.*) My mother's maiden name was called, and her mother's name, also name and relationship of an uncle. I mentally asked if he came with father. Reply to the unspoken thought was: I am with William, and we will go with you, guide and influence you. God bless you.

Chapter XI.

JUNE 25, 1887. Wiona (on my return from Virginia): I seed you when you was among the big stones (the cemetery in Staunton), where you got the stuff what you put in that paper for my medy. (Test.) You likes pretty faces, but you don't cares so much for the faces as for what's behind the faces. That niece got pretty face, that one what's slim, not the one with the funny hair, who will make the smartest one in the world, will have the most wampum. Ain't afraid of nothin'. Man all right; him got lots of backbone.

Aug. 27. Dr. W. F. Krebs, Staunton, Va., visited me; had reading with Mrs. Wakeman. Heard from his kin in spirit life, and received fine tests of matters in his home life. Entire stranger to the medium. . . L

My Sister's Dying Vision

In justice to the remarkable facts, and for the comfort of others without similar experience in their family life, I feel that I must relate the following history in support of mediumship and the important question of life continued, as illustrated in the case of my only sister, Mrs. Mary A. Pritchard, of Staunton, Va. Her husband had long been an ardent believer in the philosophy and phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, but she herself as a Methodist shunned their consideration in her family, and had little faith in them and less knowledge of them. She had been an invalid for about twelve years, but in January and February, 1888, she was unusually prostrated. Of course I had received notice from the home about her illness, but destroyed all letters when received and kept my counsel, for a purpose.

Feb. 19, 1888, while sitting with Mother Wakeman, she exclaimed: Why did your mother go back? I see her on the cars, as plainly as can be, going to Staunton. Something comes up before me like a shadow. I see birds coming and going, like hasty news, and she is crying. You, too, will go very soon. There is very great distress in your home. Your sister is very sick, and I feel dreadfully sick in my chest and stomach. Open the window, quick! (Groaning as if in great pain.)

At this time I myself had no knowledge of this condition, nor of the sudden summons to my mother in Richmond, and the medium never had any correspondence with the family. Two days later I received a letter from my mother confirming the news of her hasty return to the Staunton home the day of the sitting in New York; thus showing that sympathizing intelligence can get ahead of the mail or the telegraph.

In the evening I called on another psychic, a Mrs. Dr. Brittingham. Taking out a letter just received from my sister's husband, I asked if she could tell its contents. Not feeling well, she hesitated, but while returning the letter to my pocket she brightened up and said: It is about some one who is very sick. Your father is here (describing him accurately, the medium knowing nothing whatever of my people in Virginia), and he says he is glad his daughter Mollie will soon be with him. You will get a summons, and it will not be days, but hours. She then indicated the trouble and declared it cancer of the stomach. I tried to influence her to say that it was something else, but without success. . . .

The very next day I received the summons by telegraph to come at once. Arriving in Staunton I found my sister suffering great agony from developed cancer of the stomach. For over fifty days she had not eaten a mouthful of solid food, and only her strong love for her family detained her poor emaciated body. Day and night her pain was intense, but her clear mind and tenacity of will were a marvel to the family and the town. She was expected to die daily, and during my stay of fifteen days I earnestly prayed that she might be spared the last pangs of peritonitis or strangulation, and might be granted a glimpse of the future before her.

A few days before I was compelled to return to business in New York, while her noble husband and I were leaning over her dying bed, for the first time in her life she was entranced. Her eyes were transfixed with a look indescribable, as if in death, her breath and pain seemed all gone, without any motion, and her husband exclaimed: Oh, Joe, she is gone (weeping bitterly). No, said I, she is not dead, she will come back and tell us something. In a little while I saw the quiver of an eyelid, and seizing paper and pencil from my pocket, I awaited her pathetic words, as tears of joy rolled down her withered face:—

Oh, I've been a long way off, and I heard someone say, you will have to cross the river, but do not be afraid. Everything was so lovely. I saw someone who looked so beautiful. He told me I could come up there and stay. I told him I did not like to leave my children, and he said I could come back and stay a little longer. That beautiful person has been here by my bed and I saw him good. You must put some flowers on my grave so I can look down and see them. (She was always devoted to her flower-beds.) To test her memory and lucidity the next day I asked if she remembered her experience. Oh, yes; repeating the vision precisely, with smiles. I saw such beautiful flowers, and heaps of little children. The following day she was again blest with clairvoyance and clairaudience. Raising her hand and pointing upward, and opening both arms as if invited to glad welcome, she cried out: There they come, my children. After profound silence and apparent absence, she said to us:

I saw plenty of people that I know, but I wanted to go back to my children. Some of them wanted me to lie down and go to sleep, as I was tired. They said my children would be all right, but (weeping) I saw my Mamie (her oldest earth-daughter) away off yonder, crying. The bright shining one told me that I could come back and see my children every day. I saw my Josie up there just as plain. But here are some that hold me tight, three of them. Our Cora said she was going to be one to watch over them. I saw my Cora and Josie walking together and enjoying themselves, so happy. (These were her two children eighteen and twenty years in spirit life.) They said I might have as many flowers as I wanted. I saw fountains of water going all the time (smiling). They had some kind of beautiful music, and there were beautiful streams and lovely places, and golden leaves and shrubs. They just talked to the birds as if they knew what was said. If you all get there and stay there with me I shall never be afraid. I was walking about and thought I was at home. But I am here now. Oh, they were so kind to me they cheered me. Oh, it was so lovely. But the sweetest of all to me was Josie and Cora, their faces so beautiful, so happy. They came back part of the way with me, and told me not to stay long. I had a hard time getting back.

(Turning to her children): There's a grand and beautiful place for you to go to, if you do your duty. When I told that beautiful spirit that I was weak in my mind and body half the time, he said: My child, you are forgiven. Your children shall be taken care of; trust them to me. He was such a bright and shining spirit, and he held out his hand so kindly that I just ran to him, and he said, Don't be afraid.

After this tender and vivid experience her husband felt compelled to thank Heaven that survival was a blessed fact, and how could he doubt the goodness of the Omnipotent who provides this world and another?

Sunday, March 11, she said she saw her father beside her bed. (I had earnestly desired his visit for her comfort.) Obliged to leave her, I promised to come again, but she shook her head significantly and clung to me with great affection. It was a sad and last farewell.

I was due in New York the next morning, but was snow-bound by the great blizzard for three days in Trenton Hotel, which was provided by the railroad. I was ununusually depressed on Thursday a. m. Arriving in New York the next morning, I was handed a telegram advising that Mollie had passed to spirit life the morning before, at the self-same hour. At the hotel was Colonel Kase, a railroad builder and a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, who listened with emotion to this narration, and related a part of his own remarkable spiritual experiences.

Suppressing any intimation of the vision and death, March 18, I again called on Mrs. Brittingham, and informed herself and husband and two callers, that my sister was better, but while conversing cheerfully with the company, the medium was suddenly entranced, and although wholly unknown to my people, she personated my sister to the life, repeating the names of Cora, father and brother Joe, and weeping joyfully.

The medium's sister then controlled and said the spirit was very weak, but was helped by her Cora and her father, and would yet get stronger and do better; that she was so glad to find her pain all gone and she was still alive; was sorry she did not understand more before she left, and was glad I did not tell of her death, for she wanted to tell it herself.

There, in loving home, lay dying,
Mother, daughter, sister, wife,
'Round her stood her fond ones crying
As she vainly clung to life.

Prostrate long, a patient martyr,
Suff'ring untold pangs of pain,
Death itself could hardly part her
Mother-heart and wakeful brain.

Years of great internal anguish
Tortured her poor wasting form,
Not much longer could she languish,
Peace must soon succeed the storm.

Then I prayed: Dear ones, in pity
Leave your painless homes on high,
Grant her foregleams of the City
Where the weary never die.

Suddenly, on tender mission,
Other hands in hers were laid,
And she heard, in open vision:
You will come. Be not afraid.

Dead to earth, in trance awaking,
Children, father, met her sight,
And of Spirit Life partaking,
Pain was killed by keen delight.

She is gone, but we shall see her,
Husband, mother, children, all,
And in joy again shall greet her
Where no parting tear shall fall.

Until then, her yearning spirit
Will return to us in love,
Till in time we, too, inherit
Undivided home above!

Chapter XII.

APR. 15, 1888. At home, Mother Wakeman controlled in trance by Phœbe: I have seen the great sorrow that came over you, and it is indeed a sorrow to you and to others, but Oh, the blessed relief, the joyous happiness of finding herself in spirit life, free from pain, free from care and the trials of earth. Oh, my friend, rejoice with us and be glad. I have seen your father and your family, but I have not talked with her. As an emaciated spirit she is very, very feeble. Scarcely can she realize that a change so great has come over her, but she is carried in the arms of the older members. She is fragile, so weak, she must be attended like a lamb that is shorn, like an infant that lies upon the breast, so gently did she pass away at last, so joyfully was she received into spirit life. After a little while, my friend, she will come back to you with loving words, with fond affection, and you will be much comforted by her coming. But you must not look for it now, for she is not yet ready to take her place where she can talk with you. She must have more strength, and the fullness of time must be given her to gain that strength to speak to you, and through you to send words of loving greetings to her family. You can tell her husband, my friend, to be of good cheer and to act well his part as a father, for she will see and know all that passes within her earthly home. At present the cares of earth life do not so much affect her, because she feels that in the removal she has laid aside the burden of life, the burden of the body that was so full of pain and so full of weariness, and that she is emancipated, free as the birds of the air, born anew in spirit life.

Apr. 29. Sister struggled with the medium, pointing to her mouth and tongue.

Phœbe: My dear friend and brother, I would say that in the great struggle of your sister to take possession of the medium, it is not proper at the present time. She is not strong enough to control, and the medium's health is in no condition to receive a weak spirit. It is better that she refrain from coming until she is stronger, and until the medium's health is better. Your sister is making progress, but coming into spirit life in such an emaciated condition, so frail and feeble, it will take some time for her to gain strength to come and talk with you. Her ardent wish is to come to her dear brother. It is her only hope, it seems, the principal wish almost of her life. Although surrounded by her family, her great love for her brother did not die out. It is one of the greatest pleasures she carries with her, the consolation you gave her in her life here and upon her sick bed, and she will come to you as soon as ever she is able to converse with you. She will be one of the brightest spirit guides you have ever had, and one that will interest herself in your welfare.

May 27. Mollie, pleadingly: Can't talk. Tell—John—so happy. Free. Dear brother. Too weak. Love—to all.

Father: My boy, I come to congratulate you that I have Mollie with me. So exhausted and worn out by incessant pain and wearisome hours. Who can describe my pleasure when I could take her in my arms and carry her in my bosom? My child. Wasted, wasted. But she is gaining day by day, gaining in strength and wisdom, and her eyes are open to the great truth that in the spirit world we live again, all the children and the family united. I do not come down to earth so much now. Of course, my boy, I have outgrown everything but the love of my family. The cares of life outside of my family no longer come over me. I enjoy perpetual bliss and happiness here in this life. Oh, my boy, for your kindness to your sister I cannot thank you enough. Give my love to your mother. She will come here after a while. Tell her we will be a reunited family, gathered in one after another until the whole family is complete.

June 3. Mollie: Strength! Strength! Poor children! Tell—Ma—to stay with the children. Good-bye.

July 8. Mollie: Poor, poor children. Oh, Oh, Oh, they—need me. My poor husband. My poor husband. I am—getting stronger. My dear Joe, go—and see the children.

(Firm cannot spare me.) They will—let you go. I will—make them. I know—the medium better—now. I see her—as she is.

July 24. Phœbe: My friend, it is really painful to see the great struggle that your sister makes to talk with you, so weak and emaciated she is. She seems like one that can scarcely live at all, so delicate and weak, and it needs a great deal of magnetism for her to come. She must have it, for she has none of it herself in that weakness. She seems enveloped as in a fog, so feeble, and does not outgrow it, but slowly, slowly will she build up again, and her spirit will come forth tried and purified as by fire, a pure loving sister. Her eyes are bright, and she still retains much of that brightness and intellectuality of her life, but with it a feebleness that she cannot overcome. There is one with your sister who seems to guide her continually, anticipating her every thought and feeling, and tenderly carries her in her arms like a mother and teaches her. Her children gather about her, she feels that she is at home in the spirit world, and she longs for the loved ones that are here to join her there. She can hardly wait for the reunion. This one she calls Aunt, Aunt Jane (father's sister), and it is well for her that she was here to receive her, with so many others, but none seems to have that loving, clinging affection that she has for your sister.

Aug 18. Medium under influence all the week. Mollie: My brother, tell him (her husband) not to be discouraged. He misses me so much. Be good to him. I don't know what they are to do. Oh, I never can talk; I never can talk. My throat hurts so much. Never will get strong enough. I want to talk. I struggled, I struggled so hard. I want to talk with the children. You know, Joe, I mean Mamie. Oh, that my mouth could talk. Brother Billy McGee, he holds me. Dear brother Joe, I love you, I love you. I wish you were with me here; you so strong.

Sept. 2. Phœbe: I have seen your sister. She is a little stronger. she is slowly outgrowing the pains, she will certainly come out and conquer the infirmities of her life; but it takes time, and it is not best that she should come and control the medium until she has more strength, because in her great weakness it is with great difficulty that she can talk, and it draws so much magnetism from the medium in her rather feeble condition, and it is better that she should not come for the present. Her eyes are bright, they have a lustrous beauty in them, and she is surrounded by her family, and strong in the love of her brother. (William McGee.) He is manly, he is grand and noble and carries her in his arms as she rests her head on his bosom.

I heard Mr. Freeman delineate, as it were, the future. You will meet with some changes and some trials. My friend, you will not very long retain the place where you are, you will make another change which will be more satisfactory to yourself, and not so laborious, not so confining. My friend, I can see the change in the distance for you.

Sept. 9. Phœbe: I heard you speaking in your meetings, and the words that came from your lips were words of eloquence and truth, and I felt that I could breathe upon you my spirit, and that you might see and know as you are known in the spirit world. Many good deeds are marked against your name and stand recorded. When you come you will see them here, ready in the halls of knowledge and wisdom. You will find your name written and the deeds of your life spread out before you.

Your sister still remains very weak, she grows some stronger, but her strength is not given to her as she wishes, for she so longs to come and talk with you in regard to her family. But it is slow, gradual improvement, and she will come out of it tried as if by fire, purified and bright. Good-bye, my friend and brother. . . .

Oct. 28. Phœbe: My friend and brother, I have often greeted you with those two endearing names, and I have not come for such a long time I feel that I am indeed almost a sister to you, for I have come in friendship, I have come in peace, and I have come when sorrow has been with you, and now I come today, although the atmosphere is damp and heavy, but with my strength, and in the habit of coming, I can force my way through the heavy mists and rains that fall.

My friend, I see your sister, and she is very feeble. It takes a long time to outgrow the effects of the terrible disease she had, but after a while she will recover from that, she will outgrow that great feebleness. It seems that she often comes near and its cares and trials seem to impede her progress.

I told you some time ago that a change

was coming for you, and I still tell you that you will have a change in your business affairs, where it will be more pleasant and congenial to your feelings. The laborious duties that you are called upon to perform prove irksome to you, but the change will be more pleasant for you in the daily surroundings of your life, and you will be happier, more cheerful and contented. My friend, during the journey through this world you must expect many changes and many trials; if not, you would not be one of the children of the earth. You must know that through all the windings and turnings of life there are constant changes. It was so in our life, and for a long time after we passed into the spirit world we could hardly overcome the feeling that we were of the earth, earthy. We were brought down to view the world and our friends in their sufferings, their griefs and their trials, and we so partook of their nature that we sympathized with them, and our own lives were made miserable by it, until we learned to look around us and above us, and the power was given us to come back to try and comfort our friends, and our own hearts were made glad and joyous as we took upon ourselves the duties of spirit life with great meekness and pleasure. And this will be the same with your sister. She will now partake of the sorrows and the trials of her family's life.

My friend, those that have charge of affairs seem to have great confidence in your ability, but there are some, you being of a different faith and a different nation, who have a little yellow feeling which is always the case in like situations. There will be open for you a place where the time is shorter, and you will have it more to your pleasure. I have seen this for some time in the development of the life that is before you.

Soon after this prediction, I accepted a sudden offer from the Standard Oil Company, 26 Broadway, with shorter hours and superior conditions.

Dec. 16. Mollie (weakly): My—my—(Is this you, Mollie?) I am very glad. In a little while I will be able to come and talk so well. I am carried in my father's arms like a baby, so weak and feeble I am, but growing stronger. I am doing better. My poor children. Oh, my brother, they miss me so much. They need my care, my love. No one can see to them like their mother. (Weepingly.)

Freeman: I think it better, my friend, that such solemn events do not often happen. Your sister has improved and is growing in strength, but she dwells in the memory of the past, and seems to be drawn down so near to the earth and earth life that she takes the sorrow of the family upon her, and it prevents in a great measure her growth in spirit. It would be better for her to try to leave them and to feel that she has her own strength to attain. She dearly loved her family and they are a part of herself. Although she had met her own in spirit life, her soul's affection goes for those that are groping here on earth. She was spared to them for many years in great suffering and affliction, and she is now emancipated and set free from all her pains; she should strive to wean herself from them, that her spirit may become free from everything of an earthly nature, that she may gain her strength and come to them in the full beauty and glory of the spiritual life. My friend, I just saw her, and a look of divine resignation was on her face, her eyes so bright and beautiful and shining like light from the spirit world, so full of fire and with such earnestness, and with such a strong endeavor to talk to you. I am glad that she did come at this time. It will set your mind at rest, for it dwells much upon your sister.

Chapter XIII.

JAN. 13, 1889. Father: Well, my boy, I have not come for a long time, but I must come and speak to you. I feel that the circumstances of your life now bring me. I have been nursing Mollie with great care. She is advancing in spirit life. And, oh, my boy, she was so glad to welcome an old friend here, so glad that it seemed as if new life came into her body. She came to us with her eyes so bright and her feeble hands outstretched to us. Now she can see. The darkness that was over her so long has been removed and now we are friends. We can talk of the past, and although we were not so much together, still we knew each other and welcome her as a loving neighbor. Oh, my boy, the meeting was a happy one. Poor friend, she came over here from earth so suddenly. She did not, like poor Mollie, lie upon her bed of anguish for months, but she came quickly and brought more strength of body than Mollie did. And Oh, my boy, say to her family that she can see, that her eyes are bright, and she can behold the beauty of the spirit world. Although not a believer, she now sees that it is true, that all things are bright and beautiful as told her in earth life, but she grieves because her family grieves. They should lift up their hearts and be glad that she has passed from earth, that all the cares of life are left behind, and all things are new to her. Say to her family that she was received royally into the spirit world. I myself received her and I try to comfort her, for she is brought near to earth when she sees the grief that prevails in their hearts. Tell them to be glad, for she has escaped the pain and sorrow that would have come upon her. The medium knows nothing of this. I have not mentioned the name, but I can tell you, my boy, Mrs. Krebs of Virginia. (Was blind.)

Feb. 17. Father: You know, my boy, that your mother is not able to grapple with the cares of the family, they are too heavy for her, she is slowly getting ready for the spirit world, and I long for her coming. The cares of life fret her and worry her, and it would be far better, my boy, if she were with us at rest, but she will have much to unlearn and much to learn. All that will come in its time. You cannot change her, and she will not change herself. Mollie mourns over the family and it seems to hold her back in her progression, for when she would be strong, grief settles upon her and she feels that she would like to have them with her and with the other children; and for that reason I would wish that Mollie could be removed higher to another sphere where she could not dwell upon the affairs of earth life, that she might grow in strength and regain her speech. I think I will take her to a higher sphere for a while that she may not dwell so near them and see them and know all that goes on to worry her. Anyway, my boy, if you should not hear from her for a short time you will remember it is for her welfare that she does not come. Jane (father's sister) is with the children here. I cannot call them children, for they have outgrown their earthly life and have become men and women in the spirit life and no longer are children. McGee, who went away an infant, is now one of the brightest spirits I have in my band, and his sister and her own little ones grown up are now such a beautiful group I wish they might be photographed so you could see them here in the spirit world. . . .

Oh, my boy, I take such a deep interest in your meetings, for I myself like to go, and you have a lot of your father's spirit, you love to be well thought of, you like to speak and hold forth that which you know and rely upon as the truth. I am glad that you go on with your meetings. Do not let them weaken, but keep them up cheerfully and you will succeed beyond your expectations.

Apr. 1. Phœbe: How many times have I told you, my friend, that I would stand by you and fill your soul with rejoicing, and you have acknowledged to yourself that you have felt the spirit power, the spiritual force, and that you have been made better by it. Drawn to you by the ties of friendship, I feel that I have been your assistant power

during the long years and months that are past. For many years I have come to you with a loving heart, and with words of kindness in my mouth, and I have tried to make you lean upon my arm, as it were, to carry you through the trials of life. My friend and brother, be more patient, more trusting, and it will be better for you.

Your friend, Mrs. Wetherbee, wishes me to say to you that she is unable to talk, that she passed over very unexpectedly to herself; she had no idea that her life was so short or soon to end. Although feeble for a long time, she looked forward to regaining her health, but the change came totally unexpectedly to her. She did not believe in the spiritual faith. She has it all to learn, she has a great deal to learn. She is very emaciated. She was liberal in her ideas, for she believed in perfect liberty of action, but she did not believe in that faith which would have been a comfort to her in her declining days. She felt that life was pleasant to her and she did not want to pass away. She clung to life as the miser clings to his gold, and she clung to hers with a fearful tenacity. No one cared for her beyond what money could do. By her loving friends she was forgotten at last. Had she had the opportunities you have, how different she would have made the life she met after getting out of the body. She was laid away with but few friends to mourn or drop a tear of sympathy over her. All was left when she entered upon the other life totally unprepared for the change.

Apr. 14. Phœbe: My friend and brother, the promise I made you when I talked with you before, that I would stand by you and assist you in your meetings, I have kept. I was with you, and I breathed upon you my spirit. I rejoice in your work, and I want you to carry it on and perfect it. I want you to build up the spiritual faith in its truth and its purity. It will keep alive and grow and become the established faith of many that come in to pass an idle moment. Oh, how rejoiced I was to see the peace and harmony that prevailed there. I love to hear you sing, it brings me nearer to you. I love the music that draws the spirit world. It soothes the troubled spirits, my friend. If you are cast down and worried, open your instrument and play. The sweet strains of music will drive away all perplexity and care. I know you feel anxiety after the various vicissitudes through which you have passed, you almost quail in the undertaking. My friend, I will be with you, and when the time comes for me to go higher, I will send another spirit to you to comfort you. I know you will feel my loss for the moment.

There has been around you for some time an ancient spirit, and he seems to come over to you and hold over you a vial out of which he pours incense, and it seems to descend like dew over your head. You need this grand old spirit, his influence and power, you need him in your meetings to teach you how to rule and reign triumphantly, how to carry them on in love and without fear. He says he has watched over you for many years. I will give you his name: Aquila, he says. As I now see him he is dressed in the garb of an ancient, with sandals and armor. He comes to visit the earth and to purify her sons. He comes where the brain is strong and intelligent, that he may breathe upon it and make it stronger. He comes that he may build you up, that he may strengthen you for your work and assist you in the duties of life.

I feel, my friend and brother, as the warm spring advances over your earth that scenes of sorrow and suffering are everywhere. Oh, why is it that people so reject this beautiful faith in its purity and its simplicity? Why is it that they go through life sobbing and sighing, with their hearts cast down, when they might be lifted up and joy might come into their darkened minds, and they might feel happy in that faith and love which gives them bright hopes of spirit life? Now, my friend, I bid you good-night. I will be with you and stand by you. You are among the many so-called spiritualists that are true and earnest in the faith. With you there is no deceit nor guile, but plain truth at all times and in all places, for which I greatly commend you, my friend.

May 19. Mollie (feebly and eagerly): Joe, I want to come. Tell him (John) I know he misses me so much. Keep the children home with him. The flowers are looking so nice. I see them in my home. Tell him I am a little stronger, soon will outgrow all infirmities of life, so, dear brother, I can come and talk with you so well. Oh, my children need me so much. Poor children, poor children. Go home, brother Joe, see to the children yourself. He thinks of me so much. I want him to devote himself

to the children. Mamie, budding into womanhood, needs my watchful care. I will be better, I am so much stronger. I took Pa's advice, could not remain on the earth. Surrounded in the spirit world with my other children, I am so happy. The poor children on the earth. Dear brother Joe, oh, I wish you were with me. But you must not come. And Ma, Ma, I had a vision before I passed away, and I knew it was all true. I was not afraid at the last.

July 21. Mrs. Dr. Wetherbee: I wanted to see you so much in my last sickness. I had no thought that I would not be better, I felt that I had some time longer to live, but I came unexpectedly and passed out of life so soon, so soon. Not for one hour before I came did I realize that I was going to pass into the other world. I did not believe much in Spiritualism. I knew there was a something, but I could not understand it. I could never get anything to substantiate the truths of Spiritualism. I was very free in my belief that in this life we should do unto others as they should do unto us, and that was my faith, to be kind to all and charitable, but to seek after knowledge of the other life, I did not trouble myself much about it. You know I was very liberal in my thoughts and feelings, but as I grew feeble from day to day, and felt that I would recuperate, that I would become better, I neglected so many things and put them off until I got well and there was no getting well. In an hour when I least expected I passed out of time into the spiritual life. On my going out of this life I found the change to be very great. Tongue cannot express it, words cannot tell it. I closed my eyes in a night of darkness, I opened them in a land of beauty. It was as the light of the sun, and I saw familiar faces all around me. I met so many of my own family that had gone before me, and I said: Are you all here? They said: Yes, Catharine, and you are welcome. You have had a long sojourn upon the earth and we have been waiting for you to come here with us. Oh, I was so kindly greeted, so fondly loved by the spirit band that came to see me, I felt that it was indeed true. I felt that the idea of lying under ground so long until, as they say, the final judgment, was wrong, that when the breath leaves the body it is the spirit that goes up in the spirit life, and that I could know and see my friends here, and when I look back to earth, to the home that I loved so well, the place where I abode for so many years, and to my Annie (her maid), who was so true and faithful to me, I would like to see right and justice done her. I acknowledge I did wrong in neglecting to see that her claims were satisfactory to herself, but I passed away so quickly, so suddenly, that I had no time when the hour came to think of anyone but myself. I went out of life so easily that it was like the snuffing of a candle, and the waking up was like the early morn in its brightness and its beauty. But I know that in this earth wrong has been done, great wrong. I felt that —— would carry out every wish of my heart. He promised me so faithfully. I loved him, and my love will still watch over him. You cannot so soon separate the ties of life, even if you know you are wronged, when your heart has entwined itself around every fiber of existence. I cannot say anything more to you at this time, and I bid you good-bye.

July 28. Fox: I come to you once in a while. I came and knocked yesterday, to tell you that I do not forget the friends of earth. I saw you looking at the battlefield (Gettysburg). There is someone here that was shot through the left hand. I get the name of John, someone you knew, for he is with your friends. Jack, they call him. (John Winfree, Richmond, Va. In Civil War.)

Oct. 27. Thomas Paine (first time, with very emphatic voice and manner): You are surrounded by skeptics, by those who do not believe in Spiritualism, nor anything but orthodoxy or heterdoxy. I lived on the earth a long time, and I have been in spirit life as long as I lived on the earth. (Born 1737, died 1809.) Man born of woman inherits the nature and disposition of the woman that gives him birth, and as he grows up into manhood he cherishes the belief, the feeling that he is a mighty man, the man that is going to work wonders and make things smooth and great before him. Then comes the time when jar, contention and bitter feelings arise. You may say and think as you please, but the spirit world you cannot control. The smallest favor that spirits show you is a favor indeed, whether you receive it or reject it. They do you a favor when they leave their bright abode and come down to speak to you mortal man. Why should they come? If they come, they come for a purpose.

I have never come to you before, but this time I come because Necessity sends me. That spirit that actuates me to do its bidding is Necessity. (What is your name?) Common Sense. All over the earth I am sent, I gather in the harvest. When people are departing from the laws of Nature, when they are taking upon themselves their own erroneous views and feelings, I am sent on a mission, Necessity sends me. Now if the time should come and I see you do not live up to the law, to the faith that you hold before the public in your meetings, at all times and in all places, Necessity will send me again. The feeble, the lowly, the poor and the weak are my subjects. I never go to please the appetite nor the passions, but I go for truth every time, I go where I can do good. I stepped in here and I saw the medium bowed with care and sorrow over her lonely state, and I came to her to tell her not to be discouraged. Good-day.

Nov. 3. Paine: When it is necessary to visit this earth and to talk with people here, it is needful to have a set time and strictly adhere to it. I see that you like punctuality, and like everything at such a time as your honor sees fit to have it, whether convenient or not. I refer to the atmosphere and rain. I read you, my friend, and am somewhat pleased with you. You satisfy me very well as one I like to come to, and I think I will take great comfort in talking to you until you commence to find fault with me, and then I will withdraw from your society, but as long as you remain silent and let me do the talking, I will tell you of many things that will be greatly to your advantage. I take it that it is indeed a privilege to come, and indeed you may take it as an honor that I come, because I have visited many places in different parts of the earth, and I have done that which would benefit mankind in a general way.

Since I last was here, I have been with you in your meetings, and I must way I was not well pleased with some of the things I saw, and as I am to come to you to tell you wherein you may be benefitted, you must take with a good will what comes from Common Sense. In the first place, I admired the singing, and in the second place some of the speaking, but I must say to you that in ranting I take no part nor lot; it is made up of that freedom of speech of which they say in vulgar phrase, Hell is full. You don't need that in your social gathering, you need the pure spirit, you need the influence of those words that are fitly spoken to cement the whole and to bring all together in unity of feeling, not that some may sit in silence and others do the talking, but let all come forward and speak. Let your meetings be open to all, but when they come to talk about what they do not know or believe, for the sake of making a noise or publishing themselves, strike the hammer and call them to their place. With many things I was well pleased. I feel that you have commenced the good work which in the future will tell of your efforts to teach Spiritualism in its truth and purity.

Necessity compelled me to come at this time, because, my friend, we see and feel that it is not necessary that you leave your home, but to stand by it. It was Necessity that brought me here in the first place, that good angel Necessity who never comes when it is not necessary. When it is necessary for him to come, he comes, and he sends me forth upon this mission. As I told you before, I have been in spirit life as long as I was on earth, and during all these years in spirit life I have visited you but once, but I was drawn to you through your peculiar temperament and disposition, for you are indeed a peculiar spirit. You are but a spirit imbedded in this life. You are acting out your nature, and do you think that that nature will change when you lay off this mortal body and enter spirit life? Do you know, my friend, that the same disposition that actuates you now will actuate you then? You must learn, my friend, to govern your prejudices, your nervousness, and be more obedient to the laws, and study your health. I speak to you plainly as one that has passed through this life and has suffered the martyrdom of it. All these things must be laid aside, unless you wish to carry them into your future home. Why not avoid them here and be ready to enter the realms of spirit life aright? (Your name, please?) My friend, I would rather remain incognito, but if you would like to know—Thomas Paine.

Nov. 16. Paine: A mighty piece of mechanism is man, but who can analyze him? Who can understand the workings of his brain? Only he who dwells in the spirit world, and has the power and the wisdom given him to watch over and analyze his character and see the travail of his nature.

Such has been my permission to do, and such has been my will and pleasure, but I feel like surrendering it into the hands of that great spirit that sent me out upon my mission, for I have come and I have labored to plant within that heart of yours a spirit of patience and resignation in the work that was before you. Continual diversity of thought and feeling has almost estranged you from the spirit world. I cannot, my friend, tell whether my talks satisfy or not; I came for a purpose, as I am sent by a higher power to fulfill a mission, a duty that is given to me. Now, my friend, I say to you, and say it will all kindness, that it is useless for any of the spirits to leave their abode of peace to come and use their influence where it is cast away like the wind, where their words can have no effect upon you. You seem chained, bound in irons, and have not that buoyant spirit which should lift you up and place you on a higher pinnacle of usefulness. Different ones, mighty in spirit and power, have come at different times to advise and counsel and watch over you and bring you into a position where you might do much good in standing before the people, if your daily moods were in accord with your teachings. My friend, you are a man of intellect, but Oh, how marred is its brightness and the beauties that would surround you were you to lay aside the caviling, the darkness of doubting that comes around you. (Is this Mr. Paine?) The name that was tarnished with infidelity has arisen in its brightness and today stands forth before the world as Common Sense, honored and respected by the nations of the earth.

Phœbe: My friend and brother, I have been a witness to what has passed. I saw the spirit that has just been talking with you, that mighty spirit, Common Sense; and, indeed, my friend, you were honored by that grand old spirit. He is mighty in power, mighty in intellect, foremost in the ranks of those that have come to talk with you at different times in the years that are passed, the brightest and grandest of spirits.

Why is it, my friend, there is so much unrest in your life on the earth? Is it because the prospects have not reached that high standard that you looked forward to when you were young, when your step was light and cheerful, when no pains or aches racked your system? I can talk with you as one friend can talk with another, for I have been, as it were, your companion for many years, although unseen by you. I have watched you continually, I have seen your intellect growing and expanding, I have seen and known your wishes and the different changes that have come upon you for many years. Now, my friend and brother, as sister Phœbe has been one of your well-wishers, one of your kindest and best friends, I am not mighty in intellect like Common Sense, I must in my own way do my own speaking. I cannot come and bear the brunt of the battle like him, he is not afraid; but as a weaker nature I must talk with you as brother and sister, as spirit and mortal. Now bear with me, my friend, while I will show you how to make a happy life. I have watched you, I know your inmost thoughts, I know the secret feelings of your heart, I have seen all your surroundings for many years. Now I want to say this to you, and I want to say it with that kind and friendly feeling that shall leave its impression upon you. I do not wish to speak words of thoughtlessness but of deep sincerity. You make your surroundings. If you make your own life unhappy, it is your own fault. Now bear with me, my friend, bear with me. You have gone through a long life of changes from one place to another, but let me assure you that it has been through no fault of the medium with whom you are now associated, and through no feeling of unkindness or neglect that these changes occurred. . . .

Nov. 23. Paine: Now, my friend, when I come other spirits cannot very well come, because I take all the magnetism that the medium has, all the forces that are centered in her brain, and when I come I exhaust all that, so when you wish other spirits to talk with you I will forbear, because two of my kind cannot come at once. I feel that I can do a mighty work, and it is not to cavil nor to muddle, nor to take the opinion of any one, but it is to speak the straightforward truth, to uphold Spiritualism, to unfurl the banner and to work under it with a will. I know I chose an humble instrument, one whose language is plain and simple, one I can easily control and bend to my will and make her feel that she is under my influence. That is why I chose her, that I might do you good. It is for a purpose that I have come. I behold you a man in the form of a man with brain and intellectual power, with all-seeing eyes, and with everything that goes

to make up a man, but with a soul that is dwarfed of its grandeur. I have come, my friend, to save you, and save you I will. We will see who will fight the hardest battle, you or I. I am bound that you shall stand before the world as a man, as a true man, stripped of your selfishness, stripped of your egotism, stripped of all that goes to mar your manship. You must throw all that aside and stand up for mankind and humanity, a true, a good man, an unselfish man, an honor to your race. When this is accomplished, I shall feel that my mission here is done.

Let me tell you, my friend, that common sense is oftentimes wanted. It is a good thing to have, and Common Sense and Necessity come to you clothed in the form of the spirit with might and power. I have controlled in different cities and different individuals, but wherever I go I am known as Common Sense, and I come for the benefit of the masses of the people. I can hold other subjects better than I can hold this one, because her powers are broken and she must be dealt with gently. There is no use in forcing anxiety or worriment upon a single soul where inspiration must come in and take its place. I want you to feel that you have a great work before you. See that you yourself are fitted for that work. Let not the public look upon you and murmur, but let them feel that you are indeed fitted for the position, that the spirit is upon you, and that you are able to speak forth the words that are given you, and to hold the meetings with respect to yourself and with advantage to the community. I have much to say, but I have used up the influence. The book "Common Sense" I wrote has made its way in the world long ago. What I predicted for mankind has come true. The very things for which I was hated and scandalized are the head-work of Spiritualism here, the bright reality and liberality of the life you are living today.

Nov. 30. Mr. Paine seen by the medium and by Julia, the Irish house-servant, the latter frightened by the loud raps in my room, and recognizing the face I showed her in one of his works.

Paine: My friend, you would like other spirits to come tonight, those of your own family that have passed to spirit life, but I am coming myself, and I shall use every bit of the magnetism that this medium possesses, and all the magnetism that I can breathe and bestow upon her. At the last sitting I had felt it unnecessary for me to come, that my word had not effect, but through the force of circumstances which I have seen about the medium during the past week, I have come tonight that I might set her right and assist her if possible. If you run after this, that, and the other medium, wherein have they ever benefitted you personally, financially or otherwise? Do they fill your mind with good, lofty principles? Do they enrich the mind so that you can edify others?

I chose you because I saw in you force of character, I saw in you the will-power that would do good and benefit humanity, and I came to help you. But why is it I see discontent where peace should abound? Mortal man, can you look into your own body and see your own infirmities? Do you see how Nature is struggling with you to carry on its reservoir of strength? Nature has given you brain, but that brain consumes your body. You feed it continually. You have a feeling within you that the spirits do not come to help as they should, and many times your heart grows discouraged. Let me say to you as one who went through life and met with reverses on every hand and in every shape, one that was slighted and condemned—as for peace, it was a thing I scarcely knew for many years of my life—it is better to eat the bread of peace than to dwell in discontent.

You came into the world by yourself, and forgot, as they say, the God of your fathers; but you know, friend, I do not believe you ever did, for I have never yet seen Him. But they feel that way, nevertheless, and the prayers that go up for you, how far do they go? They never reach that Power for which they think they are intended; but Nature has done a great deal for you. You were benefitted by an education which should make you a bright and shining light. If you have succeeded in saving that which would make you in your old age comfortable and happy, unless you take better care of your health, old age will never come to you. Many things I will leave unsaid, for you yourself understand your own nature, but I will say, be not so hasty in your judgment. Let the good spirits come and find abode with you. Where would you have been today but for that spirit power that has sustained you in these past years, although

unseen by you? I come to the medium with raps, and try very hard to make my presence known to her, for I feel she needs a strong arm on which to lean, and when you come with hasty steps and stride along with that energetic style, feeling that you are going to go through the world your way, whether it suits or not, I feel that I want to grasp you by the neck and say, Mortal, mortal, what are you doing? I will say, I did show my form here, and to you that are so unbelieving and so easily doubt the words that are spoken to you, I came that another witness might see.

You often think to yourself that the medium can never make a success in business life. This thought comes to you, friend, you cannot deny it. Do you ever think that within this casket dwells a soul that is meek and patient and forbearing? Do you ever feel that the steps that are slow and sure have a heart overflowing with kindness and charity? She feels the need of someone to guide her down the steps of life, and she continually invokes the aid of spirit power. They come to her in the silence of her own room to strengthen, to build her up and to comfort her. How is she to stand the storms of life unless we come to her aid? I want you to think of these things, friend, and whether I come again or not, let the lesson you have heard tonight be impressed upon your mind that you may calmly think it over.

Sometimes you wish very much to know of my affairs, and what mediums I visit and control. My business is my own, but there are individuals that I control. I am not prating about the good I did, or the good I shall yet do; I told you in my first coming that I was Common Sense, that I was governed and sent by the spirit of Necessity. At my next coming I told you my name. You can read my works and you can judge of what I suffered here through my enemies. It was said I was an infidel and denied the word of God and the truth of the Scriptures; I was branded, sneered at and scorned and almost spit upon from town to town and city to city and country to country. But I came out at last triumphant and more than triumphant, for I became the adviser of kings, and the adviser of greater powers, for I was the friend of the grand President of these United States, who was greater than a king. And now I am brought to you as one not living up to the high calling that was expected of you, to that high standard which you were able to reach.

There is much I wish to say, but the medium's heart is beating very slowly. If you think that the advice I have given you will suffice, I will forbear. Forbearance is a great virtue, my friend, and it is one I exercised to a great extent in my life. You continually feel that everything with you has an object. Is that a part of your own nature, does it emanate from your own brain? Is there no charity in this life? If you believe in what you call the Christian religion, why is it that it does not subdue mankind and teach them patience? Why is there so much crime and grief upon the earth? Better the whole thing were banished in the darkness of oblivion, with its pastors and its churches and its people. And still where comes in its charity, where flows the milk of human kindness, of meekness and mercy? In Spiritualism you can find peace and comfort and feel there is hope and a sure foundation for you in the spirit world. What else have you got to place your feet upon? You do not believe in the orthodox religion and almost deny the book your mother worships. Why do you step aside from the teachings of your childhood, if it preaches of kindness and charity and so much mercy and benevolence? It shows that according to nature you do not care for it, that you have stepped out of the old beliefs, that you have launched out on the shores of time and feel that you can take the leadership of your life into your own hands and steer your own barque, and if that is the case, friend, if you cast aside the religious faith and principles of your early life, and you are now outside of them, see that you steer your barque safely through the shoals, safe from the breakers and every besetting sin, and row yourself safely into the port of the spirit world. Now I will bid you adieu.

Phoebe: My friend and brother, I felt I was almost kept back, that I could not get in a word after that mighty spirit, strong as a rock and firm as a foundation. You may well feel honored, not on account of his purity or his virtues, but of his strength and his manly merits. You know well that his faith did not fail him. With it all he wields a mighty influence. He is honest, he is a giant in intellect. However poor the sub-

jects may be that he comes to, he tries to build them up, and he stands as firm as the Rock of Ages. I am glad that he has come to you, for I have often praised you, but with all my nice sayings there are many things in your nature that need a higher power than I am to uproot them. You understand it as well as I do. I am glad that you are making progress with your meetings. You will do some fine work yet. I cannot use the medium any longer.

Dec. 7. Paine (throwing aside his book of "Common Sense," with closed fist, determined mouth and usual vocal strength):

Friend, I am coming tonight, not with poetic language, nor with persuasive voice, but I am coming to tell you what I think. I do not want any nonsense. Put your book aside. The book was written long ago, and its influence is now hardly felt, but I am going to give you a plain, unvarnished talk. I am going to say things tonight that will not suit you, things that will make you sneer and grumble worse than ever. I will begin with your home life here. In the first place, while the medium is fresh and strong, I will say to you that you are not satisfied with your surroundings. When you enter your abode you come in gliding along as though you were monarch of all you surveyed, and if you are in a fit of blues you march on regardless of who is around you or sees you. The spirits hear all your talk and see all your actions; they have come to you with soft persuasion, telling you that your brain was gigantic and all your aspirations were grand and good, instead of telling you that you were egotistical, penurious, and seeking for your own aggrandizement. In entering your hall, instead of feeling that you would like to bring in the poor from the streets, those who cannot pay their money, and have them benefit by the truths of Spiritualism, and feel that they are free men in the world, you like to be called Mr. President, and you like to stand there and speak forth the words that would show your knowledge. All this I know. I am giving you plain talk, but it is true talk, every word, and you know in your heart that Common Sense guides my every word and it is Necessity that compels me to talk to you tonight as I do. I do not believe in cringing nor in making others cringe. You are not one, my friend, to be dealt with by persuasive talk nor by flowery language, but you want a hammer, to be hit on the head, or you will not listen. You may grind and grind and grind, but there comes a time when life goes out of this body and you enter the life of the spirit, a time when it will grind and grind and grind, and out of that grinding will come forth enough to make a man, and that man will be you. You will have to go through the fire of adversity, you will have to go down in the depths and be ground and ground and ground and out of it will be made a noble man. But all this life you will have to answer for.

I have longed for this opportunity, I glory in this talk, because it sets the truth before you; I would like to hammer it into your brain, for nothing but hammering will ever put it there. You will walk out and forget what is said, and condemn the spirits. Where would you be tonight if it had not been for them? Although unseen by you, they have watched over your footsteps, they have guided your feet from danger in darkness and on the public highway, and though unseen have guided you in safety many times to your home. You need not feel, because your eyes cannot see them and because your ears cannot hear them, that they are not present. Mortal man and friend, way down in the depths of your heart you have a vein of kindness if you would let it come out and let it grow and flourish like the green bay-tree. When I was in earth life what I went through from friend and foe no tongue can tell. My own rib (as they called my wife) and I for a long time were parted; I suffered everything, and I know how to pity those that suffer. As I have trod the field before you, I have felt justification in saying that you do wrong when you show unkindness or reproach.

Now, friend, do you feel that you would like me ever to come again? I have told you plain truths, have I not? You believe what I tell you; will you profit by it, or am I to take a hammer and hammer it into your brain? If you deal with me, or I deal with you, it must be done honestly: no deceit, no hypocrisy, no lying, but the unvarnished truth. I have selected this medium, and I will assist her. I come to her continually, she is a bright and shining instrument. Although you have been with her so long, you do not understand her, or if you do, you do not show it. (I only wish her better success, Mr. Paine.) Bring hither a

turnip and place it on this bureau, and out of that can you get blood? Can you produce out of it anything but a turnip? If you lend your money, you want your money returned, and woe to that one that deals with you if he cannot return it.

Spirits of bright and lofty intellect have come to you. One dear sister has come for many years with her mild, persuasive voice; others have come, others more manly and stronger in nature; one by one has felt that with all they could do you do not listen, you formed your own theory, you laid down your own rule and walked therein, you did as you would like and cared not as long as you got what was your own. You have had warning and advice, and had everything set before you, in a rough manner, if you please, for I never make things smooth, I speak right out as it is within me. I was so when on earth, and now when others have laid down the weapons of defence, I took them up and I tell you right now, whether you like it or not, believe what I say or not, it makes not one jot or tittle of difference to me, I am not the sufferer. . . .

Dec. 21. Paine: Friend, we do not seek the educated, nor those that are critical, but we go to the pure in heart and the fervid in spirit, and use them for our purpose. The best mediums you have today are those that can hardly read or write their own names. It is not necessary for them to be educated for the spirits to control them. I will say one thing, friend, and it is Common Sense who is talking, it is not the medium herself, but I am speaking through her: In the gate through which you will enter when you leave this world for the spirit world, sits Justice on her throne, with scales in her hand, and the deeds of every spirit that passes through that gate are weighed in those scales, and unless there is enough goodness on one side to outweigh the evil, they pass on and down into darkness. Throw over others the veil of charity, be the last one to lift it. As you profess to be a Spiritualist, live the life of a good, true Spiritualist, show justice and kindness and affection for your fellow-men. Live not for yourself alone, nor seek too earnestly for that gold which perishes in the using of it. When I was in earth life, when I was driven from post to post, and from country to country, no man could say that I oppressed anyone, no man could say, if I was a free-thinker, that I did not stand up for the rights of man. If I did wrong, if I was tempted to do wrong, I found great relief in helping my fellow-men, in grasping them by the hand, and in leading them over the shoals of time. Friend, I will tell you, your gold will outlive you long after you have passed away. Listen, listen to me, you cannot take it with you, and you will leave it here for others. The daylight comes over the broad expanse, but you are in the valley. You do not even rise half way to its summit, but you sit in the shadow, and there you bemoan your fate. You were down in the valley today, with a millstone about your neck, and it pulled you down and under. Cast it into the sea and be a free man. When I speak thus, I feel I cannot let go, I would exhaust every theme, I would lift up the mountains if I could, and rend the very hills asunder, to save a fellow-mortal.

Now, friend, let your war-cry be peace, that you may not grovel on the earth. When I see that outer darkness awaits a mortal soul, and some thought, some word of mine can save it, how gladly I give it. If we do not receive honors for doing our work, the joy of being in the spirit world is so great, the glory of being with exalted spirits lifts us above the cares and desires of earth. The dross of this world is nothing. You may have it in abundance, with a little pleasure, but the eternal love and joy of the spirit life out-balances it all. What is your gold? By it you have to live, but, friend, do not worship it, make it not a God. The first thing your eyes may rest upon when you enter the spirit world, when Justice stands with its scales before you, will be your works of benevolence, and not your love of gold. Were I back upon the earth again, knowing what I know of the spirit home from which I came, I would be like a shipwrecked mariner that is tossed and lost. . . . I am not visible to you, but you can hear my voice and know that I come to you, for you know that the medium could not express my thoughts and feelings in my language and manner; you know it is Common Sense.

Dec. 29. Phœbe: That grand and noble friend refers to one who comes to you with a soft and persuasive voice. I suppose he alludes to me, because I was a poetess on earth, but, my friend and brother, he comes to you for a noble purpose, and his words are stronger, and he may benefit you more.

I have felt for a long time that my words were pleasant to the ear, but soon forgotten, and I have such a work to do in spirit life—friends continually coming to me that need my nursing, my care, that need continual watch—and I have felt that in the coming of this mighty brother he would benefit you more than I could. But I know your nature and disposition, and I know what you think of the trials of life, and you feel, as I have often told you, as if you were ready to lay down the battle; but, my friend, you are on this earth for a purpose, not for your own interests and yourself alone, you have a mission to perform, a duty to your family, a great duty, and you have no right to complain. I have never been one to wound your feelings, I have tried to smooth over the crooked places of life with what you call the mellow words, but often you need the strong, plain words that our friend gives you. How many times have I come to you in the past, and when the selection was made for those spirits that had been in the spirit world a long time, that they might rise to a higher sphere, I preferred to stay on the lower plane, that I might see to those friends on earth that I had chosen to visit, and I still remain; but as that grand and noble spirit has come, I feel that my words are as nothing compared with his power and his eloquence. . . .

CHAPTER XIV.

JAN. 2, 1890. Paine: You know well the history of my life upon this earth, how I struggled and toiled to gain the independence of this country, how I was persecuted and downtrodden, and it was considered a dishonor, a disgrace to know Tom Paine, the infidel; but when kings and monarchs paid me deference, the people came and were glad to take me by the hand. I was a friend of Washington and Lafayette, and all the noble men of different nations, and when the bell rang for Independence, who stood among the throng but Tom Paine, the infidel? And today infidelity is considered liberality. Today the liberalist is blest in doing what is best for truth and humanity.

When I stood before principalities and powers, and was the friend of the great and learned, after I came to this country I was, as it were, a wanderer here alone, and in the latter days of my life, when all the broad acres had been given me for an inheritance, when I could have built a palace and have lived like a king, it was said that all this was owned by Paine, the infidel, and when the last hour drew near, and I laid down my life almost in solitude and alone, I had resisted those demands that were made upon me by affectionate hands. I drove everything away from me, because I was self-willed, headstrong, because I would not listen to words of advice, and it was often said at my grave, Let the thorns and thistles be round about the spot where the infidel is laid.

I tell you, my friend, when I look over the events of my life, I see many traits of my character in you, I see you persistent and dominating and determined to do your will, and the day may come when you, like me, will be a wanderer and alone and lay down your life in solitude. I have told you once, I have told you twice, I have told you thrice, that your gold will outlive you, and according to the standards of your own life, in the position you hold in society and before the world and in your own Hall, live the life of a man, for you will reap as you sow. Sow in gentleness, in kindness, and you will reap kindness and affection. If you seek the company and companionship of those that stand in high places, you yourself will be like unto them. I believe in living as you will wish you had lived when you cross over the border. I believe in kindness, gentleness, meekness and love. This is my religion, this was mine on the earth.

I believed in God, but not in three persons in the God-head, and for that I was called an infidel. I believed in one God, I believed in humanity. Money to me was nothing. Governments showed me all respect when I was on the earth. I was the friend of the greatest men in the nation; they valued me not because I was an infidel, but they looked to me for counsel. My advice was heeded by kings and principalities, and now, after having laid aside this mortal life, and been away for a long time, there are but few that I have controlled, but I saw the work was great, the field was large, and that laborers were wanted in the field, and I offered my services and was accepted, and it was on that mission that I first came. I saw the condition of things, I saw your nature and disposition, and I said to the higher powers, to this one I will go, and I will reform him, I will help build him up and try to make him firm in the faith, and help him in his business and in his meetings. And the medium I found bound in sorrow, broken in health and weary in her steps, and I felt that she could be made a powerful instrument, and for that purpose I impressed her, and with her magnetism and the magnetism that I could throw upon her, I have striven to do my duty faithfully.

Now, my friend, you can take the advice as given you, or you can let it alone. Sometime when you wander out in the country, when the bright sun is shining upon the earth, and all Nature is lovely and beautiful, and the trees are clothed with the green verdure, go forth into the fields and

there lift up your soul to that Higher Power that is above you, and think for yourself. Look up to Nature's God and try to imitate the virtues of those that have gone before you, and you will breathe in a better spirit, and a better feeling will come over you. You cherish too much unbelief in your heart, you feel continually the coming of bitter disappointment, as you call it, and have it continually in your mind, and it becomes a second nature to you. Friend, you may feel disappointed in the affairs of life, but with what keen anguish are the spirits disappointed in you. Fulfill the destiny for which you were made, try to maintain your dignity and uprightness as a man. You do not let your heart go out with the promptings of kindness, you feel so critical towards mankind in general that you have not met the reward you should have had in your business life. You have seen but little of the pleasures of life. The stern reality has shown its darkest side, because of your intense desire to lay up wealth for yourself. I see you in all the little things of life, and the spirits that take an interest in those whom they follow up on the earth. They are well versed in their affairs and in your affairs. And of the medium, I can truly say, from a keen observation of her life, she does not reap the reward she should in her business. One mistake makes another, and many mistakes come together, and over them throw the veil of charity. After a while, friend, I will endeavor with all the spirit power to assist you in something by which you may have a bright and better position in life, but you must have faith in yourself.

I went out of this life comparatively alone, with no one near me except the physician, and one or two others, with none of my family, none of what you call blood-relations, alone, alone. From my own mortal home I went out of this life and was refused a burial-place among the saints of earth, and I was laid away at rest under a tree, because I was Paine, the infidel, and the good old people stood around about and said: The grass will never grow on the grave of the infidel. But the grass did grow and the flowers blossomed and the trees put forth their leaves and all Nature was beautiful, and there I was left until some friend came and put up a monument to tell where the infidel lay. Now as you look around the earth whom do you see but infidels? Where do you find one you can call a true Christian, sincere and honest and square? Were all infidels buried today, would the grass grow over their grave, would the flowers bloom, do you think, or would Nature weep and the world be turned into darkness, the sun refuse his light and the moon become blood, think you so, friend? . . . You are now reaching that age in life when you should remember that as you go downward and pass away you will see yourself as you are, you will see what you did on the earth; you will see your body as it is, but your spirit will be out of it, you will see how you spent your time, how the years rolled on and rolled away, and all the motives of life by which you were actuated, why this was so, and that was so, you will then see what you now think is wrong and grievous and hurtful, and why these things were so; for when you enter the spirit life there is nothing that is not made known, there is nothing covered that is not revealed. I tell you, friend, the spirit life is a great place to show up the earth life.

As things are now, so I predicted,—more liberality among the people, more freedom of speech. There is plenty of it today, when principalities and powers are divided, when the high places of earth are laid low, when the exalted are debased and brought down by the fall of the high priests, or by the grand priests of time, which more properly should be said of it, when it exposes the faults of the nations, and brings glaring wickedness to light. And when you have passed over to our side, when you yourself may be coming back to talk of things that are past to those then living, how strange will it seem to you to see people sailing through the air (this was 1890), and everything going hither and thither, from east to west, from north to south, when you can cross the ocean in a very short time, when everything will go as by flight; how strange it will seem to you! You will feel then that the age that now is was a thousand years behind the times. This relates to everything under the sun; it will go on from generation to generation until the mighty end is accomplished. All royalty, all kings and queens and powers will be

abolished, republicanism will be established throughout the length and breadth of the land. There will come a mighty change, and it is fast coming. You cannot contemplate, even with the mind's eye, the mighty, mighty changes that are to come over this planet. . . .

Jan. 11. Paine: I am glad, friend, to come at this time when all things seem clear for a pleasant evening, and I am going to spend a portion of the time here. I have been near you for several days, showing myself, making my knocks known and heard. If people do not believe in your doctrine, stand firm in the faith yourself, and let them see that your religion is as good as theirs. Friend, in your meetings you are doing a good work. There are spirits enough there to fill every niche and corner. Every one who comes into your Hall brings a spirit, and I can assure you that the little words that are spoken, the little thoughts and feelings there entertained, will produce a great deal of good. Go on, do your best. Are you aware that the spirits control you? You do not control them. Since I have come back to that sphere in the spiritual life where I can control the people on this earth, I have found it to be a great privilege to myself to come where I can do good and benefit others by my coming. And I wish to build you up, I wish to improve your health, your mind, your strength, your bodily powers, everything. Look at the medium: I raised her up almost from slow decay and death.

(Have you met my father?) I have been in the company of your father and family. I was drawn to him through my friendship for you, but I have not spoken with him. He seems at all times surrounded by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. My home from which I come is the home of the infidel spirits, but Liberality is enshrined upon its porticoes, Justice and Right and Common Sense are engraved upon its pillars. How different the world is from what it was in my day. How different is society and the great and learned friends of my life. I was the friend of Lafayette, of Washington and all the great, and now they are with me in the spirit world, each one has his mission, his own work to do. We seek the unsophisticated mediums that we can control, we do not come with studied speech, nor with affectation, nor with language to please the ear, but we come with the simple words of truth. Many, very many that have heard of my life, that have read and known of me from history, have become powerful spiritualists, great liberalists. They felt that the work I left behind was a power unspeakable, history hunts me up, everything that my pen wrote is sought for, and why is it? Generations have passed, and if it were not for the development of the nation, unless it were for progress, I would have been lost in oblivion, but now all my words have come true, my doings are handed down to fame, and I, who was buried in an obscure grave, under a lone tree by the wayside, now rise up into immortality and come forth as a magnet, if I may so speak of myself; my works are read and my words are felt. When Balaam rode upon the ass going down to Jerusalem the angel spoke to him through the ass and Balaam was frightened; and so the invisible spirit comes and speaks to man in history, but not necessarily through the mouth of an ass, or any other animal. The human voice came from the dumb beast and it also comes from the living lips of the medium. Angels talked with men, and wise men talked with angels, and spirits talk with mediums, and mediums speak their words. Then why should people scoff at Spiritualism and mediums or modern seers?

I have a great many friends in earth life that I feel a nearness to, people that I watch over, although I have never been able to talk with them. And I find it very pleasant to come here and talk with you, friend, and have you talk with me as man to man, as spirit to spirit. The medium has had the influence given her from the different spirits and it has fitted her so that when I came the way had been made ready for me. Not one that ever came can hold the medium as I can and use her as I do, no other spirit that comes after me will hold the medium as I do, and while her life lasts I will come to her.

(What is meant by the different spheres?) Do you think that minds of a lower class, minds that have not received any benefit here, could be on an equal footing with those that have long lived in the spirit world, and have been granted all the privileges and powers of spirit life? Every family, as it were, has its own sphere, its

own connections, or, as you call it, its own affinity, the power to draw within its influence those with whom they associate. Look, for instance, at such spirits as Greeley and Clay and all of that class.

On earth you often say that animals or cattle inhabit these spheres. That is false. Nothing enters the spirit life but a soul, a living soul that can speak. Animals are for the use of man, and in their death they perish. Never, friend, believe that animals enter the spirit world. It has often been said, but it is false. No one can enter spirit life without going through a time of repentance. Not many that live on this earth are received at its gates until they are found worthy to enter. You speak of Heaven and Hell. Heaven, as you call it, I have not seen. Hell, as you call it, I know not of, but I know that when you enter the spirit world, as I have told you before, and I scarcely need speak of it now, you have to enter a place where you are purged from all the evil of this life. That is what I suppose you call Hell. But out of that you come up into spirit life, born again. I have been born several times since I entered the spirit world, for I was born into the different spheres, places, conditions, and the advancement that I have made is like being born again, not of the mother but of spirit power. On the earth it is delightful to contemplate the Great Hereafter, to let your mind go out, leave body and self behind, and look into the grand future, and feel that you can throw off this human flesh, that you can enter a life where the trials of earth are over, where all its cares that beset you here are thrown away, where you will be emancipated from self and rise into newness of life.

You may think this is all talk and that it sounds well to hear it, but friend, it is reality, it is as true as that the sun rises in the east and goes down in the west, it is as true as that you are living tonight. And were I again on the earth, I do not know that I should do much different; I did what I thought was my duty, I marked out my path and followed it. I strove for this country that you now call your own, this land that I once labored for, that I tried so hard to free from the British yoke. This land, this country, Oh, it is grand and it is glorious, and it is a great pity that sin and sorrow ride triumphant over it with no hand to stay it. Justice cannot hold her sword, but she must sheathe it and wait for another generation to show what shall be done. Now, my friend, I have strained, strained every nerve, I have used the limited powers given me, and I must say Good-night.

Jan. 18. Paine: I tell you sometimes I feel the spirit so heavy upon me that I long to burst the bonds, I would like to go out and go back into earth life again, I would like to see and know, and talk and build up a spiritual kingdom here, but my power is limited, I have permission given me to come only in an humble way, and this I suppose by the higher powers that I may be shorn of that disposition within me that cannot be quiet, that I may not roam through kingdoms and countries and usurp the powers of kings and monarchs; but all these things fill my soul with ambition, and I long to come and fulfill the destiny that has been given me. Oh, friend, rise up in your might, go abroad and see the grand and glorious things of earth, let your soul grow out of its tenement of clay; go out and burst into new life, into the open life, and know and feel there are so many things that you can do, that you can see, that you can know, that your soul may be satisfied. Do not feel that you are spending your strength for naught and wasting your money. At this time, when mortal sickness prevails on earth, sweeping away its inhabitants like the winds sweeping the leaves from the trees, it is enough to fill you with consternation and grief, but with it all it is only spirits gathering in the sheaves. But I must be gathered back to the spiritual home and kept within the spirit bounds. You see how it was: In my life I was never contented, I was never satisfied. I must traverse foreign lands beyond the ocean, I must see all that was to be seen, I must know all that was to be known, and although in spirit life and keeping within its bounds, the longings of the old spirit of the years that are past, now that I have my freedom, come back upon me; so you see that our mission, our will, our power is still alive, it does not perish with the body. When I am back in the spirit world, it is a great longing within me that sends me out on a mission of love and mercy to mankind. Necessity, which is a ruling spirit, and which governs me to a great

extent, came to me at a time when the medium was broken in health and spirit, when she needed the strong arm of kindness and spirit power to cheer her up. . . .

Jan. 26. Paine: The season here is pleasant. Deep snow does not cover your earth, everything bids fair for an open winter, but, friend, there is so much sorrow here that were the heavy snows to fall, were a severe cold to come, the poor would be still more afflicted and their souls filled with sorrow, and it is good for them that the Great Spirit brings the softening influence of the sun upon the earth. Far different were the seasons when I was here. Cold, stern winter with its stern realities was on every side, war and desolation were in this country, scenes of sorrow and darkness everywhere, men fought against their fellowmen and the whole world seemed destined to one final ruin; but peace, the great arbiter peace, was restored and faith and good-will with the nations of the earth revived, and out of destruction came forth a country free and independent, the armies were gathered back, and those that survived returned to their own homes, and America blossomed as a rose. The grand President that stood at the head of the army became the head of the country, became the father of the country, not simply in word or thought, but in deed.

(What of the late Rebellion?) That is a great question. They had no right to start a Rebellion. The country that was wrested from the British yoke was fruitful, and it multiplied its cattle upon its hills and valleys, everything teemed with life and power, everything was grand and glorious, and there was no need of that bitter Rebellion, that terrible struggle which brought ruin and sorrow and set back this nation a hundred years. There was no need of that war. Peace was declared long ago, and think of the deficiency, the money that was spent, the people whose lives went out from all over the land. I do not believe in slavery. I believe it was the curse of the South, and still the colored man in one sense was better off in bondage than in freedom, for he was preserved and taken care of, but in freedom he goes recklessly to his ruin. I tell you, friend, the selling of the slave was the bitter curse that attended slavery, and the breeding of children by their masters was a sin and curse and a reproach upon the South. It was a crime to sell their own sons into slavery; far better for them to hide their ignominy in death. Shame upon them that their own blood should be sold in slavery. It had to come, but it should have been in a different way, they should have been bought and restored to freedom by money and not by blood.

We will not dwell upon the subject, because it is too deep to discuss, and I could not hold the medium under control to argue upon it as I have argued through the mouths of many. As you look abroad upon the earth today, you will see that people are riding in high places, in control of the money power, the poor and oppressed have but little show for justice, and it is to the lowly and humble the spirits come. What can we do among the mighty who feel that they can rule the poor and oppress them because they have the power to do it? They have no faith in Spiritualism, it cannot be accounted for in the courts of justice, you have no power there, it can be done only in silence, with a still, small voice, with that faith which will yet accomplish a great and mighty work. Spiritualism itself is not going backward, it is advancing, its power is felt in every nation through the length and breadth of the earth, in some form or another; more believe in it among the principalities and powers than in the Republic on this continent. When Abraham Lincoln was living on this earth, in his great speeches before the people I was his spirit control, he was conscious of it. He was a man and a great man, and what a great loss to this nation. He belonged to my band in spirit life.

Feb. 16. Paine: . . . You know the conditions of your life, you know the principles upon which you exist, you know you are reaching that age in your life when your whole system changes. There comes a change in man at fifty, in his habits, his way of thinking, and even his steps. In a woman it is at forty. As you had to labor in your early life, you cannot do it again with the same full interest. The day will come when the ear grows numb, the eye grows dim, the body more enfeebled, and the entire system touched with the infirmities of age. Therefore in the

surroundings of your life, the opportunities you have had you have lost, you have chosen your life, and by it you will abide. As you have lived here, so will you pass out of life. A few words of kindness, a few acts of charity make the man, but these do not appeal to you unless it concerns your home and friends.

Now, friend, about half your life is gone, and you will not reach the other half, but as a friend, as Common Sense, I say to you, be not worried about your future. I would suggest to you in all kindness, with a fatherly kindness, although I was never the father of a son, that you enjoy to a certain extent the pleasures of this life while you are here. If you feel like traveling, let travel be your pleasure, if you feel like taking up scientific researches, let that be your pleasure. Your constitution demands it. To do otherwise is self-murder. What is life on this earth? You come from the mother's womb into the body, into manhood, into old age. When desires fail, when pleasures cease, the eye grows dim, the step grows weary, a few short years terminate it all, and you go out of life and enter the spirit world where an eternity is before you. In spirit life you cannot talk as you like, you cannot do as you like. Ah, no; your desires will be of a spiritual nature, you will have no desire for one moment to take the feelings of this earth upon you, to do or say what you like. Every throb of the heart, every pulsation will be to benefit another mortal or spirit. Who ever thought that I, the infidel, would in this generation be the Liberalist, my memory, you may say, quoted in banquets all over the world?

(Are there any books with you?) There are no books in spirit life, no page of printed matter. All Nature is before you, the work is too great, the society of friends too precious. You do all your reading in earth life, and you will do your working from spirit life.

Mar. 29. Paine: Good evening, my friend. I feel pleased that you have to some extent obeyed the rules that were laid down for you, and kept in control your temper and have not allowed too free use of that unruly member which causes trouble and ofttimes sorrow. So you see, my friend, it can be governed and kept in subjection. There is more magnetic force than I have felt in a good while. I feel tonight that calmness and peace which at times come over me, and I can talk without running away and carrying the medium with me, without using such a power with her as to almost destroy her. I feel in some measure to blame for the illness through which she has passed, that I was the means of abstracting from her body that magnetizing influence and those forces which she so much needed to sustain her. I come with such a vehement force as a rule that I draw upon her too largely and take from her a certain amount of her life, and I feel that it is not right for me to do so. Therefore hereafter when I come it will be only for a short time and in a mild and quiet way, for I have seen the evil effects of my talking too rudely and using her too strongly.

I am glad, my friend, to meet you. Nature has largely endowed you, and you must make up the rest. In your meetings you are surrounded by those who are watching every word and every action, and would like to take your place in the presidential chair. Maintain your dignity of character, be not influenced by them, and when things are said that do not suit your ear, do not reply; it is better to say nothing which will bring back retaliation. Be chary of that. If you stand by your authority you will come out ahead. Your meetings are largely increasing, and there is a power there, a thirsting after spiritual science, a searching there for tests, everyone wanting and asking for tests. Your meetings had a small beginning, and you have planted a good work there which will develop into a greater field of usefulness. There were times when I almost predicted a failure, but knowing the manner of man you are, I know you understand the fitness of things and know that you will work for the advantage and edification of those that come to your meetings. It is not for the mighty, nor those that would like to hold sway, but for the smaller minds that have to be fed. They must have a head and look to him for wisdom and advice. I feel that you have been given largely of the spirit, you have felt impressed that there was with you a certain power, and you speak the words within your mind, and words that would be an honor when spoken. Now, friend, I have spoken in a gentle way, like a woman, and it is hard for me to lay

aside my character, but knowing our medium's health is poor, I must not use up her force.

Father: . . . (Where is Mollie?) I took her with me to the higher spheres where we have been, and I come alone to say a few words to you. Mollie still remains there surrounded by her children. She told me to say to John and the children, she has felt it best to stay with the other children, and to rest and to outgrow all the pains and cares of earth life. She was for a long time feeble and emaciated, but has now become bright and happy, with a joy and peace she never had in this world, in the loveliness of the spirit life, and in the spiritual growth of her children that are indeed immortalized in their lives.

My boy, I am glad you succeeded in your business. I saw you when you were cast down, but I knew there was an influence at work to take you from your former unhappy position, there was a strong magnetic force to remove you from it, and you were removed, that your life might be happier and your business surroundings more pleasant. Oh, my boy, would that you could feel the great force that is at your back, the powers that gather around you. If your eyes were opened, if you were more spiritual, you could see the spirits. . . . Give my love to all. Tell John I always loved him; and mother, mother, hasten the day when she will come to me, and I can take her and carry her onward. She will have much to outgrow, but the goodness of her life will carry her through. Mollie has outgrown all her physical sufferings. She stayed away only that she might get stronger. The cares of earth life were too much for her.

Phœbe: My friend and brother, I have been standing by listening to the words of your father, and of Mr. Paine who says he comes more in the spirit of a woman than of a man, for his powers are vehement and his language forcible, but he feels that unless he uses that power his words do not have effect, but that is not so. Sometimes words of kindness will effect more good than words so vehement and strong. He crowds so many words when speaking with such power and force that he does not stop to consider how they sound. How he rattles them like an engine that is full of wind; and still he is wonderful, he is wonderfully magnetic, and, my friend and brother, I am very glad that he chose to come to you, because you can learn much from his visits.

I have seen the storm with its mighty power, and how strange it is that men can see and know all this and not feel there is a Voice in the world, a power that will make men tremble and pause. (Destructive storm in Louisville, Ky.) But it seems as if men had lost all feeling and do not care for anything besides the actual living of today. I can assure you there is a mighty Power, and great and troublous times are to come upon the earth, a Power that will subdue men, which will reveal the majesty of the Spirit whom we worship. You know we acknowledge the Power that is over us as a Spirit superior in intellect and knowledge, and we obey that Power. When we meet and have our pleasant times together, we each invoke that Power to help us to do good when we come to visit mankind. . . .

May 17. Spirit father told me a few days ago that a friend in Connecticut had quick consumption and would soon die. Today his son called and said his father had just been buried.

Paine: Good evening, friend, good evening. I congratulate you on the disposition you have shown in trying to conquer that hasty passionate feeling that predominates over you to a certain extent, and you have felt that you have indeed come off more than conqueror. When passion governs mankind, there come with it those fearful spirits of darkness that bring an evil influence, a feeling of unkindness and discontent, but when in a calmer moment the passion is subdued there comes around you a halo of light that brings peace and contentment to the mind, and you feel buoyed up with the strength which the spirit alone can give.

I told you some time ago that you would have a change in your business. The change came, and for the better. You are much better situated, your peace of mind, your health, everything around you is better. You have nothing now to make you feel you are losing either life or spirit or money, everything is working for your advancement.

When the spirits depart to the spirit world, and they themselves are not in condition to come for some time, the spirits in power will come and will suggest ideas to those that are left behind, and assist them in their business, and so on through the

years to come. It is a link, as in a chain unbroken, those that are left behind are watched over and guided, and then as a matter of course when all earthly things are gone, there is nothing to draw the spirit mind down to accomplish any good. Sometimes whole families pass away into the spirit world, and none of those ties are left for the spirit to work upon. Time never hangs heavy on the hands of those that have passed into the spirit world, for they are promoted higher and higher, they shine forth in their glory, they go to those celestial regions where there is so much peace and enjoyment that time never seems heavy. It is their aspiration to be promoted, to gain an ascendency, to enter, as it were, the first, second and third spheres, and so on, until they reach still higher realms of peace and never-ending joy and wisdom. They enter those circles wherein there is so much to learn, where the curtain is lifted, and they can behold the blessings of that Being that formed the universe and holds it in His power and might.

Well, friend, I can assure you that in the same routine of life those who are permitted to enter those spheres have no desire to ever again come back into the outer circle and take upon themselves the welfare of their friends, the labor is so great to seek and look after the mortals in earth life. When you pass into those circles this business is left for those that are behind. My friend, I cannot enter into the minute particulars; to understand them you will have to wait until you reach the spheres of eternal bliss. As I have said before, when you enter spirit life Justice sits at the gate, and all who enter are weighed in the balances, and if found wanting they enter the lower abode where they have to outgrow the sins and the shortcomings of this life. There they have to be fitted for a higher station that awaits them, and then their mission is to do good, and to be permitted to come back and benefit earthly mortals. Spirit life is a school for those who must conform to the rules and regulations and duties of spirit. There you must live in a manner that will benefit yourself and help you in your advancement. You get your rules here from the dictates of nature, but in the spiritual world they are all of a higher grade and come from a Higher Power, and are given to us solely to benefit the human race here on the earth. The time will come, and it is advancing rapidly, when Spiritualism will prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land, when you will not be ashamed or blush to hear Spiritualism spoken of, but will be glad that you knew the philosophy of that power that saves beyond the grave. This generation will see it extended, but not to that extent that the second will, for this generation is paving the way, is getting ready for the great truth to come. . . .

Yes, spirits have the power to visit other worlds, and they are inhabited, they number more inhabitants than the globe on which you live. I have visited other planets, and I have been gone for long years, but I am drawn through friendship and for friendship's sake to this globe, my former home, and for love of freedom. The privilege is granted by the Infinite Spirit which gives me the power to come here tonight and talk with you. You have much to learn, much knowledge to attain. It is not in the handbooks, but it is the language of Nature, the language of patience, and everything that pertains to a higher and nobler life. . . .

June 29. Thomas Fox: Friend, the medium in her distress is trying to take you back to the home of the South, to the family you have left, and as I see the home, it is gone. (Fact.) There seems to be there a power that tries to break the family ties, and they are willing and ready to break them. I am glad that I can come and lift the medium up, that I can take her out of this distressing situation, for when she opens her eyes again her trouble will be gone. It is an influence from those that have passed from your Southern home. It was only when I saw the great struggle of the medium to overcome that pressure on the brain I came. It was like a heavy ton-weight holding her down, and she was suffering so intensely that I came to relieve her.

And, friend Joe, you cannot afford to spare her, you cannot afford to lose her, you won't find her like again. This is your home, nice and pleasant. Be genial and friendly and kind, and do not say erratic things and spin such words; be more quiet, be like you were in the days of your boyhood. You used to be afraid that everything was wicked and wrong.

Now you have outlived those times, but I tell you what it is, they were good old times; if they were to come back they would not hurt you. I tell you there is a mystery, Joe, about this spiritual work, and there are spirits that come and feel they want to say what they like, and they don't care. They float on through the air, ever ready, as you say in earth life, to put in their oar, and then those that are truthful and earnest must suffer for what the others say. And this is so often the case that we have to be very watchful and very careful. But you are so critical that you don't take much stock in it unless you know something of its origin, who it is that says it. I tell you this is a great thing coming back to earth and talking with living mortals. Who would have believed such a thing? You and I would have laughed at it, but it is so, it is true. When you go out of the body and enter into the other world, it takes you a long time to grow out of bad habits and everything that compassed you round about in earth life. You feel like being born anew and growing up in another atmosphere.

Wiona: White chief. Well, what I see? You go down there, you fixes things right, and they all gone away and keeps together. They talks the matter, and talked and talked, will do what planned to do, and you pays the bill; you will does it. The place gone, sold. Mystery about the place what's gone. What did you go to Richmond for? (Test.) Uncle Greeley. Big, short, fat hands. And he says, you tell your medy after awhile her work here in earth life will be over, and we have got a home for her in spirit life where her needn't go to live with her children. Her can come to the spirit world and we will see to her, for her has been good faithful servant. Now Uncle Horace says that. I want medy to go out in the air and get everything from the trees. White chief, you have got to be nice and kind, and throw around you good influence what will help you, and will help you in your business. You got money in the stocks, and you got enough. If I sees anything what ain't right, I come and tell you. (Did you see friend Fox just now?) Him very cheerful when in earth life. I notice him have bright eyes, they shine; not very tall, not been in spirit world dreadful many years. (All true.)

July 5. Paine: Friend, you have closed your meetings, and souls are hungering and thirsting for knowledge. They feel the avenues are closed and separated far and wide. They will long again for a place to meet and hold communion together. There is one thing I would say to you: I see that you have improved very much in your speech and in your thinking and acting, you are more subdued, more mild in manner. Draw near to the spirits, and they will draw near to you and fill your soul with loving kindness.

(What about Jupiter?) Jupiter is a large planet and was at one time inhabited. At present it is not. There is an empty space that seems to fill immensity. This planet on which you live has but one moon and but one sun, but it is full of inhabitants continually coming and continually going. Jupiter has been called by scientists various names, but is known as Jupiter by those that study the heavens and the orbs and the planets. Mars is another planet and originated from Jupiter. The people that inhabited Jupiter were a superior people, endowed with wisdom, they were not of the earth earthy, but people of knowledge and farsightedness. They have passed out of that planet into other planets. I do not say they died. The fact is that when their work is done, like spirits they pass from one planet to another, they become more spiritualized, their passing out is like going into spirit life, only there is no death. In the moon there are neither lakes, mountains nor rivers. I do contradict the astronomers who say it is inhabited and has these things.

You often ask where heaven is, where is the abode of the spirits after they pass out of this life. I tell you, my friend, that is a subject that may engage the strongest and greatest minds that have ever lived. The heavens are above you, the spirit world is beyond you. It is not so far away but what spirits can see and know the doings of earth life to a great extent. They do not go out from a globe that encircles this planet. The spirit world is not so far removed as you think, you dwell much nearer to it than you are aware of,

much nearer, and as you go along from day to day you are drawing so much nearer to spirit life, and it seems as if you could almost clasp hands with those that are above you. They watch your doings, and when this mortal life is passed, how astonished will you be to know you lived so near to the spirit world. You will say, Can it be possible that I lived and moved so near to the spirits that they could see and know all the doings of my life, see and know me as I am? There is a lesson in this thought, and, friend, if you would think of this as much as of criticizing the slight mistakes that are made, it would be far better, for you are altogether too critical for your own good. I feel that in coming to you I had a labor to perform; that labor I have tried to do as successfully as I could, but you have not been an easy subject, you have not been one that would yield one jot or tittle of the way, but have stood ready in every visit I have made to seize upon something that has not been pleasing to your ear or satisfying to your taste. Therefore, what is left undone, let it go undone. The instrument that I have had to work through has been a feeble one, and to the best of her ability and with the best powers I have had, I have done my duty.

Wiona here reported the name of Beverly. (Aunt Jane's husband in Virginia.) He's got another woman. (True; married again.)

July 19. Phœbe: My friend and brother, I come tonight that the silence may be broken. I began to feel it is time that I should come again and take the watchful care over you that I once held, for it seems to me when I am away that the reins slip loose and there is nothing to hold you; you seem to go at random, hither and thither, wherever your mind leads you, wandering, roving, feeling at times you would like to fly, as if the earth could not hold you. Be not hasty, but more patient, remember the years come slowly on when you, too, will break and be feeble, and you will look back and wonder how it was that you did not have sympathy for others when their step was slow and they felt the burden of years upon them. It surely will come upon all, as it did to sister and myself, and to my friend (Oliver Johnson), he who lived longer in earth life; he, too, felt the burden was heavy and hard to bear. How many times did we breathe upon him the spirit of patience and love, trying to cheer him when he lay in his lowly cot, trying to make him feel that the days were passing away when he would come to us, when we could reach out our arms and take him home. And so it will be in the coming days of the medium, when we will take her home to ourselves to rest. . . . It was our mission to visit the sick and afflicted, and it is our blessed privilege now to receive them and rejoice with them in spirit life. Your field and your mission lie in a different path. You did not take upon yourself so much sentiment, but you followed out and extended your feelings more in a business way, for more independence and stability. . . .

Medium affected in throat. Father: . . . It was someone standing by the medium that was suffocated, choked to death with a bone in his throat. He was an acquaintance of the medium many years ago, and he has been trying to control her. His name he says was Henry Lyman. (Correct.) . . .

Sept. 5. Paine: Go up and visit my tomb. Go stand under the old tree where I was buried and drink your fill. My remains are under the monument. They thought they stole them away, but they did not, it was only the talk to satisfy the public feelings, as I was such an infidel. They said they were taken to England, but they took up the remains of an Indian; they did it purposely. There are many things hidden that will never be brought to light. They were bribed to take my body. I was secreted after being taken up in 1821, and it was privately replaced under the tomb, as is known to my friends here. . . .

Wiona (clapping her hands and laughing gleefully): I want you write letter home. You tell 'em Wiona come and tell how they moved. I heard 'em talking about having a school in their place. I ain't been there since I left. The girl like to have more wampum if her could get it. Best for pretty face be home, 'cause her mother wants her stay there and see to the other ones, 'cause they ain't so steady, and her must not go away and stay so long again. And the next one to her there got so wild.

I been through awful sight, getting peoples to their homes going off, going here, going there, going everywhere. My medy breaks down when I go away. I can't go away often on such missions. I don't like medy have 'vulsions here (stomach). I first went to Staunton, stayed there but little while, and next to poor Indians, all robbed, had no money, put on the train, sent out home, and they was going put 'em off train when they gots 'em way off to leave 'em there, and I 'pressed 'em, I just said to the man what runs engine, put on your steam, put on your steam, and I made him just push through, don't you see, understand? I just stayed there and I put thoughts into his head to push it ahead.

(Did you see the new home in Staunton?) I just stayed long enough to get the influence of the moving. I went there in the night. They had moved when I got there, and I had to find the place where they gone. (Described it correctly.) How you 'spect I find it? Well, I just scented it. You know what the dogs does. I followed the trail. How him will laugh, won't he? (Mr. P.) They felt bad at first, but after they got moved they was glad. The grandmother would like it better where they be than on the hill, the air so keen up there when the winter comes. (What do you think of Mr. P.?) I think him got good principles, believes his true 'victions. He is very honest, what the world says, too honest for his own good. Him don't like nobody meddles with his family, or himself. Him like to take care of himself, minds his own business. Ain't much of man to make money. Him can spend it better than make it, but him don't have it to spend.

Sept. 20. Paine: (Mr. Paine, some people say they have found your bones in England.) They know not whose bones they are; they never were my bones, let them worship them if they choose. They have worshiped the bones of St. Peter and of the apostles, and they can venerate mine if they like, but they will first have to find my body. There is no truth in the whole thing, it is all hearsay of what this one said and the other one did. I know of a surety where my bones lie, and when I told you, I said what was true. They need not send the bones to America, for they are already here. It is to me a matter of very little moment, the idea of transporting my remains from country to country. (See Sept. 6.) . . .

Sept. 27. Phœbe: My friend and brother, there are spirits in spirit life that have gone out from families that were honored and great that have never come back. Why it is I cannot explain to your satisfaction. But I know there are many that have never returned to earth life to talk or to comfort their sorrowing friends, but my sister and I and those of our friends that went out of this life so near together have held sweet communion with those we knew in earth life, and with many we did not know. We have been brought in contact with them by spiritual influence, and we have been happy to come from time to time, were brought to you in a somewhat similar manner, and have for a long time followed up that spiritual friendship which has been pleasant to me, and I think to you also. Very many we knew in earth life are here, my constant companions, near and dear to me. We cannot always go to different ones, but each one has his own particular friends he visits, as in my coming to you and others, and I can assure you, my friend, that I feel drawn to you more than ever, I feel there is something in you, in your disposition, that will lift you up and set you upon a plane where you can do much good, where you can wield the pen, use the implements of learning, but you will live and labor with your tongue for something besides the earning, the spending of money. There must be something besides pressure of business, the labor of the day. You want intellectual food, the food that will spiritualize the mind. You must not dwell too much on light literature, for it destroys the principles of the soul. (Had been reading some French fiction.) As you are about to take your place again before the people, you will want the restraining influence that you may not indulge in anything that will bring criticism or words out of season. I will try to impress you, as I have often done, to put words into your mouth and thoughts into your heart, that you may give peace and comfort to those that hear you.

Oct. 11. Paine: . . . Science is advancing wonderfully in many things, but with that same amount of money given to the poor and destitute on this lower platform,

where intelligence is at such a low ebb, it would be far better for humanity at large to build up mankind from the depths and the degradation about them; it would do more good than all the telescopes that will ever be constructed to penetrate Mars or the Moon. How much better it would be to build homes for the poor that have no where to lay their heads. What is there for a man of poverty, no work, no food, no raiment? Who is to help him rise upon his feet? Who is to give him a position where he may get bread for himself and family? Oh, these great men that passed off in the ages that are gone, if they could come back to earth again, if they could raise the war-trumpet and speak to the nations of the earth, there would be a different time, their cry would be heard. You may send ships abroad to benefit foreign nations. Let her who sits upon England's throne help her own poor. Let her draw from her own revenues money enough to satisfy England's starving poor. Let the nations over which she reigns, Wales and Scotland, come up to the call. Why should America, with her thousands and thousands of poor be left to suffer while they carry bread to the Queen's dominions? I tell you it is all wrong; they have no right to do it. Friend, I fought for freedom, and I say, while the Queen of England sways her scepter let her support her own poor. She can sit upon her throne and know that America will feed her starving ones. While she endows her sons and her daughters with millions upon millions, America's poor are suffering starvation, and does she send her shiploads of provisions for your poor? Does she lend a helping hand for even those that come here from foreign shores and bring beggary and destitution into our streets? Does she stand with her ships ready to help America? Ah, no; but she folds her arms and smiles. (We hear she believes in Spiritualism.) Well, friend, she is a woman, and were she emancipated from the royalty of England and stood out alone as a woman she would have a good heart, but surrounded as she is by emissaries and by her own family, and by those who watch her continually, she has but few privileges that she can call her own. She may to a certain extent believe in Spiritualism, but she dare not set up its doctrines or practice its faith.

Nov. 8. Paine: Good evening, friend. It is not necessary for me to sound a trumpet or blow a horn to say I am coming, but there are many things upon which I would like to speak, so many things which are involving a great human history at the present time, such as the Democratic ticket which is sweeping through the land, hither and thither and everywhere, and carrying all before it. It is those that call themselves Republicans that have not done their duty or come up to the standard of the Republican principles as they should have done. There has been a falling off in faith among those in high places. He who stands at the head of the Government has been weak and has not carried out the principles of the Constitution, he has not followed the high standard for which he was elected, and it is through the McKinley Bill in a great measure these things will be swept away. Some time will pass before its action will benefit the people. It may be a great benefit to many, but at the same time it will be a great cause of sorrow to millions, because the rum-shops will be sanctioned and strong drink which is the curse of the nation will run its race. With fearful strides will the people fall. I can assure you, my friend, this country has now reached a crisis, an era in darkness; the time has come when it seems that rum, like a destroying angel with uplifted hands, will march through the land, breweries will be established in every place, and grog-shops will be opened on every corner, and he that stands at the head of your city government will sanction all this. It is a fearful time in which you live, a time when principle is laid aside; it is money and money power. That seems to be the cry of the masses. You live in a time more fearful than the time of the Rebellion, when all law and all integrity seemed set aside. The men that were chosen to fill the high places are men of vulgar passions, men of vulgar affinities. They care not for truth or uprightness, but they look out for their salaries, for the money they can get out of the poor that have to be taxed to meet their wants. And so it goes on from legislation to legislation, from power to power. It is a rum question, a money question, and who shall have the greatest spoils, he who sits at the head of the Government, or the millions under him? Business ap-

pears to desert the household; more power, more money, fat office and high position are what the people want and all they care for. If there could come a general crusade, a general war to destroy one-half of the rum-shops, the other half to be burned as by fire, it would be a grand and glorious thing for the country, but at the same time while they would be burnt out, they would be built up with more splendor, with better adornments than before. All that man can do in this position is to assert his own rights, establish his principles and live up to the faith within him, and leave the strategy of uncleanness behind him. I feel that in the coming years the country will almost come to civil war, man with man will yet rise up to test his rights, but as the clergy have stood up and tried to proclaim what they call the truth, they did not half do their business, they felt afraid to come out boldly. Some few spoke openly, and others would send in their resignation and be afraid the world should know what side they were on. You can see it for yourself. In days that are passed people were not so much for the rum drink; they were more for civil rights and more for justice and for the good of the nation, for the great masses instead of for the few. But there will come again an overthrow, in a short time Republicanism again will triumph.

Phœbe: My friend and brother, we gave Leah a joyous welcome. We received her into our spirit band with great pleasure; but so weak. She is not able to control any one, but Oh, the friends that met her, the joyous company of spirits ever surrounding her. Her old-time friends of earth, so many, crowded around to give her welcome, such as Alice, Oliver Johnson, Greeley, Dr. Grey, Sojourner Truth. How joyfully we received her in the spirit life, our dear sister Leah, who was so kind and loving to us in earth life, who so often gave to us her hospitality and friendship. So many have come I could not begin to name them all, in the house prepared for her. . . .

Dec. 6. Wiona gave names and other recognized tests. Received letter from Dr. Krebs.

Wiona: I see by the letter what you got from that way off he wants my medy to see if her can get anything for him. I see there is passed out of his family a brother that lived a good ways from him, good while ago, and I think an uncle and a sister, but Oh, Oh, there's a spirit what comes to him, a woman, and there is more property going to be left to him—something with a five, from way off. This person what passed out is near relative, but very old, and has some property, and they divide between him and another one. I see the influence what draws 'em together, and he got big family of his own passed away. Him's a man with very peculiar feelings, him very set in his ways, what calls very positive. If he makes up his mind, his mind is made up. I gets Edward, and he is quite a young man, and he seems to make one of his family. I see him very plain. And I see the name of Jerusha, and another one of his family. Seemed to suffer with his head, 'cause I think him was killed in the war; looks like soldier, dressed in the Confederate clothes. I get the name of Martha, and of a Josie what belongs to him, and I get another name for him, Sumner, and I gets a name like Lan-cas-ter. Here comes spirit name of George, and he, too, is a friend, and here comes an old man who says he was one of the nicest men he ever met when he was on the earth, for he helped him so much—Dr. Krebs. And the Martha and Aunt Jane, great friends, come together. And with him comes two wives. That first wife passed away before him knew anything about Spiritualism, and him love her very much. The love between them two was stronger than between that one what's gone last. There's waiting for him a large family of wives and children and brothers and sisters, pretty nearly all his family gone 'fore him. He is very set, believes firmly in the spirit life, and him live within himself, lives almost in spirit world. (The doctor recognized all these statements by letter.)

Dec. 14. Freeman: There's an influence here that takes possession of the medium and nearly controls her. It seems to be a spirit that was deaf and dumb, that holds her mouth and tongue, and it cannot use the medium's fingers to talk, but exercises a power that is almost paralyzing. She can speak in spirit life, but the firm effort that she makes is to show you who she was. She liked you, she was

in love with you. (A deaf mute whom I talked with manually in Richmond in 1861; from Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Staunton, Va.)

You have one in your meetings that is indeed spiritual-minded, easily controlled, and for that reason so often a mouthpiece for those on our side of life. It is easy enough, friend, for anyone to write: I am with you, be of good cheer; and sign the initials on your ballot, but how much better is a communication that is tangible, that is full of life and love from those you know? For instance, friend, one of your grand communications from your sister Phœbe, who has communicated in all the forbearance and loveliness of her nature, in all the kindness, in all the charity and love of years and years. . . .

CHAPTER XV.

FEB. 7, 1891. Paine: It has been a long time since I have come to you. You have round about you a mighty band of spirits that will aid and assist you; they have done so, and will do so continually, because, friend, you are earnest in seeking out fraud, and earnest in what you think is the truth, and doing what you think is right. Many times have I entered this dwelling, many times have I made the rap, that the inmates might know of my presence; many a time have I come in the darkness of the night and made those knocks which meant, I am here, be not afraid, but be trusting and believing. (Frequent independent rappings.) I cannot use the medium with my vehemence, because she has not sufficient lung power.

In a hundred years from now, as time rolls on and free thought increases, my name will be honored, and liberty of speech will so prevail that the grand heads will shake and great changes occur, every spot on this globe will become civilized, and each one will so vie with another in mechanical ingenuity that the time in which you live will seem insignificant, and so great will be the advancement of the people that they will look back upon the people of this time as of a dark age. It is progression, ever and onward. . . .

July 19. Medium visiting from Brooklyn. Wiona controlled and referred to sudden death of Charles Pratt, of Standard Oil Company, 26 Broadway, and the consequent agitation, describing accurately the principal talkers as I knew them.

Aug. 9. Paine: I saw you as you stood by my tomb, and I felt it was good to be remembered, although I know at this time how many thousands throughout the earth are thinking my thoughts, are speaking my words, are following out the principles which actuated me in my life's work. I can go back and take up the things which I laid down when my breath passed out of my body, solitary and alone. I was indeed alone, carried to that lonesome distant place, with not a habitation within a mile, and there laid to rest by the roadside, that all who passed by could scoff and laugh and say, that is the end of Paine, the infidel. But time rolled on in its ceaseless flight, new generations of men and women came up and walked the earth, men of noble name, men of grand thoughts and education, advanced in liberalism and free speech, and generation after generation has succeeded one another, until they erected to the memory of the infidel a monument which has brought people from all nations and climes to see it. Thousands have bowed at the shrine which entombed the infidel, Paine. How many have taken up my train of thought, how many have advanced my sentiments and have gone forth proclaiming peace and good-will to man, holding up the standard of right and truth and justice.

The day has passed when this country was steeped in sorrow and out of it came a nation crowned with glory, but, Oh, how they have abused the privileges which have been granted them. How they have trampled upon the free principles of the nation, turning and twisting and overturning and undervalueing everything, whereby they might gain the almighty dollar. It was not for this that this country was founded; it was not for this that liberty was proclaimed all over the land from hilltop to vale; it was not that man might triumph over his fellow-man, but that justice and equity and right might prevail. I could go on and speak until the dawning of the morning, but you know the sentiments of Thomas Paine, you know how much he talked for justice and to put down oppression, how he labored for the benefit of humanity and not for the few, how he labored to rescue this country from the English grasp, till today she stands head-foremost, far above English power and English tyranny. I refer to matters commercial and political, and to all things by which they tried to subdue the masses and override them. The world has advanced in knowledge, literature, civ-

ilization, free thought and liberal principles.

In my day the old continents of Europe were thronged the same as today, but it is only into the new world the old world pours its paupers. They come here because they consider America a free country, where villainy, murder, and every kind of crime can be committed. Laws should be passed that they stay at home in their own land, and let this country redeem itself, and let the work and the wages that go to those from foreign shores go to the free-born sons of the soil, the American-born citizens. Let them claim their heritage, their rightful heirship to the land that gave them birth. Have you in all the annals of your life ever known me to tell an untruth? Do people say that I was a heathen, do they sneer as in generations past? No; they have their great days and their great dinners in honor of my memory. Had Ingersoll lived in my day, and had he gone out of this life, in all probability they would have laid him across the street on the other side of the fence.

Sept. 13. Phœbe: To you, my friend, with a ready pen, with a willing mind, with a brain so wide that it can grasp intellectual worth, you that can lay hold of an idea and probe it to the end, to you much has been given, and very much will be required of you, because you have it in your power to do good to humanity, to help those that are downtrodden, and even if nothing else you have the power to speak to others of the hope and the faith within you, to let them see the light and know there is something beyond this life, that there is a spirit land where mortals go, whence emancipated spirits can come back and visit the earth, where they rise on the pinions of love and enter brighter circles above. Oh, my friend and brother, but few have the advantage that you have, but few can wield the pen as you can, and think so deeply as you think, and while the mighty power lies within and before you, as you live day by day, so will your spiritual powers increase and grow in strength. I have taken a deep interest in your work, and want you to be satisfied with what you do to maintain your meetings. . . .

Oct. 16. Greeley: Good evening, friend. This is a time when it is natural for any spirit that has dwelt in earth life to come and take an interest in your affairs, unless his interest has died out in the separation of soul and body. But as I was so much interested in politics in my early life, I am drawn to this earth, and feel that so much is at stake in the welfare of your country. I feel that the powers that are and the powers that will be must be united to make one great whole out of the nation. But, friend, how can man seek to injure his fellow-man and declare that every other man is wrong, is a villain, is a liar, except in his own party? Could you behold for one moment the situation of affairs, your very soul would recoil in horror, and you would say, deliver me from the deceits of this earth and from its political strife. That is what involves the nations in quarrels, makes them fight, and makes the streets run in rivers of blood, as they trample one upon another to attain their end. Hardly has the strife ceased and peace been restored before the politics of the people renew the struggle. My friend, avoid it, it is better to leave it alone, for it destroys your peace of mind and the finer feelings of your nature and makes you more of a beast than a man. Of what avail is it if a political party carries the day and gains its end? It is only for a short time, it brings discontent and evil, it brings unkind feelings, and bloody strife throughout the land. So, my friend, fold your hands, take your own view of things and live a life of love and kindness. Care not for what the world might say so long as you know you are in the right, and let your watchword be Onward, your faith abiding and sure. There is much to be gained in the warfare for the spiritual faith, in the everlasting friendship and fellowship of those that have gone before.

Nov. 15. Phœbe: Oh, my friend and brother, I greet you with loving-kindness, and I am so happy to think that I can come again for a little while. Since I have been with you, I have visited the higher sphere, where I beheld your sister, where I saw so many of those you knew in earth life. I knew the affinity, the friendship that existed between many of the friends that have gone to the other spheres. I have come back that I might be present at this

sitting and talk a little with you, for you are a chosen friend, one to whom I delight to come for a little communication.

My dear friend and brother, you are again on the platform as president of the Society. Oh, battle for the right, for the faith you love and cherish, stand nobly by it and you will succeed in your meetings. Let your faith be the bright star of your existence, lay not aside the principles of Spiritualism for any other subject. Oh, my friend and brother, it delights me, it fills me with joy, to see you again in a place where you can show to the world what you are and what you can do; that you can hold up your head and speak for yourself and for the truth that is within you. I come also to strengthen the medium, that I may say something to comfort her, to cheer her, for I see the depression that rests upon her. I want you to throw it off and let her be baptized with the spirit of kindness which will lift up her sinking soul. Dear old medium, so long the mouthpiece of us all. Honor her, and your own name will be honored.

How many, how very many are here that were your friends and companions in earth life, so many that when you enter upon the spirit plane you will see that you have hardly left the world behind, so many will come to grasp your hand, and you will feel that the step from earth into spirit life is only like stepping over a chasm—one long step and you are here among the loved ones. We go to higher spheres where we meet those that have gone before us, and those that are there advance still higher and higher, until they enter into the spirit life where there is no stepping back again into the lower spheres. . . .

Wiona reported two spirits unknown to the medium, giving their names, John Hall and a Mr. Blood, both business friends, the first recently departed, the latter a suicide, neither a believer.

Called on a Mrs. Kirk, a stranger, who was influenced to say that I would get a letter from my mother complaining of sickness; that a male spirit was present who said he had written me a letter in life reminding me to send my mother some money. Three days after, I received a letter from mother, announcing her recent illness. The second reference was to William P. Hughes, of Richmond, Va., just passed away, who did write me such a letter when I had forgotten my usual remittance.

Chapter XVI.

FEB. 28, 1892. Mollie, struggling to get control: Brother—brother—brother. I am so glad to be able to say brother. Forgive Mamie. John—love. So much to say. So anxious. . . .

Phœbe: I am glad that the great struggle is over, for it was extremely hard for your sister to gather up strength to try. She seemed to throw her life into the effort to speak. Oh, how hard it was, and the feeble attempt she has made. I will say to you, my friend, that after she left this life, so great was her feebleness, the exhausted condition in which she passed out of life, she was received by her father and borne about in his arms, a wasted shadow. And Oh, my friend and brother, the great distress, the bitterness of parting from her family. Only by slow degrees, by tender care, by earnest watching, and with a longing desire to come and to send some message, some word of love back to the loved ones that she left behind her, will she succeed. With the children she met with warm embrace, the family ties were renewed in spirit life, the children born of her body, and brothers and sisters and dear ones connected by the ties of love and blood, all there, with all that could be done to strengthen and comfort her. She has at last, to a certain extent, outgrown those infirmities and gained strength and beauty of spirit, her looks come back to her, and the brightness, the cheerfulness that were wont to shine on her face in earth life.

May 29. The medium, after a long stay in Brooklyn with her daughter Julia, came over to New York today to tell me that my friend, Dr. Krebs, of Staunton, Va., had just been to see her, to tell her to tell me, he had suddenly passed away. (Confirmed by a letter a few days later.)

Wiona: I, too, told my medy Dr. Krebs passed out this life. And Dr. Krebs feels very bad because his daughter feels so bad over her father's death. He went away very sudden, and him was so 'prised when he found himself in spirit life, and he met there all his family; and he mets his two wives. One was mother of his children what went not such long time ago. This one what was left is the child of the first mother. Him tells medy to keep up good courage, and her must try make good man of you, 'cause you wanted somebody what was steady to keep you along in narrow curve. Says you throw off the balance power and get away. Dr. Krebs so happy in spirit life, 'cause he meets so many of his spirit friends, his family, every one. There was only two or three left here in the earth, and he just went home, in 'mong his peoples from all over, found them there ready to receive him, but him brought down to earth by grief of his daughter. I see Mr. Paine coming here like whirlwind.

Paine: My friend, I bid you good morning. The bright sun comes forth over the hills and covers the earth with its beauty, the mountain-tops and the valleys are made alive by its warmth, and you—but a mortal upon this earth—are groveling and digging and delving, and knowing not what to do. Come out of your shell and be a man among men. You have a work to do for yourself; let others do it for themselves. Tomorrow crowds upon your nation, upon your world, the memories of the past, of all the great battles that have been fought for freedom. (Decoration Day.) Tomorrow they will bring forth the soldiers from every quarter, loading the wagons with fresh floral gifts to be strewn for memory's sake over those who laid down their lives for the freedom of this country. Can you, my friend, realize for one moment the value of those precious lives that with musket in hand went forth to fight the battles of this land and to save this country from oppression? Think you that you can pass on unmindful of the souls on whose graves you lay the flowers of memory? Will you walk by as a stranger, forgetting that you are eating the bread of freedom in the land their bravery saved? Ah, my friend, it is better to live in this day than to have lived in the ages that are passed when this nation was but a wilder-

ness, when it was redeemed from the hands of the British, when they wanted to step their feet upon this soil and claim it as their own, when every man rose up in his might and in the integrity of his spirit fought for and won the nation's freedom. Think you they were afraid to lay down their lives? They have passed away, but not in forgetfulness. The memory of the past still lives in history, the memory of the great and the honored can never be forgotten. Oh, my friend, day by day you make your own history. Those that have fought the good fight and laid down their lives will tomorrow be crowned with immortelles of beauty, and I may say to you, my friend, as one that has come up, as it were, from obscurity and set his feet upon a wall, to you that have labored more for yourself than for your country, come up and do what is right and honorable for yourself in the latter days of your life. Good-day.

June 18. Dr. Krebs (feebly for the first time): It is but little I can say. I have not the strength to control. I thought very much of the medium. Many, many times I took up her picture, thinking the time would come when I would see her again. I see her struggles, the great struggle she makes. So firmly grounded in the spiritual life. In passing out of life my eyes were opened to realize the beauties of the land that was before me. So delighted was I upon reaching spirit life that all thoughts of this life vanished. The love for my daughter in her grief was intense. But she would not believe in the doctrine that I held so dear, therefore she would not be comforted.

My friend, I cannot speak stronger. It is with a mighty effort I speak at all. But there are so many new things, so many new ideas, so many facts that I want to lay before you as spiritual truths. The mere talking of Spiritualism, the mere thinking about it, is not enough. There is nothing you do in this life but rises up before you like a mountain when you reach this side of life. I saw so many mistakes that I made, the errors that I committed, that I felt as if I had a great probation to go through with, but my strong, firm faith kept me and lifted me up in the joy and happiness of seeing my friends and family; and among the numerous friends I saw was my old friend Mrs. Pritchard, your sister. She feels overjoyed, and was among the number that welcomed me in spirit life. She retains much of the looks of her earth life, but is more celestial, brighter; there beams from her eyes such loving splendor, wrapped up in the happiness of her children here, and of the many, many friends that are with her. She told me she had never been able to control the medium, although she had tried many, many times, but there seemed to come an influence between her and the medium which prevented her from approaching her so she could talk with you with freedom. She is not able, she said, to control any one since she entered spirit life. She said there were many things she did which she regretted, but so far she has never attempted to remove or to change in any way the course of life of her family. With the great feebleness that came upon her, it seemed as if she never could rise out of it, but she is advancing more and more into the life of a regenerated spirit, and she hopes in time to come and make all things right. Now, my friend, I cannot talk any more. I have much to say to you in regard to your own belief, your own thoughts and feelings, but I cannot say any more now.

June 22. Dr. Krebs (in the medium's public circle.) Friends: I dearly love the Cause, and after a very short sickness I passed out of this life. I found myself in the spirit world, and when I saw the beauty and the splendor of the spiritual life, all the desire of my earth life was fulfilled. I beheld the truth of Spiritualism in all its glory. I met here the friends I had known in my life, my own family, my children. I met them blossoming in beauty and in purity. Those that had passed out of life long before had grown in spiritual grace and welcomed me, and Oh, I can tell you, you that claim to be Spiritualists, there is truth in it, it is indeed a grand thing to live and know that after you have passed out of this life you will be received into that everlasting felicity which awaits you on the other side. But you must labor for it, you must do good, you must seek to relieve the poor, you must be kind and gentle.

When told that I was drawing near to my end, Death had no terror for me. It was just like stepping out of this life into the life beyond. When I looked back and saw myself prepared for the grave, I saw them

take me to the tomb, I saw the deep grief of my daughter, I saw the anguish of my friends, and I was above them and looked down upon them. And I saw the wife who had gone to the higher and better life. I left the old garments that I wore here, and Death, what was it? It was but the exchange of life, the breath that was there and was gone. I gasped, and I opened my eyes, seeing all things pass away here, and I felt indeed that I was a new man in another sphere. It seemed to me that I was carried a long way, my spirit was a long time in going, the distance was great. It was some time before I reached the spirit life, probably some hours, but not days, when my eyes were opened on such loveliness that it is almost impossible to describe it to you. When first I reached the spirit life there were my friends, looking natural and bright and happy.

In earth life I had two wives. One passed out of life some time before. I met her in all her loveliness as young and fair as when I first took her for a bride. The last wife passed away not many months before I did, and I met her there, and both received me as if they were one, both came to me with joy and with gladness, and there in their beauty and their loveliness they met me and conducted me to their home in spirit life, and so many friends came to me that I knew in earth life in distant towns and cities. Being a physician on the earth and having at one time a large practice, I met so many that had gone before me, and it was indeed a reunion of souls, a grand reunion, and even now since I have been in the spirit world I have not seen the half of them.

June 25. Dr. Krebs: Friend Snipes, I did indeed make a great effort to come back to earth. It is not an easy matter, but after a while I hope to be able to come early and often. There are so many things I want to say that I must make a big effort. I see your mother distressed in your not coming home earlier, mourns very much after you. I see she is getting feeble and grows more and more so. It is with pleasure I see your niece softens and becomes more gentle and more kind. One reason for it, as far as I can see is, she feels lonesome and fears she made a great mistake in her visit to you. I think her father has considerable to contend with in regard to his family. They feel so bitter against spiritual things and will not speak of them. I never in my lifetime felt like speaking of my neighbors, but I see it as it is. You must make your arrangements to go home soon, because it is a great relief to your mother. I see your father often, but he goes to a higher sphere; he is raised out of the conditions of his earth life. I have many things to regret that passed in my own life. Much, very much do I mourn over many things that I did. When on the earth I felt so strong in the faith that the mountains could not shake me, and now I realize the full truth, the full beauty of that glorious truth which will shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

And I want to say to you, my friend, your life has been a peculiar one, suffering in childhood, suffering when a young man for the many things that your soul longed for and did not have, and when you reached manhood you made a bold stroke for yourself, you branched out like a tree covered with foliage, and spread out your branches hither and thither, trying to plant the truth in places where every one could hear and enjoy that great privilege, and for these things, for the many acts of kindness, for the deeds done in the body, which are too numerous to mention, for all these there is for you a charm, a place in the home of your family that have gone before you, and when you reach this side of the eternal spiritual life you will look back upon the life you lived here and you will see every deed of kindness rising up before you like a pillar of fire, and you will see the means you have accumulated so quickly scattered that it will bring a great grief and sorrow to you after all your labor on the earth. It has been so in my case. I strove to save, and I felt it such a hardship to spend ever so small a sum, but it would have been better for me had I enjoyed the pleasures of life, as I once did when I came to your great city. I had what you call real enjoyment. I tell you it is a great grief to reach this side of life and see what you have saved go like the wind, washed away like the waves of the sea, carried out into the mighty ocean. This life is excellent only so far as you make it excellent for yourself, for the time passes away so rap-

idly that you cannot begin to enjoy what you have before you are taken away from it, unless you go hastily to work to do it. I congratulate you, my friend, on overcoming, as I could not, the struggles of life, on the home you have, and I take great pleasure in coming to talk with you, great pleasure.

July 3. Paine: You talk of the day of American Independence, a day which is fitly celebrated throughout the length and breadth of your land, a day which has brought forth so much joy after so much bloodshed and misery. I tell you it was joy to the whole world after the reaction. As every year brings around the 4th of July, who should rejoice more than I who helped to plant the standard, who helped to raise the flag of American Independence? Cheers, cheers for the American flag. Tomorrow will be a day when all those who participated in the signing of the Declaration of Independence will feel within their hearts a throb of pleasure that America has arisen from its ashes and proclaimed her own independence with a power that cannot be conquered, grand and mighty in upholding the rights of her people. It is only politics that oppresses the people, and there should be a better feeling among those that employ the laboring majority. We see the oppression and we feel it, and this of itself almost brings on civil war. It is something the laboring man cannot endure, they cannot bear to be crushed into the earth and see others that they made rich rise up and beggar them. The time is coming swiftly when a man's wages will permit him to live and be comfortable.

Tomorrow will be a day when it will be proclaimed from the pulpit, from the platform, and by the press, what the politicians are doing for this land, while all the time there are strikes and troubles, monopolies and suffering. Men should not have such mighty trusts and power and be allowed to hold back the wages of the working man, they should be made to pay a price sufficient to allow their employees to live. This making of money and putting it aside for their own use only is a crime, a crying shame that blackens this grand Republic, and it is high time that the people arise and subdue it. Look at the oppression by the rich, look at the sorrows of the poor. This is a glorious country, and could its principles be carried out as intended by the Declaration of Independence, the people would be all right, free and independent, but tyranny and everything works against justice. It is not necessary at all, and every man who is master of his business should be paid a fair enough percentage to live and be satisfied, but this failure crushes out the life's blood, the love of home, and drives men to gambling and every other wrong. It drives their women into the streets, and their daughters into shame, and I can assure you, my friend, although you are comfortably situated in life, both in business and other respects, you cannot enter into the sufferings of the poor, because you do not employ them under you; but you yourself would murmur and complain if you thought you were unjustly oppressed. The time is coming, and very soon, when there will be bitter strife and feeling. It was not for this purpose this country was saved from bloodshed and the tyranny of the British crown. They had better have been subject to kingly power. Although it is a grand thing to be free, to feel that you are an American citizen, that you belong to a nation that is free and independent, in what is it independent? It is independent if you have the means to live and enjoy the comforts of life. Of course I cannot enter into these affairs, but tomorrow will bring it out in all its cruelty and in all its sorrows, it will be spread before the public, and they will see that in politics bitter strife is arising all through your land, that those who control so much money must be shorn of their power.

My friend, I take such an interest in this question because it was the land of my adoption, the land I chose for my home, and of course even to this late day I am drawn to these people and this Government, and as far as I can I try to interest all that are concerned in the making of the laws and in the justice and purity of the Government. Although I have passed out bodily, although I am a resident of the spiritual side of life, I must say that it needs a better man at the head of the Government, a man of power, a man of intellectual worth, a man to be respected and honored by the nations of the earth,

and by those that come here from distant parts of the world. Your President is a man good enough to fill a position in his own town and State, but not the executive chair. This country needs a statesman, a man of ability, a man that can stand up and show what he can do, a man that can hold the reins of this Government in his hands and make the nation honor and respect him. Such is the man who should hold the highest gift of the nation. Such was Washington; such have been some of those mighty men that have filled honorable places and passed into spirit life. But in the present day that is not so much regarded; it is, Where can they get the most funds?

When I think of this mighty nation selecting a man only able to go gunning, only able to be influenced by children, when this nation, standing as it does before the world as the mighty Republic of the United States, when all the nations of the earth are trying to put aside their emperors, their kings and their queens, and taking example of this Government, they may well veil their faces, because today she who sits upon the throne of England is more to be honored, more to be respected than he who fills the executive chair. And look at France, how she struggles for her freedom. They try to imitate this country. Go further and look at Germany and Austria, and all those countries. They long for freedom, but when they look at America, can they bow their heads with respect to such a man as Harrison? He may be good enough for a lawyer or a broker, but when it comes to the head of the nation, he must be a man of might to rule in power, one whose character can be read and known of all men, one who can go in and out before the people like the kings of old, while the people do him reverence when they see him.

Tomorrow a jubilee should sound in every town and cannon belch forth everywhere. Can they realize the day when men went up to the desk to take the pen in their hands and sign the paper giving their lives, their money, their all for the redemption of this country, in that hour of dire distress, knowing that England could send its mighty forces here and sweep the American continent into the ocean? She could send her navy and her armies to America, so far behind the age, with a few yeomen, without weapons, without ammunition, without food, without garments, without anything. Ah, those men knew full well what they were doing, those brave men when they signed that paper; and tomorrow should be a day of joy, guns should be fired, flags should be lifted up, everything done to celebrate the day and keep it in remembrance as long as America stands as a nation.

Dr. Krebs: Friend Snipes, I am very glad to come. It was a grand thing for me when I passed out and left life's cares behind me. The work that I have to do now is greater than the work I had in life, for I was getting old and leaning on my oars, and I was exceedingly close. I was getting to be very penurious, for I could not tell how long I would live to enjoy what I had. I was getting very close-fisted, and when I passed out of life I saw the mistakes that I had made. I was not consulted in my going out, I went when it was ripe and ready. When I felt that life was going to be long for me I was cut short and stepped right out of time into the spiritual life, and then I saw the great mistakes I had made, I saw the thousand and one mistakes, I saw where I might have done good and did not do it, where I might have been a far better man and was not. There were many things in my life, friend Snipes, that you never knew, and many things of which I shall not tell you.

It was the grandest epoch in my life when I laid aside my body and stepped out of the shell, for I have been indeed glorified. I know that Spiritualism is true, I know that it teaches the truth and how to live, and certainly when you understand its broad principles it is enough to bring you near to the spirit world with love. You cannot help it when you understand the rudiments of that faith that is going to make you so happy when you reach the other side. I believed it for years before I passed out of life, and I lived it. Although I met with so much opposition from friends and family, I still had my own opinion, my own feelings, and knew that I lived the life of a true spiritualist. I had faith in its teachings, and I find it is true. But I will tell you, friend Snipes, that you have a great deal to do with making your own life happy when you enter the spirit life.

A great many people in this life are hypnotic subjects. There are spirits that

come and work evil upon them, and they cannot get away from their clutches. They feel that they must fall in with them, not knowing they are guided by such evil spirits. There are very many people who are ignorant of the laws of nature, and do not study the rules and philosophy of Spiritualism. They give way too much to passion and temper and impressions continually to enjoy this life. To be good and to do all the good you can is what helps you so much when you reach spirit life, and many here seem very much as they were when on earth, but they are welcomed as from a far country, as if they had come to the end of their journey, as they have.

(Did your faith help you to control?) It did, and I tell you, friend Snipes, I see now far clearer and far better than I saw in earth life. I could smooth over things then, and I tried to be a peacemaker, but now I boldly speak the truth and declare to everyone that comes within the sound of my voice that I do not smooth over any more. My passing out was a great blessing. It is a great blessing to all humanity, and I will not leave one stone unturned to save the fallen, to redeem the oppressed and to make happy the poor. The money that I saved had I given it to help the poor would be another star in my crown of rejoicing. Oh, I was getting selfish, and it was better that it should be stopped. The harmony, the sweet peace, the loving affection that I have met has been something of unspeakable joy, of unspeakable pleasure to me.

I want to say another thing to you, friend Snipes, as regards your own family at home not believing in the glorious truth that would make them happy and lift them up and comfort them. They will not listen to their father, and he says but little before them and keeps his thoughts within his own heart, and goes his way solitary and alone. They do not believe in his faith, they do not enter into his feelings and give him that peace and that comfort that he so much needs. And now I want to say to you, as you go on your journey home, go in loving kindness, greet them with loving affection, show to them, however much they may wound you, that you have a spiritual spirit that will teach you to forgive. If among them is anyone that has injured you or done you wrong, show that one above all others that the true spiritual light is burning in your heart as a lamp that never goes out. Make them feel that there is indeed something in the spiritual religion, and that you will not hold anger, ill-will or unkindness in your heart. Poor motherless girls, left to journey along life's rugged way without the guiding of a loving mother. Oh, how much they need her, how much, how much! And I tell you, as the only uncle, go to them with freedom and with love, and you will be blessed.

There has been an obstacle in the way of your sister's coming to you. She has told me she has tried and tried, almost in vain, to overcome the barrier, but I will help her. I have had a great desire to talk with you. At first I felt it difficult, that perhaps I was entering a life I could not realize, but today I am so thankful that the bonds are broken and that my spirit is free. I have nothing to cover, nothing to conceal. I was a spiritualist on earth, I am a spiritualist now. I am going to seek those with whom I was connected by the ties of love or blood and bring them into the spiritual fold.

(What do you think of John now?) He is one of the kindest and most honest of men, but a man who was not up to business in life, good in his nature and disposition; and Oh, how he misses his companion. The lonesome hours. Oh, friend, if you value the spiritual truth that you have so long professed to know, let this visit be to you an awakening. Show yourself a man capable of love and generosity, and capable of much kind feeling toward those motherless girls. I speak in their behalf because I have seen the sorrow in the mother's heart. Excuse the liberty I take, but as I said, I have nothing to cover, I have come to talk and to work, and I must. I have something else to do now besides playing checkers. (He was an expert.)

(Were you not too believing at times?) Well, I saw a great deal when I was here, and I was ready to believe and swallow almost anything I saw or heard, because my own town people opposed me so much, and I felt when I got away and came here to this great city that I could see and believe almost everything, but when I passed into spirit life I found such a change, the

bright joy and peace and happiness that reigned among the spirits, when I saw the joyous greetings they gave me, when both my wives came to me with their loving embrace, oh, how thankful I was that I had passed out of life. Death had not any terrors for me, I felt I was surely emancipated, set free, that I could roam through the spiritual world, I could redeem the fallen and help the poor and oppressed. Oh, there is such a mission, such a work given me to do, I am so thankful that I passed out of life, I am so glad I no longer suffer the viper thought of the unbelieving, watching, watching me all the time, trying to get something I had said or done in the way of Spiritualism. Now I feel free to come back to my friends, free as the birds that roam through the air. This freedom is glorious indeed. Friend, I tell you there is truth in Spiritualism, but to gain the spiritual life you must work for it, you must not think that you can live at your ease, that you can do as you like. I can tell you it is worth working for, you must be watchful over yourself, do whatever is right and just in all things, to enter the higher life. Good night.

July 10. Paine: When I look down upon the earth today and see the swelling crowds that try to do some good, and a few hundred miles away see crime and desolation, I can assure you these things do not agree at all. In the first place, he who rules the steel works should be ground to powder; a man that would crush out the brain, the strength, the life of his fellowmen, is not worthy the name of man, and desolation will follow in his wake, he will not long prosper when he has made his millions from their labor and crushed them by the sweat of their brow to get his millions, and because he cannot extract any more is ready to see them murdered, betrayed. And then again, when I turn and come back to this city, now so beset with visitors, I say, what will it all amount to? They will return to their homes thinking they have done wonderful things. Indeed many of them have enjoyed the pleasure of this grand excursion, for you cannot call it anything else, but what good, in the name of God, have they accomplished? -Have they emancipated the poor, miserable beings in the lower part of the city where destitution and drunkenness and sorrow reign throughout the narrow streets? Or have they crowded around the palatial places and into the gardens where they themselves could enjoy everything? Ah, friend, you may turn from it with disgust. They will go back as they came, some made better, and some made worse for their coming. They have seen the sights, they have revelled in the beauty of this great city and enjoyed its pleasures as much as they could, the pleasure has filled their hearts more than the love of God, the theatre has been their pleasure more than their churches.

And so they go on, political strife in one place, religion in another, and blood and carnage in another, and this makes up the sum of life. Oh, my friend, from the standpoint of the celestial world we see the upheaving, the political contest that will soon ensue, man against his fellow-man, overthrowing, overturning, overhauling, the whole thing in commotion. Oh, what a world it is! It needs a greater and a mightier power than ever Washington or Lafayette had to bring it back to its old primeval times. So it is today. It is indeed a maelstrom—you cannot call it anything else—for from one end to the other is a deluge of crime, everything is done that tends to ruin the young and unsophisticated, and the old go trembling onward feeling that they are helpless. I fold my arms and look on with wonder and say, Is this the land for which they fought and bled for American freedom? Is this nation, instead of growing onward in glory and marching on to eternal triumph, going backward and downward? I tell you, my friend, the politics of this day will ruin this nation to a certain extent. Look at the bloodshed, and the love of money, that terrible thing that eats up the soul and destroys the better principles of man, look at the dreadful carnage a few hundred miles from you. There you see what the love of gold is doing. And it is so in this universal world. For the love of money men will rush on to perdition, and care not which way they go, nor where, nor how, provided they can gain the eternal dollar. Money, money cries up from the earth, and Justice wrings her hands and

bows her head, and says: Justice is no more, the love of greed and gold has destroyed man.

Friend, I have not been to you in some little time, because another friend, one of a later day, has come, but at this time I felt that I must come. I feel, my friend, that Tammany, with its loud and rattling chains, with its uproar and noise, will not accomplish much gain. The world will go on, and we who are spiritual can only control those that are spiritual here. We cannot operate upon the mind of man when he is so base, when he will not listen to advice, and our labor is in vain. There will be more bloodshed and plenty of it. When I see men who want to be peaceful and want to keep their homes with their families, men not learned, not up to the standard of high education, but men of honesty and upright principles that work to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, crushed out because they fight for their rights, I feel that I go outside of myself.

July 17. Freeman: Friend, it has been a long time since I have come to you, and I see very many changes in your life since then. You have closed your meetings, you have folded up the flag, you have laid by the standard which you followed out, to preach true Spiritualism from your platform, and again you will take it up. Many have come up to your fold to catch the words of inspiration from the different speakers, and have gone away thanking you for the privilege. You have always conveyed a word in season and out of season, you believe in the true spiritual faith, and not in humbug, you want the truth or nothing. Maintain your ground and stand firm in your conviction. There is so much drawback in the spiritual work it is like weeding out the tares from the wheat, and sometimes it is better to let the tares remain than to destroy the wheat.

It is a good thing that you delayed your journey home, because there will be an accident on the road, and if you keep watch you will see it. You will reach your place in safety and return. You did not know anything of this when you made your arrangements to go; it was not yourself alone that impelled you to delay, but it was a power that impressed you to do it, and you could not help it. Watch the papers and you will see there will be an accident on one of the roads you take. I prophesy it, and it is owing to something put upon the road, a work of violence. You are very impressive, and may be more and more so, and if you will cultivate a calmer nature you will receive impressions even in your business affairs. For many years I have been one of your guides. We have had an influence over your life, and through many vicissitudes, although you have kept them in a great degree to yourself. (An accident did occur on the railroad just after this message).

July 31. Dr. Krebs: I said I was getting to love money above everything else. I was getting so penurious I would not open my hand or my heart to charity, or extend relief to any one if I could help it. I see the great mistake I made, and I want to save you from the same mistake. Oh, my friend, I come in sincerity and in truth, and in the love of other days. When I was on earth we talked together and walked together and spoke of the spiritual life. Then I did not realize it, and I see all the mistakes that I made, and I see so many privileges I am debarred from, so many things I have to outgrow in spirit life, and still am suffering from the things I did in the body, and I have to outgrow everything before I can realize the glory and beauty of spirit life. If my life were given to me again and I were born anew on the earth, oh, how differently I would live. There would be no criticism, no penurious feeling, but benevolence and kindness of heart.

I want you to say to the medium for me that she must consult the best oculist that she can find, in regard to her eyes, for there are spots growing upon the pupils, and she must attend to them immediately; two spots on the right eye, one on the left; on the pupils, not the iris. . . .

After this message, I took the medium to the New York Eye, Ear and Throat Infirmary, whose best oculist examined her eyes under powerful lenses, and, with no hint whatever from us, he declared there were two spots on the right eye, and one on the left; and proceeded to burn them off, with gratifying effect.

Aug. 7. Paine: . . . During the strike there was a secret meeting, where they agreed to stretch across the river and across the land a bombardment fixture to permit the coming in and the going out

of business, and as the plans were laid in the secret conclave, there would have been a mighty irruption, but after the shootings people began to see things in the right light, and obstructions were stopped, and the troops were sent to their homes, and as far as I can now see, the way is plain, although by no means is the difficulty settled, but there is not the danger it was supposed there would be, the almighty crime that was going to be committed. They had designed that no man should go into the works and no man should go out, but events have changed. Man's inhumanity to man crushes out the better feelings of his nature, and it is enough to make every man feel he has no respect for his fellow-man, so dreadful has been the experience at Homestead.

This thing was seen and known from our side of life. All over the world is bloodshed, disease, contagion, everything, and still man hardens his heart. It would not be believed, but even now, my friend, in this event it has been spirit power that has impressed the forces to go back. The crime, the misery created was sufficient to alarm them, and their better nature rose up instead and they retired. The spirits are continually at work. They cannot control the masses; they use those subjects whom they have the power to impress. I can assure you that if they did not do it, there would be much more crime, much more suffering and sin, than there is. But those that are spiritualists believe that their friends do help them, and do come to them as often as they can. It requires strength and power to control a medium so they may come. This medium is impressible, she has been easily controlled, and there are so many spirits that want to come. None of us can afford to use her for our own purposes too much, because it exhausts her body and draws from her brain and makes her weak, and she feels that she has been put in a vice, and it takes from her the magnetism which is her life.

I see the earnest desire you have to have your friends at a distance think as you do and respect your religion. You are willing to do everything in your power to bring them even into a kind feeling towards the faith you love so well. They have had enough in their inner life to make them believe, but in the stubbornness of their disposition they will not yield. I am afraid that many days of darkness will come to them when they will wish they had the faith that their uncle had, that they could see and know as others see and know, the beauties of the spiritual life. But their pride comes up with their adverse spirit to harden their hearts against the truth.

Freeman: . . . You have been wonderfully favored in many ways. You chose a particular part in life many years ago, a solitary life, striving to get ahead, to be advanced in position, so the time might come when you could stand on the top of the ladder and be independent of the surroundings of life, and feel that you had reached the goal you labored for so long, and during these years of labor you embraced this doctrine, and from the first the spiritual life, sometimes a tiny rap, sometimes a small voice, and sometimes nothing but your own sublime faith, has kept you up and held you on day by day and night by night, until you have been able to stand up before the public and declare the truth and the faith within you, and you will still go on and do your duty. . . .

I feel that the people of earth are so taken up with the planet Mars it seems to engross every thought, everything tending to the supposition that the planet is inhabited. It is inhabited, by a race of beings far superior to those on your planet. It is a mighty planet, it is now showing itself to the people on this earth, and it wafts itself away to other spaces; and so it is with other planets. They cannot control this planet, neither can they of this planet enter enough into the thoughts and feelings of the people of Mars for communication with them. Some think that they can behold mountains and all manner of things. They can see them only dimly, still these things are there, but they do not benefit you here on this planet. We know from our standpoint in spirit life that Mars is inhabited by a tall and superior race of people. We know it, and it is taught here in spirit life. Each planet has its own Government, its own ruling, its own bearing on religious questions. And there is to every planet One who is a leader and an example to others. . . .

Krebs: Well, friend Snipes, as far as my daughter is concerned, she is bitterly opposed to Spiritualism. Her grief over my departure was very great. It seemed for a while that she herself would pass out of this life, but she has gone away to another place. And, by the way, I told the medium she was gone, I impressed her for that purpose, for you withheld the news from her, and I saw the object for which you did it. My daughter's mind is now becoming calm and settled. I did not wish to send any word to her. I forbear; it is better. She knows I loved Spiritualism, that I lived it, but I could never bring her to see its beauty and to realize its truth, and for some time before I passed out of life I did not talk to her upon the subject; it was better that we should dwell in peace than to have contention and squabbles between us. As for my life in Staunton, my personal habits and liberal ideas were well known. I did not talk with very many people about the subject, because there was such an aversion among the majority that I felt it was better for peace-sake and for neighborly-sake to say nothing. When my old friend Brownold was about I used to talk to him upon Spiritualism. Many a long talk we had, but his manners were not always pleasing to me. I lived within myself. I sometimes had a good talk with your brother, Mr. Pritchard, but it was not often that we got together, but I often did it when we met.

There are some of my neighbors that bore me a great deal of respect and kindness, and some that said I was bigoted, that I was possessed of the Evil One, and that I did not treat my family well, that I was unkind to my wife, that I showed severity to my children, and many bitter and unkind things were said of me. Perhaps sometimes little differences might arise, as is too often the case in families, but living isolated and alone, with no one to speak to, my married life was not as congenial to me as it would have been ha[illegible] I had one believing in the faith that I so truly loved; but I made the best of it, and when death came to my wife so suddenly and unexpectedly I realized the terrible loss, and I mourned her deeply, truly, sincerely, and then regretted everything that I knew was unkind to her. And in the visit with you, I looked forward with so much pleasure to coming again. I had the memory of the medium's kindness stamped upon my heart, for I had great love and respect for her. I looked for the time when I should once again come to your city, but it was ordained otherwise. I wanted again to sit down and hold communion with her and feel that I was again among those that believed in the spiritual faith the same as I did, but I was cut short, and it was time. I have nothing now to regret, for I feel that I have atoned for all the past events of my life. I feel that I have outgrown the love of money, and the habits that were upon me in many ways, and that I am more pure in spirit, more pure in mind, and it is with great pleasure and with an earnest desire for your good that I come to you.

Sept. 5. Returned from Virginia vacation. Wiona described correctly the home conditions, the presence there of a girl visitor of about twenty, also family surroundings of a cousin in Richmond, and the family feeling about her father's estate.

I see another place where my 'tention gone. What was the matter with him? Didn't go out of life in good way. Him got hurt 'fore he went out, in his leg, I think with a gun. Did you go to see his wife? (Yes.) Him had scrap with woman 'fore he pass out. I gets this. Knows you was there, hearty glad you went there. You had good time, old fellow, he says. (His former salutation.) You have improved, improved in your looks, every way, more of a man, what you used to be. Ain't got so much old man's religion as what you used to have. Tell him I come sometimes and tell him lots of things. Says you needn't beat round the bush, him tell you everything when medy in better 'dition. Down there they knows more than you think. They makes fun though when they tries to does things themselves; when they all alone they tries to make table move, and laugh fit to kill themselves. I tell you, white chief, they same blood as you, but I don't think they sincere; it's pride, prejudice, conceit. It's all three. They got awful nice father.

Sept. 6. Medium said that while sitting at table today it was written before her that my mother was in Richmond, and she heard Wiona laugh at the idea of my trying to conceal the fact. (Correct.)

Krebs: Well, friend Snipes I expect you

are waiting with all the patience in the world, and more, to find out what you want to know. Perhaps I know more than I shall tell. (Did you see me in Staunton?) Suppose I tell you I did not. Would that alarm you? In all my communications with you I have been truthful. I have been in earnest, I have labored for your good as well as for the good of others. I did not come to you when you were in my home, I have not spoken to you through anyone but the medium. I did not talk through the table. (A young woman tried a table and claimed a message from him. Not mentioned.) In my first experience, when raps were in vogue, to some extent I used the raps, but in many years I have not, because I could talk when I met with mediums that were to be relied upon, and for the past few years I have lived within myself, but when mediums have come, and I have met them at home or in Woodstock or in Lancaster, or in various places that I have visited, I have talked through them, especially one I found in Lancaster, and another here in New York, and in different places. I have been exceedingly careful in selecting a medium through whom I could talk and who was reliable and truthful. When I came to this city and found this medium I took a great fancy to her. I sounded her spiritual influence thoroughly, and that was one reason I devoted so much of my time to her company, that we might talk over spiritual affairs, and she seemed to enter into my feelings with such earnestness and deep interest that I really felt that you had a treasure far beyond anything you realized, and when I returned to my home I looked forward with so much pleasure to the time when I could again come and have sittings with her. But it was ordained otherwise, I was to be called to my spirit home where I could come back and talk with her. And I can say to you here, my friend, you have a priceless treasure, if you know how to appreciate it, because you may seek far and wide, north and south, east and west, and you cannot find one that will take her place. You may find one whose language is more perfect, whose bearing and everything may come up more to your liking for a short period, but in the long run you cannot find another that will stand the crucible of fire as she has done. Now I say this to you in all friendship, for you know that I valued your friendship here on the earth, and I value your friendship now, because you have a brain, an intellect superior to the common men of the world. There is but one thing lacking in your composition to make you one of the grandest men of this time and among the foremost of men, and that is less of the love for money . . .

(Did you see your friend Mr. Butts?) No, I did not see him there. I observed that he was not there, and that he had passed out of life. (A fact unknown to me or anybody North.)

Wiona: I see a name like John—Hall. Did he go out of life awful quick? Him got wife here, got family here somewhere, and I gets 'pression what him didn't believe much, but when he got in spirit life he find it all true, and he only wish he believed it more and lived it. Went out heart disease. Says you have more advantage than he had, didn't have any medy as you got. (Business friend.)

There was a man with big, red face and great big stomach came here and he said, Is the fortune-teller here—the Wakeman what tells fortunes? And do you know what medy says? No, she is not at home.

Sept. 24. Paine: Good evening, my friend. I have not been here in some time, but I feel at present that I would like to have a little chat with you. As you open your meetings again and stand up before the world as president of the Psychical Society, I will put a few thoughts in your mind to help you on a little. When I have come of late, it has been on the eve of some great strike, or something else to retard the progress of the people, to make a stir on the earth, and to arouse people to the unjust system by which they are governed. That seems to be the case, no peace, no harmony between anybody, nor much between political people, Republicans and Democrats, and the various parties engaged in public construction. They slander all they can, and he who thinks the most evil about the party is the best fellow and gets the most money. When you come right down to the truth of it, political business is very bad business. I think that four years is too short a time for any man to hold the executive chair; he only gets into it and turns around before he has got to get out of it. There should be a longer term, say eight years, that is short enough. If you get a good President,

you do not more than find out what stuff he is made of before it is time for him to step down and out.

This bitter strife is bad for the government, bad for the people, bad for families, bad for the nation at large. There is a great struggle here for the necessities of life, everything is so high that poor people cannot afford to eat and be comfortable. It is all they can do to live straining every nerve. Some people are rolling in wealth, counting their money by the millions, while their next door neighbors are starving. There is no justice nor right in it. When a man has got so much he should look around and see the man who has nothing and help him. If he does not do it, then sudden death, broken banks, burning of property, and the sweeping away of his fortune, may follow. I feel for one that when America was first a Republic, became a nation by itself after fighting and getting out of the British claws, and having a President and everything on a sure footing, it should have kept on in the even tenor of its way; but it has sadly degenerated, and the men now holding office are nothing to be compared with the men in the first stages of this nation, men that were honest, that stood firm and true and attentive, good watchmen who knew what was good for the country, and labored for that purpose. Now they labor for the money, and don't care much for the good of the Government. From my standpoint I see all these things, and I feel that the War of the Revolution, in its mighty struggle for Independence, and the mighty struggle ever since to keep this Government on a sure and firm foundation, has been a wonderful thing through all its vicissitudes. At the same time the nation has been drenched in blood and poverty, and starvation stares the poor people in the face, and sickness and death and strikes and everything else have come upon the nation, and will so continue until things change. I might talk upon this subject until the going out of the year.

Situated as we spirits are in spirit life, we try to control the people and do what we can to help along the Cause, to help the nation in its calamities; we can only move the hearts of the few, although I can tell you, my friend, that Spiritualism is spreading throughout the land. Where it was thought to be a crime almost to be a spiritualist, now even the mighty, the rich and the learned and wise of earth bow down to it and acknowledge it in their homes and in their hearts, if they won't do it before the people. Religion, as you call it, today is dying. The men that you put into the pulpits preach for the salaries, and he that gets the most salary is the best preacher. What does he do? He stands up, runs down his fellow-man, his next door neighbor, gets his fat pay, and enjoys himself. That is what your orthodox ministers do. . . .

When I was on earth I had my enjoyments, my pleasures, and I had my troubles. One of my troubles was getting mixed up with the ladies. I was very fond of them. On arriving in spirit, license in every form is left behind. You meet your kindred spirits there. This passion for one another is left outside of spirit life. Love in a pure manner posseses you there. You are not seeking after licentiousness. It never enters the home that is erected for the pure in heart. To enter there and be happy you have to submit to its laws and rulings, everything is upon a high plane, you rise higher and higher and dwell with those that have left all things here. I cannot tell you of the refinement and knowledge and purity of the spiritual life. They have to outgrow everything of this world which clings to them, which mars them as dross. There is a certain portion of the human body that never grows old; it is the last to die; but when the spirit leaves the mortal and the change comes, all that pertains to the earthly body is left this side, and the spirit there grows in intelligence, unfolds itself and advances in the spiritual life without any desires for selfishness or lustful things which prompted the mind here.

Oct. 8. Phœbe: My friend and brother, I congratulate you again on having your meetings and standing at the head of your Society. Oh, I want you to realize the great importance, the great responsibility that rests upon you. If you could only see and know the good that you must do to plant the standard of the spiritual faith, and to support its banner in truth and in righteousness. As you have entered again into the organization of your meetings, Oh, I beseech you be faithful, gather around you those that are true and honest, that

will show to the world that they practice what they believe, and go there to benefit all that come. Oh, there is so much good that can be done in the meetings, and in all the meetings. That is our hope, that all may partake of the spiritual faith, that they may drink deep of the cup of peace and comfort.

I often think of the time when my dear sister Alice was taken from this life and I was left alone, and of the great grief and sorrow that came upon me, that she was gone and I could no more look upon her earthly face. Oh, what a comfort it was to me then to know that she had entered spirit life where she could come back and talk to me as in days of old. And she did come and talk to me, and told me to be of good courage and not to despond, for in the day of my need would my comfort be. Dear sister Alice. It was not long before I followed her to that land of peace and rest, and Oh, how happy we have been. It seems to me sometimes as if I were sent ahead for the friends that followed her. Almost everyone we knew is here with us in spirit life, and to me sometimes it is astonishing to think how one after another of our old friends come up to join the band, so many of our tried friends, so happy in meeting each other and talking over the past, and in the endeavor to help and encourage others that are soon to follow.

(Did your sister return to you through others?) She came to me herself time and again, and also to friends. We were not mediums, but I was so mediumistic that she could talk to me almost as naturally as in earth life, the love of my sister was so pure and good, of such an exalted nature, and our love for each other was so great. . . .

Nov. 5. Mrs. Mary Charter, a stranger psychic of Boston, called and gave good evidence. Wiona remarked: I think her awful good medy. Her told my medy lots of things about her folks, and my medy cried like everything. Mrs. C. also gave names and messages from Virginia friends, black and white, of my boyhood days.

Nov. 19. The son of Ole Bull, the great violinist and spiritualist, called on Mrs. Wakeman for a sitting, and said he heard from his father with great satisfaction.

Spirit Freeman announced presence of an ancient, swinging a censor and claiming to have lived before Christ, speaking Greek, and giving the name of Zenobel.

CHAPTER XVII.

JAN. 14, 1893. Krebs: (What were your feelings when going over?) Well, the struggle for a few moments was great and painful, but I knew it was a separation of the spirit from the body, I knew I was passing out of life, and at first there was a very great fear; but in a few moments, after the struggle was over, my eyes were opened, and I seemed to pass along through a misty haze for a long distance, and when I was at rest, or where I could realize what it was, I knew that I had gone, that it was all over with me, and that I was entering upon another life; and after I realized I really had come, that I could see and know the fact, I felt I was glad, I was glad it was all over. I saw a map stretched out before me, and I appeared to be the central figure on the map, I felt that from my childhood up I could see the different branches in life, the different ways and things, everything as it was, my life pursuits, and I tell you I looked at it all in astonishment, for it seemed to me like a living picture, like something that could speak, that could talk with me, but it spoke not a word. And I beheld on that map every mistake of my life, everything that I had done was there, and Oh, how I prayed, how I prayed that the good deeds of my life might more than balance the evil. After a while this passed away, and I realized what was before me. One after another of my friends came to welcome me to spirit life. But it was some little time before I could realize my position, that I could speak, that I could see, and that I could think, and the joy of greeting loved ones as they came to me, clasping their arms about me, pressing me to their heart, bidding me welcome into spirit life, was so great that I felt that all the pleasures of this life were nothing compared with the one pleasure I experienced in the happy recognition of wife and kindred and friends. It was not one, but all, all seemed to be as one, everyone was animated with joy and with great pleasure, and I can assure you, my friend, it was worth all I ever experienced on earth, the joy, the supreme happiness of that hour, of knowing I was reunited with my family, never again to part, but through the long ages of eternity to be forever and forever linked with them. You know me of old, you know my life, you know the earnestness that was within me for the spiritual Cause, and I can tell you, my friend, that one moment of the celestial joy in meeting the loved ones that are waiting for you surpasses all the pleasures of this life.

Feb. 11. Phœbe: Good evening, my friend and brother. I am impressed at this time that it is fitting that I should come and speak with you. Sometimes it is not good that we stay too long, and then I always like to come in contact with those I love, I mean spiritually. The affections of earth are done away with. With me it is the affection of the spirit. We love those whom we try to profit, and it is for their good that the spirits come to benefit in some possible way. There are many ways in which the human soul here can be helped, and some of those ways are ways of wisdom and of knowledge and of truth. The more a person digs into the knowledge of the life beyond, the more encouragement and the more help he has given to him to do his duty here, to keep up and live a true spiritual life. It is one thing to be called a spiritualist, and another thing to live the life of one. Of one who makes the profession of faith we expect great things, because the beauty of the spiritual life is in living up to the truth it teaches. You are building around yourself a spirit of knowledge, so to speak, you are planting the seed, and I hope, my friend and brother, that you will live to see it become a mighty growth, for you certainly have taken pains to plant the seeds of faith and hope and charity in the hearts of your hearers in your meetings. The people are well pleased, and want to hear the truth, every word that is uttered in regard to Spiritualism is like a jewel fresh and fair, and they receive it with meekness and love, and Oh, how the spiritualists love to cluster around the place where they can hold com-

munion, how they love to come where in some way may be shown the spirits' influence, and how hard they try to give acceptable tests. You undertake a great task, but you will carry it through. Lift high the banner so all may know that under it Spiritualism is true, that under it the faith and love which purify the soul here fit it for its final residence in spirit life.

(Are there separations in spirit life?) As far as we know, when we come over on this side we expect to live on forever and forever. I many times would have left my friends and gone to the higher spheres, but there were too many kindred, too many loving friends coming continually, and until they are all gathered in I shall remain where I can come. It is probable that among the millions many never see one another. Perhaps in their life they were never united, they might have been separated and not cared for. That is very often true, and in that case those who have gone before do not trouble themselves about coming back to look after those that are left behind; but with those that love one another, when the tie of love and blood is strong, it goes beyond the river of death into spirit life, and there with an anxious heart they watch for every opportunity to come and speak, however little the words may be, to someone they knew on earth.

Feb. 18. Mr. L——, a coal merchant and stranger, sought a reading with the medium, and was surprised to hear from his spirit son who, as a test, among other things, referred to his undeserved imprisonment in Colorado, while the father was in London.

Mar. 7. (Medium had been very sick.) Krebs: Friend Snipes, I think we might as well turn the house into a house of joy as into a house of mourning. I feel like rejoicing, because I can tell you she is getting better, and the kind guides have been around her by day and by night to watch over her and to raise her up again to health and strength. The spirit world feels she has too great a work to do, she is just waking up to realize her responsibility as a medium; she takes such an interest in her work, and goes at it with a feeling of loving kindness, to benefit those that come in her way. I felt that she would recover, as I told you a little while ago, still there was a time when the fates seemed against her. The pain and suffering she went through was more than you can ever know, and she bore it as but few would have done, hoping and hoping and trying to get well. She will be all right again, and will be able to give better tests, and stand forth as a living oracle before those that come to her. As it is she gives satisfaction beyond every doubt. . . .

Mar. 12. Phœbe: My friend and brother, since I last was here I have seen one in life who has come to us broken and feeble, and was received with joy, but so far had she gone beyond the line of what she knew in earth life of the glorious truths that were revealed to her, that it will take some time to raise her up—Margaret Fox. The Foxes were the sisters to whom was given the inspiration of the spirit rappings, although many said it was their own work; but it was a new era; the time had come when the old ideas of orthodoxy were to receive a shock, when the spirit rappings were declared honest and true, when men of brain and worth and knowledge listened to them and believed. And as the years rolled on they became popular and mighty and established the spiritual faith and doctrines wherever they went, and thousands flocked to their standard. I myself knew them well, and wonderful things I have seen and known them to do in their earth life. Through them I was made a convert to Spiritualism in a certain way. Although I had many manifestations given me before, still the wonderful things I had seen corroborated the wonderful things they did, and I became fully convinced there was truth and knowledge and power given to them to do these mighty things. . . .

Freeman: . . . The medium is extremely sensitive and like a sponge. I have seen her in her daily life and every wish and thought of her heart is pure and earnest and loyal to the spiritual work. If at any time spirits come in that try to disconcert her, they are soon recalled by her guides. Her father has shown great sympathy for her through her sickness, coming constantly to see her. He has made himself visible to her many times, and there was a time when I felt that she would exchange worlds; but her work is not done yet, for like yourself she is doing a good work. And I want to commend you, my brother, for the decided stand you

have taken for truth and for justice. You will stand firm when others will fail.

John Hall: You are having what you call blasted weather, when you have rain and snow and everything else that can possibly come to make a man swear; but we are above it and out of it, although there are times when I would like to return to earth. I will say only a few words. Why don't you go and fix yourself up? Why look so like the devil? Make a man of yourself. I'm ashamed of you. What do you mean? (In life he used to banter me about dress.) You need not be a dude, but you can look decent. I see you and know you as you are. You are a downright good fellow, and I am sorry to see you hoard your money as you do and not take care of yourself. (Medium never knew him.)

Apr. 15. Received a letter from Mrs. Gill, superintendent of Male Orphan Asylum, Richmond, Va., for submission to the medium. With no knowledge of its contents, under conscious control she said:

A very strange influence comes here. It is not Wiona, but a man, rather tall, quite thin and old, hair gray, long face, long nose. (Writer's husband.) I am carried over land and water, and come to a city surrounded by hills on every side. I see valleys and homes and churches, and I am carried to a school. I have a church feeling, as if I were very orthodox, I must not express my own ideas, for I am bound; there is a barrier around me, and out of that barrier I have to break away, but I cannot do it, because my life, my bread I eat, my clothes that I wear, seem woven into my life. Although there are many things I like in Spiritualism, still it is not a faith I could practice and go on with my business. I am surrounded by so many, and I could count up to thirty or forty, sometimes more and sometimes less, and they seem to be children. I feel the influence of many mothers. I am not the mother of all this family. I feel as if I am a great centre, and around me is this influence, and I have got to develop it over all these. They look like my children. I feel that they are, and that if I swerve from my duty I would be put out, and then I would lose my social standing, the position I occupy; consequently, whatever comes in my mind I bear in my heart, and go on with the duty imposed upon me.

I know nothing about the letter, nor anything connected with it, but I want to go back to it again. There comes to me a desire for information of something that is beyond their knowledge, and they want me to go into the unexplored regions, the deep mysteries, and bring to light something that has gone out of their life, something they feel was necessary to them, and still there must be but one person connected with it, and that is a woman, medium height, with a very peculiar disposition; she hides her thoughts and feelings under a bushel. It is quite a little distance, and I see a river that flows along with a muddy current. (James River.) Her life has been made up like the river, with an undercurrent that has carried her on to the position she now holds.

A strange influence now comes in the form of another woman, no one that belongs there, but an outside person, well acquainted with the surroundings, and often comes there. She went there for aid, and she has a boy. I have now stopped outside the city, but I want to go back again. She wants to perpetrate a wrong for kindness given, and as I see her it looks like clothing and jewelry. It is a robbery, and they will not get them. I see them going a good way off. I get the word Roads, and they take this plunder with them. I cannot definitely see what it is, because it is taken out in a great hurry. I have an underground feeling and it looks to me like two boys are in with this woman. They are not her boys, but boys who are in with her boys. They are preparing for another and a bolder robbery, and this person, whoever she is, has to be on her guard or she will be plundered again. I see a big G, and the name of the other woman looks like Nancy. I think she was black. She didn't come from Hampton Roads, but she went in that direction. The old tall man belongs to someone with the big G. He says she works very hard, and he tries every way to impress her. He went out of life some time ago, and he says he sees her mother, her sister, and a good many more of her people. (What was his business here?) Somebody says—and he laughs when he

says it—I taught the young ideas how to shoot.

A later letter from Mrs. G. acknowledged the robbery, the visit of the negro and boy, and nature of the articles described and stolen. Mr. G. was former superintendent and teacher.

Apr. 22. Mrs. K. M. Tingley, of California, psychometrizing articles for others, blindfolded, not knowing the owners, picked up my keys, and remarked: These keys bring me different conditions. They belong to a very strong personality, to one of peculiar mind and thoroughly original, who does not follow the opinions of others. As a boy he was noted for reading, full of thought, a clean, strong mind, a person who has come up spiritually as through a fiery furnace, but who now stands firm in his convictions and satisfied with his present conditions. He is hopeful, and is disturbed only by those attached to him in his family, and feels intensely the sorrows of others, disposed to be kind and to do the right thing. Receives strong impressions and always means to do right. The true inner nature of this person will rarely be understood except by the few. He will have to realize another life before he will fully understand himself. Since his youth he has taken on new forces and latent power. He is matter-of-fact and systematic. Oh dear me, systematic, systematic, intensely practical and orderly. Is passionate to a degree by inheritance from his father's side, highly intellectual, with wonderful spiritual forces. His father, in his inability to be what he wanted to be, has lived his life over again through him. You would have taken a position that would have placed you before the people as a speaker. You might have been held in the pulpit, and I see you would have had large audiences. You have all the necessary force, but other conditions controlled. (Parents designed me for a minister.) You are very versatile and your talents would have served you in a most satisfactory manner. I feel in my fingers a variety of power, music, pen, pen, colors. Anybody dealing with you has got to come right up to time. (Guilty.)

May 22. Freeman: I look forward to the little sitting on Saturday night with as much pleasure as I used to look forward to preaching on the Sabbath day in the old church on Greenfield Hill (Conn.), where I preached for many years. I would write down my sermon and study it hard, to preach hell-fire and damnation to the wicked, and everlasting salvation to the good, and so I pounded the Good Book and propounded the doctrine to the people. I firmly believed it, and they came up like sheep to drink of the waters of salvation. They flocked around the altar and my words moved them as with fire. And Oh, how I did earnestly and sincerely and surely believe that I was preaching the true faith of the Bible, and the words of truth and righteousness. When I came to enter spirit life and to see the great change, the great mistakes that I made, I saw how little I had understood the fulfillments of that book with its promises and treasures which I never read aright, for it tells you how the prophets talked to the people, how seers prophesied, how spirits manifested themselves unto the ancients. Oh, that I had known of Spiritualism and believed in its teachings! I simply heard there was such a thing in the world, but I had never examined it, I knew nothing about it in my day, and so, of course, I went on in the old way of preaching and praying, but I did not always practice what I preached.

In my own home I lived my own life, and to the world I was a pastor to my people, but Oh, the hours of sorrow I saw in that old parish. When my family was laid away to their rest, one by one until all went, almost without exception the whole family was swept away, and still I could only see an avenging God. I felt that it was on account of my sins and the sins of my family that they were swept away into eternity. The young and the lovely of my flock, the brightest of my family, all went, eleven of my children, one after another, in a few weeks' time. And still I kept on preaching and praying. I was without any comfort in my heart, without any hope in my soul, and indeed it must have been to them a blessed and glorious exchange, for they entered upon the spirit plane almost at one time, and now they are with me here in spirit life. My entire family, excepting two, are all with me here, and we enjoy the love, the peace, the

harmony that come to those that enter upon the spiritual plane, after such a warfare as I had in life.

Oh, could I but unfold to your eyes the views of greatness, of intelligence and worth and everything that the word knowledge conveys. Here you meet those that are indeed full of wisdom and knowledge. You behold a dignity of character that you never saw in earth life. There is no prison here, no cells, there is no sickness nor death, it is all swept away before you enter this great realm. Oh, if I were back again upon the earth, if I could go once more into that old church and hold forth as I used to do in days of long ago, how differently would I talk. I would tell the people to love one another, to show kindness and sympathy for one another, and by doing that they would be fulfilling the great law of nature and destiny. And I would tell them that the time would come when they would pass out of this life and that it does not need groaning or cries, nor prayers nor intercessions, that all the children of earth, those especially that have lived kind, good, loving lives, find a happy welcome into spirit life. . . .

June 10. Mollie: Brother, brother, brother. Don't think that because I have not come to you that I have forgotten you, but I come now. The conditions were not right, I could not overcome them, and it is only now the medium is becoming so spiritualized that I can come through the forces that draw me to her. Oh, I tell you Ma will soon be with us. I see the condition of things. I see the surroundings and I tremble. It makes me feel sad, and I would like to clasp my arms around my family. And I would like you to see to my son Willie, and see that he is educated. This is the first time I have been able to properly control the medium. The conditions for a few moments are right, and I am afraid they will soon pass away. I want to say to my beloved husband, Dear husband, do not be discouraged. Do not dwell upon the past, and do not mourn over losses. You have always had so much in life to weigh you down, you have never been like other men, but without help or encouragement, and bowed down by my sickness, through the family, through disadvantages and trouble, and you, dear, good, loving husband, stood by me through the hours of suffering and sorrow and death, and my soul goes to you in love, trying to lift you up. I can't say much now.

June 15. Mollie: Dear husband, and children and brother. Tell them, Oh tell them, to be kind to Ma, to do everything for her they can, the same as they would do for me. It is my wish that they show her the loving kindness which is their duty, and should be their pleasure to do. Tell them their mother says this to them. She won't be with you very long, for father is waiting, anxiously waiting to take her and bear her away where the cares of life will never trouble her any more. Oh, Joe, to think you will go home and I won't be able to talk with them, but I shall be there, I shall be there. I feel as if it is tearing me apart to try to come back. I had almost given up trying, but when I saw my husband so worried and so distressed, I felt that I must come and comfort him. Dear husband, dear husband. I indeed know the struggles he made for my sake. He suffered every privation for me and the children. I know it. Oh, that I could do something for him to help him. Dear brother, remember your promise to help Billy. Oh, brother, Oh brother, don't forget it, don't forget it. (Noticing the flowers in the room.) Oh, I loved the flowers, I loved them, and the medium loves them, too. I must bid you good-bye now.

June 22. Visited the Virginia home, and the World's Fair, Chicago. Bought mother a house in Staunton. Had readings in Chicago, with a Mrs. Coverdale, 78 Thirty-fifth Street, and a Mrs. H. S. Schlosson, 15 Elizabeth Street. Never saw them before, gave no name. Immediately after leaving the one I called on the other in another part of the city. Mrs. Coverdale, among other remarkable facts, said:

I see a very fine old gentleman at your back, a rather portly looking man. I would take him to be about sixty, possibly a little over. The hair is quite gray, the beard not very heavy but almost white, and if I am not mistaken, there is a link that binds him to you. He seems to come very closely into your life. (Correct description of Dr. Krebs.) I also see beside you an elderly lady, and with her a beautiful girl, very fair, who passed to the summer-life when young,

for she looks to me as if she had developed in her beautiful spirit home. I see groups of friends that seem to stand by you. They come to you because you are interested in the great science of the spiritual life. You are a man who stands a good deal on your own responsibility, social, kind, sensitive, very susceptible to influences as they come and go. There is with you a great inspiration.

This beautiful girl liked you very much, and is named Minnie. (Correct.) Isn't your home East? Since you were young you have had to paddle your own canoe. You are going to be a pretty old brave. In the financial world we see you climbing and climbing, and what you have you got with your own hands and brains, not by inheritance. This brave at your back knew you in other days, but he is not your father. In your father's family were several papooses, but three of them brothers. A good many of your people are gone. There is one in the family named Aunt Mary. Now there is a brave named John, and one who watched over you when you were biking over the Brooklyn Bridge.

We see your father there and he comes to you. Your mother is in this life. William, the father, seems very anxious for you to get the glad tidings. Do you know you are inspirational yourself, with a thorough business brain? Did your father ever live on a farm when you were young? And there was an old lady they used to call Aunt Betsy. There is a good deal of your mother about you, but the mother's work is done. (Betsy was mother's sister.) Another one comes to you, very nice and beautiful, by the name of Alice. (Sister.) She passed away when young, but is a woman today. (All correct.)

Haven't you got a lot of scratches from spirit life? (Yes.) The big brave looks like he might have been from a medical college, with power of healing. He is at the head of your band. A book is put into your lap. The book is not opened yet, no scratching in it yet, although you have done so before. (Had just ordered another blank bible for further facts.) Another gentleman comes with the doctor, not so large, a judge—Edmonds. In '94 and '95 you will do a good many things that will be given you from the spirit world. In this life you have friends, but there's a force at your back that helps you. We see about you a good deal of commercial office work. In '95 you will say, There, I am all right. Not that you are going to fold your hands, but the door will be open for other work. (True.)

You have got a little squaw that comes to you. (What is her name?) Minona, Winona. No; she won't tell me, but laughs. (Wiona.) This little squaw comes and helps you. There's a beautiful sister squaw comes to you, and she says she longs for her mother to come home, because she is tired and thinks she is of no use to anybody nor to herself. It will not be a good while before mother will come to William. (Father's name.) But it will be a happy time for her. Things haven't always looked very bright in your family. We see three children. (Mamie, Cora, Billy.) Looks like good deal of commotion. One of the braves is father of the boy. And we see two girls, one of them very nice looking, but she looks as if she has a good deal of worry that comes from another party. The father is sick, constitution giving away. He has had trouble about here. (Correctly locating.) Isn't he connected with you, brother in the family? There used to be two fathers there. (When my father was with them.) You talk before a Hall of people, and drop the seed here and there. (New York Psychical Society.) Was there ever a Sam in your family? (Father's father.) Somebody calls Joe, or Joseph. Alice calls you Joe. (Recovering, she said she saw a big K over my head. Krebs.)

At once I sought the second stranger, Mrs. Schlosson, who correctly described my boyhood conditions; said I had seven members of the family then; that I need have no fear of affairs of this life, nor of the other; that I had an organized band with me, one for physical influences, one for inspirational work, another scientific and professional, for mental and spiritual growth. Saw an old lady named Elizabeth, called Aunt Betsy, stout, been gone some time; also a Sarah with her, and a Mary in the physical life, a sister of her's. (Correct.) Said I came a long way from there, and described correctly my New York residence; that there was a woman there who was a great medium inspirationally, who got tests by sight and hearing and touch;

eyes very bright. Saw an Indian girl, young when she passed out, with great power, who belonged to that medium. She tells me something about William, your father, Robert also, who went out far away. (A cousin from Virginia, who disappeared from home and mined in Seattle.) Not heard from in a long time. He is living. He went towards California. Now I see a John, gone some time, and another John in earth life, belongs to the family. He is very active. In speaking he makes gestures. Got good brain. Business been discouraging. That John is a brother-in-law. Now I hear the name of Billy. And I see a large colored woman who used to be a house servant, and she says she used to live in the house in the South, and God bless you, honey. And here is a Minnie, and a James, a Crane, and a McKay. (All Virginia friends.) You have been in the thinking business all your life. Is it New York City where you live? Also English. He knew you in another place. (Richmond.) Polly. Someone of your mother's family. (Her mother.) Horace comes to you. (Greeley.) Do you speak in public? You ought to, with the band around you. When you want to get something quickly, sit with your feet on the floor, thumb of left hand in the palm of the right hand, eyes shut. Now here is a dear. He is stout, and went out of life suddenly. (Can you get his name? Medium with finger outlined on her hand the right letters—W. F. K.) He has communicated with your medium so many times. There is somebody sick in your home, in the stomach, head and back. The John is the parent of the family and the husband of the lady. (How about the mother?) I do not like to see sad things, but she feels badly. Do you remember falling when a boy? (Hurt from a swing.) She was awfully scared. Who is Willie? Brought you light; wrote it on the slates. (Willie McGee, brother, who wrote me a message on slates before Dr. Slade. Who was present besides the medium?) Two persons, yourself and a lady. (Mamie P.) He was your brother. He was a boy when he went out, a baby. (Correct.) I would like to speak the name of that Wi--Winona--Wio--not quite right—Wiona.

Medium said she felt the sitting had been more spiritual than business, and presented me with two sapphires in the rough from a Montana mine discovered through her mediumship.

Both interviews were remarkable in all details and proved that individual friends and kin were near me in my travels.

July 29, in New York, my sister attempted control of Mrs. W., but failed.

Freeman: Your sister tried every way to acknowledge some act of kindness as far as she can. I have had to come to the rescue. You should let the spirit power take its own course. Something was done for which she wanted to show her gratitude to you. Your sister now stands so near to you that you might almost reach her, and with love and pity on her face she knows the situation of the home life, and feels that the prospects are brighter and better. And now as I am talking she bows her head as if thankfulness were beaming all over her countenance, and I would say that you have done what is right and acceptable in her sight in behalf of the family. At the same time the mother's soul goes out in sympathy for her boy. This, my friend, I see very plainly. (No mention whatever had been made of the home I purchased in S.)

Krebs: Friend Snipes, I am very glad to come in and assist the medium. As regards your sister, I know her sympathy and her love for every member of her family, and I know and can see the situation of her home life, and I will say to you, you have assisted them in a way which will be a benefit to them, for they sadly needed it. A different atmosphere altogether seems to surround them, a feeling of more unity and harmony. Your going was a help and comfort to them in regard to property. . . .

On this trip, while in the family cemetery in the suburbs, I plucked a slip of green from a small pine tree beside my father's grave, sealed it up in an envelope, and submitted it, unmarked, to Mrs. Wakeman, in New York, without a hint, when she said: I feel as if I am in a graveyard, and I see standing here your father and your sister. I see nine children, and a little farther away I see an old lady, a relative of the family. She was not buried there, but she was so sorry she could not be buried with Mary Ann. (An Aunt who always wanted to be buried with mother.) I feel that this is some kind of a pine, I don't get

it as a flower, and I get this from your father: As you live, so shall you die. I have come from an inner and higher life. I have come that I might administer some comfort and consolation to mother and to you, my boy. Be not impressed by everything you hear, but weigh it well. He is clothed with so much power I am afraid to approach him. Your mother is feeble, and her whole system (my guides tell me this) is wasting away (naming her ailments correctly), and she will be buried where this thing came from. Aunt Betsy is the one that wanted to lie beside Mary Ann.

Deacon Jennings: My dear daughter, I am so glad that your health is better; but you must take care of yourself and not get overworked or overtired, nor overeat. I saw you when you were in the mountains, (Massachusetts) and when you had the vision of the three spirits. One of them was your cousin John Jennings, brother of Oliver Jennings, and one was a friend you know, Bradley, a schoolmate. The other one that had the book was one who passed out when a child and grew up in spirit life, and is a controlling power over the other spirits. He was the son of my great friend Dr. Bronson. . . .

Father: Wife, you tarry so long. Why don't you come? You have filled out on earth the measure of your days, and I am longing and waiting to take you in these arms and bear you away to my home where the cares of earth cannot disturb you. I will take you away, and I will keep you until you become reconciled to parting from your family on the earth, and I will bring all the spirit forces to bear upon you to comfort you. In our earthly life when we walked hand in hand together, when we were both young, I used to call you My Mary Ann. And I will say, My Mary Ann has come to me, and Oh, how happy we will be together. Our children, yours and mine, that passed to spirit life so long ago, will be united; all here but one. Our boy will be left behind, and we will watch over him more faithfully than we have done, because in the distance between you and him, and the time between my visits to him, we will both unite in our watch over him and help him in his earthly work, help him to complete the ideas that have entered into his mind, and help him to carry them out. It will be something for you to do, for you can see him day by day. Now you cannot, you can only see him, my dear wife, in your mind as you hear from him, but when I take you in these arms of mine and carry you to my home you can look down and see him, and dwell forever in spirit life with me. . . .

Phœbe: As I saw you last Sunday evening in the church, in the very seat where I had so often sat, Oh, I felt almost a homesickness come over me. The dear old doctor (Deems) was on the very threshold of Spiritualism, although he did not openly and publicly announce it. You could not listen to his sermons without drinking in their spiritual influence. (Will he go over soon?) Very soon. . . .

The medium was here controlled by someone who could not speak. Suddenly she fell towards the floor, and said: I hear the name of Sam, and the words heart disease. She then wrote the name of Hahn. Inquiring of a family of that name, they recognized the name and complaint as belonging to a departed relative.

Sept. 2. Krebs: . . . I see your mother is very poorly, and I am certain she has a cancer in her stomach and in her chest. (As proven at her death in 1895.) I advise you, as a friend in no way to let her know it, because it would only hasten her end. It has been in her blood for many years, and she inherited it from her father or mother. You remember that many years ago she had it in her nose (true), and when that was cured it was left in the system, and is slowly, very slowly developing, unseen, within the body. If she were younger she would be better able to cure it or subdue it, but under the present circumstances nothing will avail her, only to make her comfortable. Your mother will never be a well woman again, but will gradually pass into spirit life, and could you realize the pleasure and happiness prepared for her on our side, I tell you, friend Snipes, you could not grieve, but only rejoice, because her family are here ready and waiting for her. She thinks she has seen great sorrow and trouble. Comparatively so, but I will assure you her life has been far better than that of many others. You have certainly made her very comfortable, and it is a great honor to you, and when you arrive in spirit

life it will be one of the things that will help to cancel the shortcomings at times in your life .

Wiona (referring to Virginia home): I saw somebody else there. Young man, slim and tall, got no fat on him, got long face, got kinder smiling 'spression. Don't always show what thinks in his mind. (John Hughart.)

Sept. 23. I brought home some red flowers for Wiona and hid them. Medium soon asked: What have you got in a paper, some flowers? Did you get a letter? (Produced one from brother-in-law in Virginia, unopened.) Medium: As I hold this letter I feel as if the whole body from head to hip is diseased. (Described conditions exactly, including a sprain from a jump in his youth, with serious result. Not known to me, but confirmed afterward.)

Sept. 30. Mrs. W. read a sealed letter from a Mrs. Ledyard, of Cassanovia, N. Y., and correctly disclosed the contents as referring to the mother of the historical and executed Carlisle Harris, the influence severely affecting the medium. . . .

Krebs: I feel, my friend, that your mother will not remain on this earth very long, and Oh, how much better it will be for her. Of course she is your mother and dear to you, but nearly all your family are here, and how happy she will be with them, if you could only make her believe it. She thinks only of the Lord Jesus; she doesn't think of the family, and it is the family that is thinking of her. She will be looking around for the links, and she will say, Well, Joe was right after all, but I didn't believe him.

There is one old friend I see who is failing, and I think he will not be very long on this side of spirit life, and that is Brownold. (Virginia.) He was the first one that opened my eyes and talked with me on the subject of Spiritualism. He has broken down rapidly. His brother is extremely poor and not doing much business, not enough to pay his way and make him comfortable. His family seem to have deserted him. I have great sympathy for him. (True.)

Oct. 21. Wiona: I went with medy to the materialize. She didn't know it, but I did. I 'spect they was all honest, 'cause I got inside the cabinet, and it was full of spirits as it could be. And I saw big old fat squaw there, and she got a stool chair, and she didn't do nothing. I saw the spirits, and they just materialize there, white chief. I was never so beat in all my life, 'cause I 'spected to see lots of fraud, and I didn't see the fraud. They comes out on the floor and walks all around, the spirits did, whole lots of 'em, and shake hands with the people, and they bring lots of news to peoples to comfort them. I couldn't see any fraud with my eyes. You could almost see through the bodies, and their hands just as cold as a corpse's hands. I never cared much for the thing, but I wanted my medy to see. I saw the Phœbe Cary there. Yes, I see the medy's sisters, and medy cried awful. The three sisters came together. The one they called Caroline was going off to missionary work. I didn't make no mistake, that was Phœbe Cary. Oh, no; I looked at her sharp.

Phœbe: My friend and brother, I bid you rejoice. I did come to the medium, and took her by the hand. As regards materialization, there is a great deal of fraud in it, and there is a great deal of truth in it. It is best not to scoff or to make fun over what we do not fully understand. I have felt many times, very many times, that there was no truth in materialization, but I find that the stronger I grow in the spiritual life, the better, to a certain extent, I can sometimes materialize, and with certain conditions surrounding me, I can do so. It has only been of late that I find these conditions whereby I can come, and for a very few moments show myself. I cannot retain the form, and it is very, very hard to draw from the atmosphere enough to give me strength, to help sustain me while getting into the form to come back for a very short time. I have realized it; I realized it this day; but in the great struggle, in the earnest desire, the warmth of love and earnestness, all that I could command, I tried to materialize, and did so for a few seconds! I grasped the medium by the hand, I made her feel my presence, and I was gone.

So you see it can be done. But when the forms that are wanted do not come, so many times forms are made up of earthly substance, to take the place of those that are wanted from the spirit world. As

they hold these seances for this purpose, they must bring forward some one, either of an earthly nature, or from the spirit side of life, to fill the places, to please the public. I think that both are done often, very often in many cases, but I will assure you, my friend and brother, that there is truth in materialization, and that with plenty of strong magnetism and help from the spirits it can be done, and has been done, and was done today.

Again, if the magnetism might not be strong enough for a spirit appearance, they make it up with a living person. It is too often done, but understand me rightly when I say, materialization is true, but the magnetism has to be right and everything in the very best condition to bring back the loved ones. It can be easily told. When you see a form floating through the air, floating through the room, without the touch of a human being, it is etherialization. And that will come right here in this room when it is full of people if the magnetic influences are strong enough for one to form itself. With open light it can be seen only with the eyes of a clairvoyant, but if the room is dark, with scarcely a ray of light, the human eye could see an etherialized form. Several times has etherialization commenced in this room, but the magnetic influences were not strong enough to fill out a form, and it vanished. I felt that I wanted the medium to go, I impressed her to be sure and go, and I said to her, if possible I will try and show myself, and I did so. She shuddered, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

Nov. 11. I asked the medium to describe the writer of a letter just received. Without seeing the writing, she said: It is from a woman. She has large lips, rather obstinate disposition, not much refinement. Anything that comes in her mind comes right out, hit or miss. Laughs considerably; fond of company and music; likes to go a good deal. Is quite pretty and not pretty; blunt, a little saucy, but with it all there is a humor about her. She is not cold and hard like some others, has more feeling, more natural intense feeling. She will make a good wife and mother. If I were a young man I would rather marry her than her sister. (Entirely true of the writer, Cora Pritchard, of Virginia.)

Presenting another sealed letter from a Mrs. John V. Beam, Jr., 10 West 30th Street, New York, Wiona replied: I want to write my letter: Dear Madam: That scrawl you left with my medy is in Arabic, the guides tells me, and they can't touch it unless you have an Arabic scholar come here; but your husband John says you must keep on writing all the time, for every piece you write comes plainer and plainer. It's spirit power that guides her hand to do it. I just gets this from the John.

(Will Cora marry?) Her do pretty good, and I think, white chief, you would like him, too. I guess her kinder independent. Anyhow I likes her better. You make a note of it, so some day in the future you can look at it. She will make out far better in the end than the other one. (Proven.) One of these days the home be all broke up, when the mother goes off and the girls and the father and the boy. One of these days he get married himself, but ain't got enough to marry on, has he?

White chief, I see your mother put her hand to her chest, and I tell you, but she don't know it, she's got a cancer. It is numbed. I see your father, and such a host of 'em, relatives, all come round and stand there wanting her to come over. But she clings to you so much, thinks of you all the time, and she is praying that you may get out of this Spiritualism and be good Christian man like your father. She knows they'll all be married and everything be changed, and her 'spect her meet her Jesus, but her meet everybody what just as good, and all the kind true loving peoples here, and the beautiful things they got for her. And your father says he would have gone to the higher spheres and stayed there, but he continually watch over her and be ready to receive her when her comes. Now good night.

Nov. 25. Wiona described to a Dr. Bahan his son, who was accidentally drowned. He was going to be the doctor's assistant, was just ready to take the 'ploma. Awful sad day when he went down in the river, and the mans and the boat cut in two. (True, but wholly unknown to us.)

Phœbe: Good evening, my friend and brother. Well, my old friend has reached the spirit world at last (Rev. Dr. Deems),

and he was received with great rejoicing by the very many friends that came here before him. With tender love and honor they received him as he entered spirit life. He is not able at present to come back, he remains in a very feeble condition; but Oh, how glad we were to get him, how glad to welcome him into our inner circle. Now it seems as if we were almost complete, so many of our loved ones are here, so happy, the dear friends of earth life. Oh how pleasant it is to be again united, never more to part. He was so orthodox in his feelings and so surrounded by church influence that it had become imbedded into his very soul. We lived near him, and he was a constant visitor at our home, dearly beloved by sister and me. Uncle Horace was a constant visitor, friend and adviser for many long years, and here in spirit life we are again united. And the dear old friends of earth, Leah, Daniel, all are here, and among them all comes the young man whose spirit wafted its way here to meet its mother spirit. (Fox-Jencken.) Leah received him into her arms, he clung to her with loving affection, was happy to be with her, and she was happy to receive him.

Dec. 30. E. W. Capron: Good evening to you, my old friend, and to the medium. I thought very much of her when I was on the earth. I want to be remembered to her. My every wish is gratified, my every hope and aspiration for the spiritual life is satisfied. I am here with my friends I loved so much on the earth, we are together, a happy, happy family, so many I could not begin to name them. Almost every tie that bound me to earth was broken before I left it, and I so longed to go. I think you have heard me express that desire, that I had nothing left to stay for, that I longed and longed to go to the spirit world and meet my many friends. Mrs. Ryder was received here with open arms. Tell Mrs. Snowden she was received here by her sister, her husband, her son, her granddaughter, and by all her many friends. They reached out their arms and took her to their home where she will rest and gain strength, and she will come back and say many things she wishes to say to Mrs. Snowden.

I had a hard long journey in life. How I struggled to live for the last few years of my life before I entered the Home. (Chapin's Home.) Leah was my friend and stood by me and helped me every way she could. Oh, I tell you, my friend, there is nothing like being charitable and helping the unfortunate. . . .

Chapter XVIII.

JAN. 27, 1894. Placed a sealed letter before the medium while in trance, from Alice Trahern, Richmond, Va., no hint to the medium.

Wiona: Is that about the father? Does she think he is going to die? Has her got a man and two children? (Yes.) And there's talk there, and the old man is sick, and she has a hard row. She has good husband and I don't think he very well, or else don't have much business. Seem kinder poor off, troubled to get along. Her father ain't going to live. (See Feb. 5.) She thinks good deal of you and writes to you for consolation, kinder 'peals to you as a sister to a brother.

Handed another closed letter to medium who said: Is this from your mother? Because there is a longing, a murmuring somehow; she is not resigned, is not satisfied with life, and is not satisfied to die. She has cancer. I see her inwardly. It is not advanced very much. She will go off very quickly. (True; see later notes.) She has rheumatism in the bones, and feet and limbs are affected. She is a woman that wants company and life and talk and song to divert her mind entirely from herself.

Maggie Fox: Oh, Mrs. Wakeman, I want to thank you for your kindness to me. I am so glad I went to see you and gave you that present. I want you to keep it in remembrance of me as long as you live. Give my love to Mrs. Snowden. Tell her I am present with her every day. Tell her not to be discouraged nor downhearted. Tell her I am very happy with William, my husband, and my family. I was so cruelly treated on earth, but Oh, I am so glad to be here with my beloved husband and son.

I give my love to you, Mr. ;Snipes, and I thank you for writing those letters for me to the lawyer. I thank you. And I love Mrs. Wakeman. I am much better off, much better. I would not come back to earth to be so poor and friendless as I was, so robbed and ruined in my old age. You can never know the sorrows I passed through, the bitter tears I shed (weeping), knowing that I was left without a dollar in the world. (Did you have much pain in going?) Not in the last. My husband (Dr. Kane, the explorer) reached down his arms and I embraced him, and he bore me sweetly away, without a sigh or a groan. My going out was easy and gentle and peaceful. Your spirit friends watch over you all the time, and know what you do, and see you in all the movements of your life. I cannot talk any more now. Good-bye, good night.

Feb. 5. Received word from W. E. Trahern, Richmond, Va., that Captain Cunningham, his father-in-law, died yesterday morning. The medium remarked that the message referred to the father of the Alice who wrote the previous letter, and that he was dead. (See Jan. 27.)

Feb. 24. Sister (with great effort): Ma is poorly and feels so worried over John. He must not leave the family. (This was news; afterward heard he was thinking of going West for business.) When I could be happy with my children here, the conditions of my brother, my husband and Ma distress me, and I cannot enjoy the comfort I would. I cannot see how either of them can be spared, especially brother Joe and John. Ma will be with us before a very great while.

Dr. Krebs commended a Mr. Sundeen, from Sweden, for his gift in discovering hidden articles, etc., in the Hall of the Psychical Society, and in my home. While blindfolded and absent from room he was also able to pick out any word selected by others from any part of Webster's Unabridged.

Krebs: He is controlled. I saw Irving Bishop with him, and there is another power, not Indian. His health is not good; it affects him. He should not do it too much, or he will die in one of those spasmodic flittings. . . .

Phœbe: Good evening, my friend and brother. You had a very great variety at your meeting. It is hardly necessary to give you my impressions of the young man. You saw and heard for yourselves, and no one could do the things he did unless governed by a higher power. The man in his own

estate could not do them. He was aided by spirit influence all the way through, but his health is so easily affected, the strain is so great, he must be very careful. He is honest, earnest and truthful. . . .

Apr. 7. Wiona (holding sealed letter from Alice Trahern, Richmond, Va.): I see a man away off. Kind feeling in his heart for you. I see three women here on the earth, and I see one man what's big friend of yours. Is there going to be a wedding? Is it one of the girls? I see the father here, too. He says he can hear now. Got his ear strings all right. (The writer's father was very deaf.) Oh, he says, he so glad to shake off that old body so full of pain, and be made all over new man. I have got sound limbs and good sound ears, and able to walk and enjoy the company of my wife and family. He knew he was great trouble to his family. Big hard times down there anyway. Looks to me he had a scar on side of his head. (Fact. I did not know this until I wrote to the family.)

Apr. 22. Krebs: . . . Last night you had a good circle, a very harmonious one, one that was exceedingly pleasant and really very spiritual. They feel better for coming here, and I must say that the medium conducts her circle on a real spiritual plane. It is her inmost desire to live spiritually and to feel that she is benefitting humanity when she sits down in her circle to give tests. Such a spiritual feeling comes over her that it seems to lift her soul out of this life. That is why her circles are successful.

I see you about getting your musical organ, something that you can manipulate and get celestial music out of it. Friend Snipes, you are a right down good fellow when you come down to the bottom of it all. Sometimes I feel like scolding you, but I begin to think there is hope yet, that you are waking up to the fact that life is not of much consequence unless you can take some comfort in it. Oh, if I could live my life over, after seeing and knowing what I did, Dr. Krebs would be a very different man. There wouldn't be any hoarding up. No.

When I got away from home and away from my folks I was a little more charitable, I took a little more comfort, as much as I dared to. They knew what I had, and it was a great wonderment what I did with the money. They always wanted an accounting of what I had and what I did, and I didn't wish to tell them stories, neither did I wish to make an open confession, but I had the money and an enjoyable spell by myself when I was away. Now I make this confession to you: I wish I had done it oftener. I tell you, my wife was tighter than I was. She loved the almighty dollar, she liked to know where every one went, and would bite a ten-penny nail in two. But we are very happy together now. Both of my wives are here, and no unhappiness steals in upon us now.

Your sister is coming towards you I see, and she has with her Alice, Josie, Cora, Billy, your brother that is in spirit life, who has never known much of earth life—Billy McGee. Well, there's a crowd. There's Aunt Betsy. An old lady comes and gives me that name, and I think she is your mother's sister. (Correct.) There seems to be a general gathering of spirit forces around your sister, and they give her strength to come, and she is coming ahead of all the rest and throws her arms around your neck.

Mollie: My dear brother. I am so glad you wrote Willie, because it gives him something to think about, puts different thoughts into his mind. Oh, I am so anxious he should be like you, brother Joe, and how happy it would make me. No one knows your kindness better than I do, and Oh, I am so glad you are going home. I hope the time will soon pass away when you will go and see Ma. She will want to go to Richmond again after you get there. She likes that journey back and forth, she always did. Ma always liked to travel. I want you to make yourself comfortable and happy with what you have got. You know, dear brother, the girls will marry after a while. You know what it is to be poor, you have seen it in our family, you know it. Now, my dear brother, give my love to John, my dear, dear husband, and to Cora, Mamie, Ma and all. Dr. Krebs is strong and helps me. I am improving, getting more spiritual. Good-bye, brother, good-bye.

May 19. Maltby: Mary, this is the first time that ever Uncle Maltby came to you. You were but a little girl we took when your mother died. You were given into our care, and tonight I want to say to you, you are no longer a child, but you have grown to be a woman advanced in life; but I have tried for many long years to come to you, and to tell you how much we loved you when you

were with us, and we always felt so bad over the terrible accident which nearly destroyed both of your feet by fire. (Hot irons to feet when a child.)

Well, wife is here with me, and she says, Can it be possible that we can once more speak with our child? Tell her that we are both here together, and when she comes over here on this side we will welcome her with all our hearts, as we welcomed her when she was brought to us a tiny infant by her father. For a number of years she was with us, and we regretted exceedingly to part with her. She left because her father married again and took her home. He did not want to pay for her when he had a wife. He wanted the children brought home, but the wife never showed that kindness or love to them which she should have done. But of that I will not speak. I will only say, I rejoice, after all these years that have passed, that I am able to come back again. Maltby is my name. And you tell her that Aunt Phemy, that is my wife, says she notices she often repeats the verses she learned when she was a little girl and living with us:

> How hard it is to find a friend
> On whom we always can depend.
> Sometimes we think the friend we've got,
> But trial proves we have him not.
> He seeks to serve his selfish end,
> Declares himself our truest friend,
> But when the serving self is o'er,
> Alas, he is our friend no more.

July 26. Mollie: Dear brother, dear brother, I am so glad that Ma went to Richmond, and I am so thankful that Mamie has gone with Cora, that she will see to her and take care of her, for Cora is exceedingly wild. You must not think that the medium knows anything of what I am saying to you, for she does not. I am telling you this myself. I was there, and I saw Ma fixing to go away, and I could not come and speak to her. And let Ma stay as long as she feels happy and contented. You know how it is. When there is no head to the house, it is not like my being there to see to things, and if Ma is happy, let her stay. I think Cora should be more thoughtful, not so fond of pleasure. Mamie is not like any of the family, she has not got your nature nor mine. Oh, dear brother, what a loss a mother is to her family. I can see it, but I cannot come near enough to them. I wish they would believe in the spiritual faith, but they spurn it. I wish they would; they would have something else to think about besides frolic. Dear, dear husband. I look upon him growing old, his steps are getting feeble, and he feels he is alone and has to be father and mother both. Dear brother, you must not blame him if he is indulgent to the children. I know he is indulgent to Billy, but perhaps he understands his nature better than you do. I try to throw out my love to them all, but you must see to Billy. But Oh, I hope my husband will live until the children are settled in life. Poor broken-hearted husband. Oh, he thinks of me and mourns, and Ma's uneasiness and the care of the girls come heavy upon him. You know how it is. Oh, he needs so much kindness. Good night.

Medium (holding letter from mother, writing unseen): I am in trouble and worry. I want to do what is right, and do the best I can for all concerned, but I sometimes really wish that I could take care of my own self, and not be beholden to anybody. I feel such a strange influence with the one that wrote this letter. She longs for rest, and says to herself, except for circumstances I would not care how soon.

(Sealed and concealed letter from Cora.) Medium: This is a very different influence. No sadness to this, and I don't know whence it comes, but I feel as if I want to take hold of a horse and say, Gee, get up, go along. I feel I would just like to go through a ten-foot fence as not. There isn't any balance power there. The person that wrote that letter, whoever it is, will never be brought to realize what it is to live in this world until she has had some affliction to sober her. All for the moment, for fun, an overflowing spirit, no restraining power, no thought of anything but of today, how to pass it away and have a good time. (Definings and habits correct.)

July 28. Freeman: My friend, it has been a long time since I have had the privilege of coming to visit you. But my son Nathaniel is with me now, and we together are roaming through the spirit world. We are finding our family that passed into spirit life some time ago. They are separated from us, and we are looking them up to bring them to our home in spirit life. My son seems so glad to be here. He says it is the first time he has known what emancipation means, that he is away from trouble and

trials, that he can have his freedom and can enjoy his spiritual communion here which fills his soul with pleasure and with love.

We have met Deacon Jennings (medium's father), and he comes to us very often, and he seems to feel a great interest in his daughter's welfare. He says she must be careful not to walk too much in the sun, and very careful in going down stairs, for it would not take much to take her out of this life. Her father watches over her with a great deal of love. She was the last born, and it seems as if his love and affection were centered in her. He often, often comes to her, and I know that she feels his presence, and he thanks you for your kindness to his daughter. Every act of kindness is remembered and cherished with fond affection. He is glad she has found a home where she is sheltered from unkindness, or from anything that can worry or trouble her mind.

How well I remember when she stood before me and took the marriage vow, a young girl full of life and hope and joy. And I have seen her through all the years of trial and sorrow, I have watched her as she journeyed on, as she tried to do her duty, maintaining that charitable disposition which she inherits from her father. How many, many times I have seen her when she little thought that her old pastor was looking down upon her.

I am very glad to come to you tonight, my friend, very glad. For some time past I have anticipated the pleasure of attending your little circle on Saturday night, but your friends have come around you, and I have felt that they were nearer and dearer to you than I, therefore I did not intrude, but tonight I felt that I would like to come and speak to you, and also to give my love, my fond remembrance to the medium. I have all my family here now except one daughter. I bid you good-night.

Aug. 25. Medium: A spirit comes here who seems to be a new one, (rappings while talking), Mr. Pratt. There seems to be a darkness before me, as if something had gone wrong, and in the business, too, and inside of a few days you will know what that is, you will see or hear about it. Do you know, there is an undercurrent at work, slowly trying to find out the ins and the outs of that Trust, slowly moving on, pushing ahead all the time, just like secret service work, and it is unknown to the inside Company. As I see Mr. Pratt I will describe him. He is a stout man, and taller than you are, big through here. (Chest. Medium never saw him.) He has a large face; and by his side comes another man. They passed out not so far apart. (Raps.) There's an O in the name. Both went out suddenly, and this man came from the other side of the Connecticut River. He was with your Company. The name has five letters in it. (Correct, Odell.) They are close observers of what is going on, and many a plan have they thwarted. You will soon hear of something that will astonish you.

Krebs: I rejoice exceedingly in the circles the medium holds, and Oh, how I would like to be visible where you could see me and feel that I am in your presence, but I cannot show myself, I can only control the medium to talk. She gives wonderful tests, and the people are delighted with her, and they will come together more and more to hear her. You do not know her, neither will you, until she comes over to us. I see your sister coming, and I see your Billy, your brother, a man, a spiritual angel, and I see so many little ones that passed out and have grown to manhood and womanhood, but they cannot come so near to you as she comes. I get such a hearty laugh from someone of your family on the earth side. It sounds like Cora's laugh, and she is either at home or going home very soon. Says she has fooled somebody she met while away. She is full of her fun. Somebody she flirted with.

Sept. 5. Greeley (in characteristic manner): Cleveland made a muddle of it. He could not help himself, and he did not show the right disposition. When the bill was to be signed he should have signed it like a man. He knew the wants of the people, he saw the condition of the country, but that bellicose nature and disposition stood in the way. I do not believe in talking about the President of the United States, or other men high in authority, but when I see a man who knows the conditions of the last two years, it is time that something were done. Starvation and ruin were staring the people in the face, contention and difficulties were arising in every quarter, and yet he knew this thing could not go on. There must come a change, out of the darkness will come light, out of the great misery and sorrow that have hovered over the land will come brightness and joy and good times. Now put that down.

Uncle Horace never prophesied much. I used to say, young man, go West and settle, but I say now, stay where you are and go to work. Times are going to be better.

Sept. 10. Wiona reported another sister of Phœbe Cary.

Phœbe: Good evening, my friend and brother. You are under a wrong impression about brainy people. They do not always live long. That is the reason she went out of life. She passed away almost before she fulfilled half her days. She also wrote poetry and made puns, and she wrote books, and had to work not only with her brain but with her fingers, making frocks. And there's the Bennett man. (Editor of *Truth Seeker.*) He heard you say a thousand friends built his monument in Greenwood. . . .

Wiona: He says you very truthful, honest man. You ought to speak more, declare your sentiments more before the public. You hold back, don't say what you think. He says if he was here on the earth again he would talk and work more to the point. He looks like a big man, and looks so bright in his eyes, and like a man what could do wonderful things, what like his own way, and say and do things to make people stare. (Radical free-thinker.)

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I come full of life and animation, full of bright thoughts and hopes for the future, and I feel wonderfully cheered and buoyed up by the spiritual conditions I see on the earth plane. I see so many opening their circles and their halls, all trying to advance the spiritual interest, and it really makes my heart rejoice, and I want to say to you, my friend, right here (I wish you would move my chair, I am a big man and want plenty of room), in regard to your spiritual meetings, I want you to stand upright, independent, do not be confined to one hall but go to them all. Do not have any unkind feeling in your heart towards Adelphi Hall, Carnegie Hall, or any other hall, for remember you are on the broad platform of the spiritual philosophy yourself, and you want the goodwill of everyone. Don't stand back and let some little feeling of injustice crowd into your mind, but be friendly and kind, and show in your heart there is no animosity. The good-will of a dog is better than its ill-will. I want you to feel that you are head, front and foremost, that you have a friendly feeling toward them all, and this seventh year will be a year of conquest in your Hall.

Phœbe: . . . I saw you at my tomb in Greenwood, and I felt I was not forgotten. I will tell you who lies with us, a favorite sister, Elmira. Her husband bore the greater part of the expense of the tomb and the lot, consequently her remains were laid there with us. My father was the father of nine children. Some are scattered in different parts of the world, some in distant States, but we three lie there together. My little sister Lucy, the darling baby, who died many years ago, is with me in spirit life, a beautiful spirit. She passed out into spirit life when a child. None of the family was mediumistic excepting little Lucy, my sister Alice and myself. This gift, which was a power given us from the Great Spirit of Light, was not given to the rest of the family. We inherited it from our father. We were not so fully established, our mediumship was of a different form.

At the present day they are more unfolded, the mediums seem to gain a better knowledge of the spiritual side of life, they have greater advantages than we had. Sister and I labored so continually in our life that we both broke down and did not fill the measure of our days. The brain was overtaxed, the body worn out with work and worry, and while our hands were employed, our brain was constantly at work. We often spent the midnight oil working and working and waiting and watching, to make a living, and all for each other's interest and welfare. We had to help our parents for many years when we could scarcely help ourselves, but through the kindness of Uncle Horace and through the benevolence of P. T. Barnum, through the kindness and friendship of Dr. Deems, of Oliver Johnson and of many others, we gathered around us a home, a home of comfort.

It is often said, not dead but sleeping. We are not sleeping, we are awake, more awake than ever in earth life. The loved ones we have left on earth we wish to watch over and help. I like the earth work, I like to feel I am still interested in them, and, my friend, I will stand by your side, and help you through all your labors. Show a kind and charitable spirit to everyone: you will feel much happier for it. . . .

Mrs. Ryder· My dear friends, Oh, how

I have longed for this opportunity to come from the spirit world and speak a few words to you both. I want to tell you of my great happiness here with my husband and with my family. Oh, I did love to go to Carnegie Hall, I loved the Sabbath when it came that I could go there and hear some words that would comfort me. But when troubles came, and my poor William passed away, I knew then that I was left poor and penniless, one that always had the comforts and the pleasures of life, and to have them taken away from me at one single blow, to be left to the charity of the world, to the ingratitude of my grandsons. You can never realize the agony, the grief that came upon me. It broke my heart, it caused my death, if you can so call it; it was my departure from this earth to the spirit world. And Oh, I have been so happy here, so happy with my dear husband that I so dearly loved, with my sons, my children and my grand-children. Oh, I can tell you, my dear friends, it is true, it is all true. Spiritualism is true. I have made a home in the spirit world, and I am so happy. Give my love to Mrs. Snowden, give my love to all my friends. Tell the medium that I love her still. She was always kind and good and considerate, even when many times I vexed her and felt I would like things different from what she was able to provide for me. (As a boarder.) I now see it was all a mistake. Her kindness never wears out, her unceasing kindness. I see it now, I see the difficulties under which she labored, and I am sorry I ever caused her one moment of pain; but tell her, Oh tell her from me, that I love her still, and I am very often with her. Sometimes when she is alone I come and stand by her side, and often I look upon her when the shadows of night have fallen around her. And I would give my love to you for the little acts of kindness you did for me in writing some letters. Oh, I thank you all, I thank you all, and I love you still.

Sept. 15. Mollie: Brother, dear brother. (Is this Mollie Cotton?) Like our childhood days. Many times did you take my hands and say it. (True.) The atmosphere affects my throat, I cannot seem to overcome it. That is one reason I have been so long trying to get strength to control the medium. But when I came to know her, oh how different I felt, and so would Ma if she understood her as I do. Dear brother Joe, she is one of the noblest women I ever saw, and I love her, and so would Ma and all of them if they would lay aside their prejudice against Spiritualism. It's the word Spiritualism that makes Ma feel bad, but she will soon know the truth, and I long for her coming. But I am afraid if Ma is taken away that Cora would be wild. Oh, my dear brother, I would worry about John. But I must stop, I must stop. I cannot, I cannot take upon myself the worriment of life. I suffered enough before I came away. My brother, I cannot say any more. Give my love, my everlasting and undying love to my dear husband. Make him comfortable. Send him some flannels, red, and tell him they are a present from Mollie. (Weeping. The flannels sent.)

Nov. 10. Mrs. —— exposed in Europe.

Phœbe: I was not intending to come at this time, my friend and brother, until you called my name. I am interested deeply in the scenes of earth life that are connected with anyone I knew. And as regards the medium through whom came fraud and exposure, I can assure you that all her work is not fraudulent, but if she resorted to trickery it would have been far better for her to have remained at home, for many spirits manifested through her; therefore, my friend, I have pity for her that she should be so foolish as to take that step. I was sorry when she left these shores, for I knew very well there would be trouble, and if she pursues her course greater trouble yet will come. It is to be deeply regretted that one who was able to do what was right in the spiritual cause should be led to adopt such measures as would prove her ruin and her downfall. I am sure she must regret it sincerely and must hide her face in shame and sorrow, because it is a stigma that will follow her wherever she goes, and it will last as long as her life will last.

I have admired you for many years for your honesty, for your integrity, but sometimes I have thought, my friend, that you have carried matters a little too far. Were you to go among them and say it was fraudulent, manufactured by the medium, you would be cried down as a mischief-maker seeking trouble. That is the way many have felt who have seen for themselves. I know she was always afraid of you, and even now she feels that you will rejoice and gloat over it. But if her seances had been a success,

what renown, what credit, what power she would have gained from the other side and in this life. She went forward feeling she was with spiritualists and they would protect her. They will watch her closely wherever she travels, in every town or province these reports will precede her.

As for Mr. —— and his wife, I have known them these many years. He is conceited, egotistic, and feels he knows it all, the same old shackles binding him down that were around him when I was on the earth. Affliction has come upon him, and still he takes that affliction as a spiritual guidance to him. He holds communion daily with his two daughters, and feels he is so near to them that he lives in their presence. You must make allowance for him. He will pass away suddenly after a while! (He was afterward suddenly killed by a trolley car on corner of 23rd Street and Broadway, New York.)

Paine (strongly): Well, my friend, I expected the downfall of Tammany. I knew it. I felt that this thing could not go on much longer. I told you a good while ago, I cannot remember the number of months, that I would come and talk to you, but various events have transpired, and have been transpiring continually. The revolt has been going on, the revolution forming, and I have felt that my place was where I could see and know and help those that work for the overthrow of wickedness and crime. Had these events happened in my day, they would have said that Paine had something to do with it, but as I passed on and out into the other life, those who have come after me have sunk in infamy; they have plotted and ruined the government of this fair city. Oh, the ignominy, the selfishness, the wickedness of those that held the power in Tammany. Men that were criminals, drunkards, low and mean and despised, were paid with money they grasped from the poor, the widows and the orphans, and from every source. They spared neither man, woman or beast, eveything used for their purpose, and at last the day of vengeance came. There was one man raised up by might and power, and with the spirit of the Most High he came into this city and by his grand and noble work affected this reformation. He came like one of the ancients of old, and the spirits of the grand and good stood round about him and helped him. Such men were Washington and Lincoln and other great and grand men that fulfilled their destiny in their day triumphantly. They helped him, they stood side by side, they manipulated his brain, they strengthened his hands, they upheld him that he might do his work, and he has done it well. Many times have they thought of assassinating him, but the good spirits above have been around him as a wall of fire and protected him, and his name will be honored and respected for generations to come. They should raise a monument, they should raise a tower, they should do something to celebrate this great deliverance and freedom from the powers that were.

In my day, when I stood alone in your midst, they called me an infidel and tried hard to kill me, but in this day had I lived I would have been honored, I would have put down this wickedness the same as Parkhurst. It would have been my delight, my chief duty to have stood by him and helped him. In cases of great emergency, when ruin runs riot, when wickedness prevails in high places, when there is no respect for the law, someone is raised to put a stop to it. Some unknown one, never heralded by trumpet, by cymbals or drums, has come up from the masses of the people and promoted a great revolution, and in this case of the one who has been the head, the leader, it is said another honest man was found. In ancient times it was said, if they found one good man he would save a city, but in these troublesome times two good men have been found—the Governor and Parkhurst. Parkhurst, a minister, filling high position in the Church of the Lord, did not come down from royalty nor from the rich men of the earth. He buckled on the shield and girded himself with the whole armor and fought a mighty battle, and the spirits from the other side say, Glory Halleluiah to the man that has redeemed the city.

Now, my friend, I have fulfilled my word with you given so long ago. A greater work has been before me, I know that the medium will eventually lead you out of your way of thinking and show you the beauty of charity, which is one of the greatest gifts of earth. Although you do not think she has the wisdom of the gods, or the education of other people, in integrity of heart, uprightness and truthfulness, you can follow her example.

CHAPTER XIX.

JAN. 19, 1895. Wiona: Big circle last night. When you made the music so nice it floated right up in the air, and the medy heard 'em singing it. I went down to your home this week. I guess your mother live to be most eighty-four. (Died at over 83.) Her chief trouble is worrying about John and the children and the boy and about you, and her gets up lots of ways and means for worrying. Mr. Pritchard awful good man. I sees him, and he ought to have the money and live on; and they like to look nice. And I went over the Brooklyn, and I see all the strikers and all the people knocked down and throwing stones on 'em. I think this country mixed terribly, and I think the big wise men in the spirit world would lift this world up into better 'ditions.

Greeley: Good evening, my friend. I feel it is time I come again to speak of things in the earth life. When I was here you did not have so much trouble. Then politics and politicians assumed a different attitude altogether. Perhaps the police and commissioners were just as bad, but their gate was not discovered, things passed on in a general way; there certanly was more peace and unity of spirit among the politicians. There is a great deal of strife raging at the present time in this city and throughout the United States. You can scarcely call it the United States, because they are anything but united. There is so much contention, so much quarreling, so much robbing and wickedness lurking everywhere, not only in the low places but in the high, and along the streets and among all classes you find rottenness, debauchery and crime. I cannot say I think all this is caused by the head of the Government, but in a great measure by the people themselves. These strikes are something that cause great commotion and difficulty among the people, and they should be put down at once. Authority should be maintained to prevent strikes, and when they begin this terrible thing they should be arrested and locked up. Strikes mean bloodshed, class war, murder, and almost every other crime. It is better for people to submit to injustice than to do an injustice themselves. But as I survey the world at large, we who have escaped it, left life's work and entered upon this great plane, where we can see for ourselves and know the condition of things far better than you on your plane, sympathize deeply with those that are so distressed, that are perishing for food and lack of nourishment, for lack of money to sustain the body, in this great country where so many millions are deposited in the banks, while the people are starving in the streets. This thing should not be; the mighty men should be made to disgorge their funds and help the people.

I feel sometimes as if all creation were hastening to its end, and things as they are could no longer be endured. Who is to make the hard and flinty heart soften and help the poor and oppressed? There are great and mighty men, but they are hemmed in, they are prevented by other men in power that have more wealth than they, they are blocked in every way, but something must be done, and that speedily. It cannot go on in this way, riot must cease, starvation faces the strikers, the citizens are bemoaning the loss of time and the loss of money. It is, indeed, my friend, a sad condition of things. We that are in safety on this side ought to be thankful that it cannot reach us, but we can see it reaches our friends. You have reason to be thankful that you are not among the sufferers, in want of a home or a business occupation. You have it all, and of course you cannot feel it as a sufferer does. When on earth I used to advise them to go West, that they might make a home, a name and place for themselves, but they center now in the great cities, they like to be where there are many people, and they suffer. Perhaps it is through their own neglect, through their own waste of time. Instead of going West and making for themselves a home, they prefer to stay and suffer in this city and in other cities. I can only say that at present the condition is a very serious one for this country, very serious, and there is so

much difficulty and contention among the heads of Government that every man is against his neighbor.

We see the conditions, because this was our home, our native city; we watch its progress, its work, we care for its people, and we like to see its laws honestly sustained. I have great sympathy for the suffering. In my life I exercised a charitable feeling towards all men. When they forced me to be nominated for the Presidential chair I did not want it, I fought against it, it was not my desire, the only hope I had in that was to unite the North and the South, it was not for the honor. That you well know. I never sought it, I sought for great peace, but was defeated, and it was right I should be, because I was not strong enough in force of character to do the work as it should have been done after the war. It wanted a man of more nerve, of a stronger spirit, a man that was not afraid of his fellowmen, while I was yielding. I can now see how many mistakes I made by yielding to my feelings in regard to the political war North and South.

Feb. 9. I purchased a little present for the medium, said nothing about it and concealed it, but spirit Wiona at once stated what it was, and where it was hidden under lock and key.

Feb. 18. About three o'clock this morning I was awakened by a loud crash in my room, jumped up and found a great mass of heavy plaster had fallen from the ceiling, enough to have crushed my skull if it had been more immediately over my head. The medium, hearing the noise, appeared, and under control of Dr. Krebs, said:

Friend Snipes, it was a close call. I thought you were about to be with me, but your work on earth is not yet done. There was a restraining influence. Let it be a warning. Life is but a thread. Good night.

Wiona followed, and said she was in Harlem visiting the medium's sick daughter Josephine, but felt she must hurry down at once. In the morning the medium called on the daughter, who immediately exclaimed: Mother, is anything the matter at home? Wiona was here, and said she must go home at once, there was some trouble. I saw her form and heard her say it, and it has worried me.

Apr. 13. Johnson: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. I am Mr. Johnson. I feel at home in this room. So many times I came and sat in that chair. You know the medium saved it for me. She often looked down the stairs and said her mascot was coming. Well, I have come through the mists and the storm, and I am really glad to come. I want you to remember me with so much loving-kindness to the medium, for I thought her so good and honest and true when I was on earth, and now I know she is, because I can see her as she is, and understand all the motives and all the desires of her heart. What a comfort it was to go into Spencer Hall and sit in my old seat now occupied by others. Oftentimes on Wednesday night I go there in spirit, and see my place occupied and would like to show myself, but I cannot be materialized as I was in earth life; but I think that sometime when the medium is under control I will come and say a few words to the audience. I mean this medium, because I thought a great deal of her on earth, and now I know her value, and the comfort and consolation she gave me from my spirit friends. Oh, how glad I am, my friend, to be at home in the spirit world with my loved ones. There is no contention, there is no unkind feeling; it is peace and harmony and love.

Today, when I saw the medium so happy with her new shoes, I thought of the last time I saw Mrs. Woodruff, when she placed her new shoes on her feet, and in less than ten minutes fell dead upon the floor. I thought of it today, and of the short-lived pleasures of earth. Little things, but I tell you, my friend, little acts of kindness bring great pleasure sometimes. Mrs. Woodruff is here in the spirit world and seems radiant with happiness. She often says to me, Oh, Mr. Johnson, to think that we should be here together. It was but a short separation, and here we are, and I would not go back to earth for all the earth contains. . . .

How I did wish to see my friends, but they did not come to see me, and so I passed into spirit life, I left the tenement of clay for this bright abode, I did not tarry long on the way. All my spirit friends were round about me, and more than I could number, and more than I ever knew on earth, connected with me by the ties of blood and love, and old friends of pleasant memories. Now we are here. Not an earth

pang, not a sorrow comes to me, I am perfectly satisfied, I feel happy in my spirit home, surrounded by my loved ones. Dr. Bayan was a good and faithful friend to me, and he attended me in my last sickness. He was my friend for many years.

Apr. 20. Letter from Mr. Pritchard, Virginia, laid before the medium unopened. Medium: I feel the influence of your home and of Mr. Pritchard. It seems as if something had been said about an operation. His blood is very poor, and there is a burning sensation, and he will suffer intensely when the weather gets warmer. (Later he did undergo a severe hernial operation. Nothing about it in the letter.)

Father's sister: I am Aunt Jane. I have heard talk of a marriage of one of your nieces. As regards Aunt Mary, she is sometimes quite well and sometimes quite poorly, sometimes away down and then again way up. Sometimes she gets very low-spirited and depressed and rather inclined to melancholy, then again she gets over that. You know her disposition, her temperament. As I see the conditions, I think they would like a marriage soon. I have visited you before, but not in a long time.

Mollie: Dear brother Joe. Yes, I see Mamie wants to get married, and I think after her Cora. Cora is a girl determined in her own mind. Perhaps it would be just as well, for Cora would make a good wife, but I hope they will all remain together with poor John. Brother Joe, Ma has a cancer in her breast and stomach. I feel the distress that she suffers, but do not breathe it to her. . . .

When I see the disposition, the sacrifices, the kindness of the medium, I feel that I love her very much. I come more freely day after day, and it is so easy for me to come and see what goes on. I see the beautiful flowers, I have many times looked at them, and I hear the sweet music, and I love this room. There are so many pleasant things in it, the bright sunlight, so many books, and so much to make your life pleasant and happy. When you come to spirit life I want you to come to my arms, I want to be the first to grasp you and to welcome you. I am so thankful and so happy to think I can come back and watch over you and fit you for the spirit world. It is your united strength that helps me to come. I want to remove from your mind the thought you have that if you do not get everything just as you want it, you do not believe in it. Now that is very wrong, because sometimes it is an impossibility. But you have been well favored, you have had some grand tests.

(Mollie, what do you think of the marriage?) She loves him and he loves her. He is honest, rather set in his way, decided in his disposition, but Mamie does have an influence over him. It is my wish that the family be kept together while John lives. It is best they should, for there must be a home for Billy and for Cora, and for Ma while she lives. And then, dear brother Joe, you have that property there.

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. Since I entered spirit life and you have got a little older, you have got more judgment, more wisdom, and are a better spiritualist. I have told you of the Hell I passed through, and I did not want you to do it. I do not say there isn't a Hell, for those that enter spirit life have to go through a great many of them, because they have to be washed and purified and made clean before they can enjoy the purity of this spiritual life. Remember the years are passing away, and you are not liberal enough to hurt you, not a bit of it. However, I am not always going to argue that question. Your sister is one of the brightest stars we have, she is a jewel, a worthy jewel, she loves you as her only brother, and she wants you so to live that when the last hour comes she can take you with her to her spirit home. . . . How people used to look at me and say I was mean and stingy, and wasn't I tight? When I felt bad I came to New York, and I had a great many delightful times with the medium. I found her sensible, bright and good. I will tell you, friend Snipes, how mean I was. I went into a jewelry store to buy my daughter some present. The medium was with me, taking me all over to show me places and bring me home. I looked at her, with a pocket full of money, and do you know, I was so close-fisted that I did not buy her some little token for her kindness to me. Oh, was it not mean? How many times has it come to my mind of what a mean act it was. I

do not think that she thought of it, but I did.

Aug. 27. Johnson: I was disappointed last night because I did not see Dr. Bahan here. I wanted to tell him something he wanted to hear.

I came here to see him, and I talked with Mr. Falk. Do you know where they put my body? Well, they put it in Greenwood. It is right off where you go into the gate and turn to the right. My father is buried there, Samuel Johnson. My wife was Abbie, Abigail Johnson, and she has gone to live with my son; she did not want to go with my daughter. My daughter's husband is a Methodist minister, and he does not have any home, moving all the while. I told the doctor before I passed away I was willing to go, I was not afraid, I wanted to go. He will tell you I said so.

Krebs: Friend Snipes, I must come, for I suppose I will have to heal the scars when you get on that bicycle. I want you to be very careful, because you may get one or two broken bones. Always carry your name in your pocket, so that if anything happens they may know who you are. Go ahead, as you go into everything, with a will and determination, and you will spend many pleasant hours with it. It will take your mind off from other cares and the saving of money. Well, when I was on the earth if anybody had told me that you would be riding a bicycle I should have laughed. But you live in an age of improvements and changes, everything changes, and people change with the times. I have no doubt you would like to cross the ocean, if such a thing could be. You are of that disposition that you would try some great thing to distinguish yourself. We enjoy this house about as much as you do, we enjoy the flowers, and above all we enjoy the music. Sometimes it is so beautiful it wafts its way to our spirit home, and we gather it up like incense from a fragrant flower. (Later I had the broken bones and the ocean trip.)

May 4. Mollie: I want to say that when you received the J. T. P. in your meeting from the strange medium, I was the one that dictated it to him. I wanted him to give you that test, and to tell you I was there, and where my body was laid. How often would I come to you in that Hall had conditions been right. He also told you the number of the home, and the name of the street, as I struggled to make it known to you. The different tests were good. I am so glad to come to you. It seems like being again in earth life and feeling your presence with me. I like to have Ma with the family, I do not like them to leave her alone, but they are very kind to her. How my heart goes out for my family. Oh, how I love my husband and my children, how I love to come to them. I love to come to you, my dear brother; you are so kind. Give my love, my best love, my kindest feelings, to my beloved husband and children and Ma, and take my fond desires, my brother, for your eternal welfare. Good night.

May 18. Freeman: It has been a long time since I have come to one of your pleasant meetings, but I like pleasant homes, pleasant things, I like to see beautiful things, and to come where peace and harmony prevail.

I have felt for some time that you have thought of resigning the charge of your meetings. You may change your mind, and still I do not advise you to do so unless you have perfect health and peace of mind. Many conversations have been held by the spirits on my side of life about your meetings. I consider them the best you have had in this city this winter, the very best. I had a talk with your friend Phœbe. She is with me very often, and she says they have been a source of pleasure to her, that she has admired your strength of character, your intellectual growth, and she feels that you, and you alone, are fitted to go on with them, because the amount of good you have done has gone out through the length and breadth of the city and the surrounding towns, and many a comforting and spiritual thought has gone from that Hall which will benefit you in the after life. She requests me to say this to you: that she admired but few of the mortals she met, that she was kind to many, but she liked intellectual knowledge. I think that when you enter upon the spiritual plane you will find a very warm friend in your sister Phœbe.

Juno Meeno, Greek musician, who died over one hundred years ago, aged forty, claimed to be the next visitor. Said he often saw the old masters, including Beethoven, who had been drawn hither

sometime ago to hear his own music on my orchestral organ.

May 25. Greeley: Good evening, my friend. Uncle Horace. I feel like resting my feet. (On opposite chair.) You know I never smoked. I did not smoke away my money or my time; I worked for the good of my country when I was here; I worked continually for the benefit of the people, but it was pretty up-hill work, to use a very common expression. Everything seems to be muddled. I do not feel satisfied with conditions. Look upon the abuse they heap upon your mayor and upon every man in office of any note. We see all these things, and we are very thankful we are so far away from them that we can only look down upon the earth and see how they affect our friends, but they cannot reach us as they did. Why, I suffered enough here to kill a hundred men. They ridiculed me and I stood it bravely, and I was glad to go. Pretty hard to leave my daughter, but I was glad to be free. They remember me since I passed out of their sight better than they did when I was in earth life. I did my duty; I tried to save and redeem the people; I tried by every power of which I was possessed to work for humanity, for the benefit of my country; I obeyed the laws, and all the legislation in the world could not make me do wrong; I stood up firmly and boldly to help the South; I wanted to unite the North and the South; I took my life, as it were, in my hands, and I did what I felt was best for the benefit of these United States and the people at large, and as I look over my life I cannot see there is anything I regret.

I did not save much money; they did not fight over my property. I paid my debts, and no man could come to me and say I owed him money, if I knew it. I lived within my means, and I enjoyed the pleasures of life to a great extent, but my married life was not as happy as it might have been. However, that is all passed. We are here together and are quite reconciled; we forget the little things that came up in life. But, my friend, I do not think I ever was quite as quick-witted as you are, I was rather dull of apprehension, I was not so smart at speech-making, the words would not pour out of my mouth like water; I had to think them over and over again; but there were good, sound men living in my day. My letters could not be read.

You now have reached the years when your whole life is changing, your eyes are open more for pleasure, less for profit, more for comfort than ever before; you have branched out more with manly sympathies and manly feelings, you do not live so much within yourself. Oh dear, I see so many men who might be bright and shining lights in the world if they thought of anything but themselves. But it is marble mansions, it is long lines of railways, it is stupendous work—everything for themselves. Still it gives employment to many thousands. You can't divide up other people's property to satisfy humanity. Every man wants to be the preserver of his own will and do as he likes. The workingman, as a rule, is blessed with a large family, and has very poor wages, and half the time has not bread enough to eat. It is not the man with a family, but the men that have a genius for money-making, that are long-headed, that understand all its tactics, that can manipulate public opinion. Those that are possessed of millions, what care they for the common people? They know they can tyrannize over the poor as much as they like. That is one of the crying sins of the world. . . .

June 9. Wiona: Did you have a good time riding your wheel? You must get a plate and put on it Kangaroo Snipes. (Wiona, I go to Staunton soon.) A spirit just tell me how they has smallpox down there. (So informed afterward.) Didn't the people get awful scared? Was everybody expecting to get the smallpox? (Who told you this?) The man what comes with Dr. Krebs. His son Edward told him this. Don't they look bad when they get all full of holes?

Krebs: . . . I feel very sorry for your friend, Mr. Mellish, but he did such an inconsistent thing, because he threw himself out of business. It had affected the nerve forces of the brain, and I am afraid of the fearful results that may accompany. I am very sorry. I met him when I was in your city, and I was so pleased with him and his wife. I sympathize deeply with

them; I am sorry for anyone who loses his reason, and he is certainly in a fair way to become a madman. . . .

I want to say one thing, friend Snipes. You have labored for many years from your youth up, you have struggled with poverty, you have thrown pleasure to the winds, you have walked silently and by yourself and put up with insolence and sneers, but I tell you, you have persevered, you have gained almost the top of the ladder, you have been a long, long time going up the rounds. Now you have reached a certain position in life, and as middle age comes upon you, you find you can spend a little upon yourself, and you do it for the sake of health and strength and pleasure. That is one great factor. You have enough to carry you through life, and have so many home comforts; you are not boarding among strangers.

June 15. Mollie: My dear brother. Oh, I have come once more to talk with you. Although I have been present here for several days, still no opportunity was offered for me to speak to you. I wanted to tell you about my going with Pa to the upper spheres, and the beautiful scenes through which we went from one sphere to another as we passed on through the different phases until we reached the homes of the seventh sphere. Oh, the air was so pure and clear, every spirit seems so clean, so pure, so perfectly happy, and when Pa came in they crowded around him, so glad to see him and welcome him back. I saw in the distance the mountains full of spirits. They seemed to be very ancient; been here many, very many generations, I would think from their style of dress; but they seemed to go up and down the mountains, and I could see off in the distance what they called the learned men, the great men, the historians in earth life, men that had passed the highest grade of scientific knowledge and renown. Everyone in this sphere where I spent so many delightful days with my family and Pa, was so happy, everything there was of such an elevated nature, every spirit seemed to have his own peculiar power which was given him for different things, for different subjects, but all around the mountains was formed a network, you could not penetrate through it, but only see it from the outside, and see the spirits going up and down the mountains to the very top of the clouds. There seemed to be clouds above the mountains, as if the spirits soared away into those lofty heights. Oh, the enjoyment, the love of that beautiful sphere. No wonder Pa liked it so much that he does not care to come back to the lower plane. All the grossness of your nature is taken away, refinement, the highest order of refinement seems to pervade every spirit there.

Oh, my dear brother Joe, my only brother here in earth life, I beg of you to lay aside all selfishness and make your life happy. Who should love you, who should come to you in fond affection but your sister Mollie? I am glad you are going home again. I shall be there, and if a medium can be found I will come and manifest myself. I am in hopes you can find one. I have seen the terrible scare they had (smallpox), but I could not enter into it, because it would bring me nearer to the earth plane and make me suffer again. But you need not be afraid, dear brother. Ma is looking for you and praying for you with so much patience and so much love. Poor Ma. Pa is waiting for her and he longs for her coming. Oh, when will she come? I will try to teach her about the higher life, so different from her own life views. But never mind; Ma is dear to you all, and I should be sorry to have her leave the children. There are many things I want to say, but I cannot take away any more strength from the medium.

July 12. Mrs. Rider: My dear friend, I thank you, Oh, I thank you for every word of kindness expressed to me in my life. I feel very happy. I am with my family, and I would not come back could the whole world be given me. I am happy with my husband, and my son, and my sisters, and almost every member of my family. And I want you to tell Mrs. Snowden I send my love to her. My warmest, my deepest sympathy is for her. I long for her to come over and be with me here as we were together in earth life. She was very kind to me when I was on the earth; she showed continual kindness, and Oh, the suffering, the worriment, the struggle when they robbed me, when I was left without a single penny to call my own. How gently and how lovingly came my husband to me, in the silent hour of

midnight, and bore me away to his home in spirit life, where I have rest, where I have been so happy. Oh, I would love to have all my friends come and enjoy with me this great peace, this great comfort I enjoy with my family. Give my love to all who inquire of me, tell them I am supremely happy. And the dear medium: Tell her the little shawl I made was the last work of my life. I made it for her, and I know she kindly remembers it with love, with great affection. And for your kindness in writing for me in my business transactions, I thank you. My love and my blessing rest upon you both. Tell Mrs. Snowden I am with her continually, that I can see her struggles, and I see the tears she sheds, but they will soon be wiped from her eyes. She will come after a little while and be with me. She has been wronged by her family, but her tears will be wiped away. Goodnight.

Wiona reported presence of a spirit named Baldwin, who lived in Richmond, Va., gone long while, rather stout, had a seed store, a friend of Mr. Pritchard, of Staunton. Not knowing him, I inquired about him and found all the six statements correct.

July 26. (After vacation.) Wiona: Good evening, white chief. Been good long time since I been in this room. You went off, and medy went away. I don't think Mr. Pritchard going to live very long. Him's got something matter down in his hips and in his body (locating exactly.) That boy ain't no good to does the business. I see that girl what has such funny hair. I see her going to be real good. I likes her a great deal better than the other one. I think the other one kinder stuck up. Her thinks she belong to the 400, but the other one don't cares a snap whether she belongs to the 200, the 300 or the 400, and will do the best in the world in the years to come, and you just make a notice of that in your book. She say what her want to, and does what her mind to, and her awful smart. Her ain't got the same kind of learning as in the books, but real good sense in the brain, and her got more feeling in her heart, a great deal more.

Father: Good evening, my boy. I want to come and say that you have fulfilled every wish of my heart, every desire of my life, and I can truly say to you tonight, what more can I wish for than that the blessed son that was given to me may go on and perfect the life from which I was taken, to do those things that I left undone, that I could not do. Oh, my boy, the choicest blessings of the spirit world rest upon you. I bless you, I rejoice over you, and all things will work together for your good. You are blest not only in your Southern home but also in your Northern home. You are surrounded with comforts, with everything to make life pleasant and happy, and you have made others happy through your instrumentality. You have come up to my fondest wishes in your loving care of mother and in your brotherly feeling. I was never able to do it, that you well know. How gladly I would have done it if I could, but always poor and afflicted, with a weak stomach and a terrible cough I was broken down and could not travel without great trouble to myself, with poverty in my family, but you have more than filled up the measure of my days. Tell John my sympathy is with him. I am sorry his health is poor. His family need him. I cannot say any more. Give my love, my undying love, to them all. (Spoken with tears.)

Aug. 3. Phœbe: Good evening, my friend and more than brother, because you stand firmly by the truth. Oh, my beloved friend, you are one who fights manfully for the truth, and you will be blest, blest in your home life, blest in your business, and in every way. . . . I shall miss your meetings. I labored hard to bring people to your Hall. I tried to impress them to come, and oh, how many times I entered the Hall and looked upon your tired face. Well, I would not now take up the labor again; let some one else take it up and see if he can do better. All your labor of seven years will not be lost, and you will reap your reward in the life to come.

Julia, the foreign unfortunate formerly mentioned, came in to say that the little flower planted on her grave in Greenwood many years before had now become a tree full of roses. Surprisingly confirmed by a visit.

Aug. 10. Sky (a friend of Wiona) : Good evening, my friend, good evening. I have just come from visiting that scene of destruction and death. (Collapse of a large work-building down-town.) The cries and groans of the widows and the orphans

reached to the spirit world, and I have been among them today. Their hearts are full of anguish and sorrow, and I feel as if the contractors of that building should be made to suffer most keenly for the affliction they have brought upon so many families. People, I find, as I go among them, press forward so eagerly for wealth they are willing to sacrifice the lives of others that they may gain a little more. Oh, the misery that wealth brings unless it is used for purposes of humanity, to benefit those that will appreciate it and be thankful for it and not waste it in vain things. . . . Well, my friend, I want to say, there are seven more bodies yet to be gotten out from this tomb. (Proven correct later by the newspapers.)

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. We know unless we continually come and bring good influences and kind feelings you get out of gear, kick over the shaft and get over-radical. But you will never stop the comets in their course, nor turn aside the ocean. You were born on a stormy night, when all the winds were wailing around the tree-tops, and when you came into the light you seem to have been imbued with the restlessness investing all Nature. You grew up in a school of affliction; there came within your soul a desire for progression, a desire to be somebody, and with that feeling in your heart you set out upon life's journey. You received an education that fitted you for life's duties, and you went on from year to year struggling and making some progress, going through many trials and buffeting many storms, and now, friend Snipes, you stand on the side of the mountain. Now you say, I have fought my way up-hill, I stand here, and I am not going to take my hat off to anyone unless I choose to do it. After a while I shall reach the top of the mountain and then I will stop. This is the scene that comes up before me and I am telling it to you. You know how much of it is correct; but you have it in your power to do good, and you have done it to a great extent, and I am thankful for the progress you have made.

Oct. 19. Wiona: So many spirits come here, the music draws 'em. I see Rubinstein, big man, big through here, bushy hair, deep eyes, better looking than Beethoven, shorter man, kinder bent over a little. I wants to get all the music men. And I see the Abbott woman, and she on the tail-end, not so big as the others. Oh say, they bring such powerful influence here, and they see the room so full of spirit influence they like to meet here and join in the hallelujahs. Oh, they sing such beautiful music, and it goes way off so high in the air. I wish the medy's ears could be tuned to music, but her have to have her head all made over again, and it couldn't be done now. Now they gone in their white robes.

(Have you been to Staunton?) I passed through on a flying trip awful quick. You been trying to puzzle my medy, and won't tell her nussin'. I told medy that pretty face was married. I 'spect the other one get married in little while. I likes her best. She knows how to sing loud. Hers engaged to the man. The old grandmother got to have good care taken of her. As I went from the place I see in the atmosphere an uneasy nervous feeling. I no get the 'splanations. The man there no well man, mind worries him, likes to see his chilen settled in life before he get called away.

Krebs: Well, friend Snipes, you had quite a heavenly visit from all those spiritual men that came to enjoy your music, such strong-minded and long-winded men. I did not count them, but I saw a great many of them came to listen, and the spirits enjoy music as well as you do in earth life. We are nearer to you than you think.

And so you have had a marriage in your family. It is one event, one that took years to develop itself. Well, such is the course of Nature. All things change and all things become old. So with their marriage, and they will go on and repeat the name. It is a sad pity to have the beautiful name of Snipes die out with you. Some people think a great deal of a name. What was in the name of Dr. Krebs, now soon forgotten? Scarcely ever a thought is given to his memory. This life is a mystery all the way through, do you know it? How true it is that you labor and lay up, and never know who will inherit or who will come after you. I have had no one but my daughter, and I am out of her midst and almost forgotten. . . .

Oct. 26. Father: My boy, my boy, I feel under such a load of gratitude to you for your many acts of kindness. I feel that you have been wronged, my boy, but it will only be a little while before things

MOTHER WAKEMAN

will change. Mamie, with her proud and haughty spirit, will yet be humbled and broken. I am glad you helped John. He has seen so many hours of sorrow, he has felt the ingratitude of his daughter so keenly, the agony of his mind is as great as the pain of his body. But Oh, my dear boy, you are such a blessing to your mother. Never mourn for her, for we will receive her with joy, with love.

Mollie: Brother Joe, I cannot speak of Mamie's ingratitude, I cannot, cannot be reconciled to what she has done. I must have time to overcome it. She causes me great sorrow. (Weeping.) Oh, brother Joe, she knows how much you did for the family. But I cannot talk about it. The dear old medium. Oh, my brother, I love her, I love her because she is so kind to you. Her life is a living example for others to follow. That, my dear brother, you know.

Krebs: . . . . I never mixed up, you know, with family affairs. When upon the earth I was very careful never to get in trouble with other people's business, but I have seen the deep grief of your sister. She seems so humiliated, after the great love and affection you have shown the family, that Mamie should take the stand she has, that she tried to embitter the other sister with the same feelings; but she is of a different mold and disposition and looks upon life in a very different way. I think, to take the condition of the family as it is, it is rather distressing, and I would say to you, friend Snipes, that your mother is not happy there and would be more happy in another home. But she has a disposition for continual change, it seems born in her, but she is a good old soul, she means all right, does not care much for work, and has great anxiety on her mind. Pretty hard for an old lady of her time of life. I cannot say more about it, but I do think the older sister should have taken her place at the head of the family and stayed there and assisted in the care of her father and of the household.

Nov. 2. Wiona, holding a sealed letter from J. T. P., remarked: There's a worry here, and I don't 'spect they hear from the boy. That is the feeling what I get. He was going to write the letters home, but he didn't does it. (True.) They no business let boy go way off. Him smart, but know it all. He's out of money. The grandmother worries great deal, 'cause the ones there says they has lots to do, and Willie boy is away, and father been sick, and all things come kinder uncheerful. I don't think that girl likes my medy a bit, and I don't her. Her don't likes anybody very much, don't think her love her husband any too much, only her just wanted to be married and didn't want to teach school.

White chief, I don't want that boy to go to the bad, on account of his mother. I think he all discouraged and he go off, get in bad company, and just go from bad to worse. Him's mother went off to spirit life long ago, and he got upper hand of the father, and when the father talk to him in a mild, nice way, the boy didn't care, and when he goes in the house one scold him, and another scold him, and then the boy get saucy and does what he minds to. I gets the influence from the mother. Her knows he won't be safe where he goes way off alone; her feels bad, and it brings her near the earth, and her father don't likes her worry, 'cause her had trouble enough in earth life.

Nov. 9. Father: My dear boy, I come to you. When I think of all your toil to place the family on a good foundation, and see the mistakes they made, it makes me feel very sad. It seems they would not be happy when they might be comfortable. And I am sorry for your poor mother. I look upon her in great love and sympathy, for it is hard to arrive at her age when life becomes a burden. She regrets very much Mamie's leaving home, and it was a sad mistake, and Mollie seems overcome with grief and says she cannot come and talk about it. The boy is very obstinate, headstrong; his father was too lenient with him altogether and let him have his own way, but it is too late to try to undo what has been done.

I come alone tonight. Mother will pass away soon. I wish I had her with me in spirit life tonight. She would be happier and more comfortable. She will wake up in a new life, with new ideas, and in this grand spiritual life will find what a mistake she has made. When you gave the home I felt what a haven of rest they had, and I regret that Mamie should leave it.

She should have stayed and taken care of her grandmother while she lived, then if she wanted to make a home somewhere else the rest could take care of themselves; but when the young want to get married they don't care much for anybody else.

Nov. 16. Wiona (holding sealed letter from mother): I gets from this a depress feeling, don't feel satisfied at all. If I could only see you it would be a great deal better. There's a kinder upset all around. Your mother wishes her was at the end of it. Poor old lady, I feels awful sorry for her. I think you tried so hard to make her happy, and everything goes different. You thought her stay there and be contented in her own home; but her ain't. The girl should have stayed there and kept home, and let the sister go out some. Now I want to groan and groan, and go down on my knees and pray: Oh Lord, my Heavenly Father (mother's usual phrase), I thank Thee Thou has spared me to this time of my life. Help me to be reconciled to Thy will, whatever it is. I pray Thee to bless my son and to deliver him out of all his spiritual feelings, and may he, oh Lord, before he passes out of this life become a good and religious man, and don't let him listen to evil things that lead him away from the holy truth. Amen. I had to say it. Oh, I was getting sankimonious. I don't want to be pious any more. When they going to send the apples? (A barrel was promised, but not mentioned, nor delivered.)

(Submitted another letter, from John.) Wiona: Get different feeling. I had no idea Cora felt so bad about going away, and wanting money. Him thought it was wrong for her to ask such a thing of you, that her better stay till ready to get married. The other girl going away kinder upset the whole thing. Her got awful temper. The man what's got her will get all he wants. Her got more temper than the other, who's more of a tomboy and don't care. This one cares more for what people say, and to carry out her spunk. The other will be best off in the end, a good deal. Her may not get so many big words crammed into her head, but her got more brain sense.

(Held sealed letter from Cora): This from the girl. Awful quick. Really good-hearted girl after all, but her didn't like you writing her father about what I said. She right out when her feels hurt. And her thinks you got lots of money and thinks you could give her anything she wants and not miss it. Don't you 'spect her sly? Her tired keeping house and wants to have her liberty. I just tell you, white chief, it was a dreadful wrong thing for the other one to go into the house and take out the things, 'cause it broke up the home.

Krebs: . . . Your mother must have tender care at her age. She cannot stay there without the girls. The older one did a great wrong. She though she would show her disposition, even if it broke up the home.

Dec. 26. I received a telegram from cousin Henry Hare, of Richmond, Va., summoning me to the bedside of my mother, who was suddenly stricken down in her chair in his home. On arrival I found her speechless, but she seemingly recognized me, and kept her eyes upon me as I held her hand continuously, until it began to grow colder and colder, and surrounded by sorrowing kin and friends, with every symptom of cancer of the stomach, at 12:15 A. M., December 28, 1895, she was taken away. Alone I accompanied her body to Staunton, for burial beside the remains of her husband and daughter.

Dec. 31. I returned to New York, and our venerable medium was at once entranced by father, who spoke as follows, after eager Wiona:

My boy, Wiona got a little ahead of me in her great anxiety to tell you, but I want to say, you have fulfilled the mission that was given you to do. For a long time I had felt a great desire, and so had Mollie, that mother might come and be with us. You know, my boy, that in her old age, in the last declining years, she began to feel a great weariness, and the little labors of life seemed like heavy burdens upon her and hard to be borne. And then she grieved so much over you, feeling that you would be lost eternally. Oh, my boy, when I reached down and took that poor suffering form, and passed with her through the realms of mists and darkness into light, she opened her eyes and looked around, and said but little: Mollie, is it you? Do I see you, Mollie? Looking around upon the group she said: And these are my children. So long

since they went away. And this is William, my husband. She said no more, but seemed to drop away, not fainting, not lost, but excessively weak. The change was great from earth life to spirit life, from death as you call it. We have not left her, we stay by her. We have her in our home, so pure and white, festooned with flowers. Mollie seems radiant with joy and delight: Oh Ma, I have got you with me now, to stay forever and forever. And Oh, my boy, weep no more for your mother. She is with us, surrounded by blessings innumerable. There is around about her a halo of light, and she will soon outgrow the feebleness of her nature, and be able to tell you many things concerning herself, and her going to Richmond.

She felt that you would blame her. Oh, Mollie (she says) I wanted to go. I wanted to attend the Conference. (Methodist Conference, a favorite habit of hers.) I was not happy, I had to do more than I was able to do, and I wanted to go. Intercede for me, Mollie, that Joe won't blame me. And Oh, my boy, I know there are ties in earth life that bind one to another, but when they do come they are received royally and with joy. I cannot now control the medium very much; but I was so anxious, my boy, to tell you we have got her at last. She has come to us. Never think of her as lying in the grave, but think of her as in her beautiful home with us, in a world where all is love and kindness. My boy, you know you were the love of her life, her soul was bound up in you. She prayed continually, and let all that was good in her life be an example for you. Cherish her memory, think of her with pleasure, think of that strong will, think how hard it was to be conquered by disease. But she could not sustain that feeble body, disease conquered at last. (Did she suffer?) Not much, not much. I think she was not conscious of suffering, for she was numbed throughout her body. You suffered more keenly than she did. She was not sensible of pain. She knew you, Oh, my boy; she says she knew you most all the time, but could not speak. She opened her eyes, she knew she was passing away and was going out of life into the other life, and she was willing. She would have liked to have said some things, to have left some message for the girls and Billy, but she could not speak. As soon as she gets a little stronger she will tell you.

Mollie: Oh, my brother, how can I thank you? There are no words I can speak to express my love. Oh, my brother, we have got Ma here, and it is all I can say, it has overcome me with joy uncontrollable. I can only say, dear brother, it was so kind of you to remember John. Poor husband. Oh, I am so glad, I am so glad. Oh, my brother, the girls should never forget you for your kindness. I am glad that Mamie is going back. I wish you would take care of your health. I am afraid you will get sick. You have gone through so much sorrow, dear brother Joe. And I have another request I want to make, if you won't think it is too much; that is, I want you to know and be sure about Billy, not take anything for granted, but Oh, I would like him to come back. I think he might do better now.

Chapter XX.

JAN. 1, 1896. Wiona: (How is mother's spirit home?) I wish you could see the place. It is all pure white, and I see beautiful roses and flowers all over it and all inside, and I see what looks like it all kinder wove together, just as soft as down, and her lies on them, and they sit down beside her, and your sister puts her hand up and smooths her face, and she tells how glad she is to have her there. And then your father come and he sits down, and the whole place is full of relatives, and I see blood relations what was here in spirit life, and they all speak of how good you be. You didn't use to be so good, but your heart opened and you see things in a different light, and you branch out, and you helps more than what you did. They talks over all the things what you does. And your sister says, We won't have any trouble with Ma, for her see that Spiritualism be true for herself. And Dr. Krebs got a home alongside their place, with his two wives, such a great big time right along together. And then there's another piece you walk on where you see the green grass and hear the birds, and you come on the Phœbe Cary's people, and so many of them what was her friends in earth life, 'cause her knows so many peoples.

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. You have passed through quite a period since I have been with you. I have seen it and I have felt it, I must tell you. Of course Nature must weep, and did weep, but after all there was a satisfaction, there was a feeling it was far better for her to go than to stay. Her life's work was done, she had completed it to the best of her ability. She had been a devoted Methodist; she was one who had given to charity as far as her means would permit; she had a kind word for every one, and her life was rounded out in fullness of years, and I am sure you cannot but rejoice and be glad that you were alive and able to close her eyes and lay her away to rest. It is only indeed the poor body full of pain that is at rest, the spirit emancipated from that body of suffering has arisen, has been received and greeted by husband and daughter and other children and friends, and they laid her tired, weary head in the arms of her husband. Oh, how gladly he pressed the form and laid her down upon the soft pillow that she might grow in strength and be renewed in spirit, and be able to come back and to talk with you. Now she is there, she can come to you much better than when she was living in a distant city, waiting and waiting for a letter. Although you were prompt and kind, she had many hours of waiting and watching. Many times her heart ached, and she felt she had outlived all her friends, the most of them had passed away and she was left behind. She often said she had been spared to a good ald age, and she was fully prepared for the great change that came to her, and you know well, friend Snipes, that we who believe in the spiritual philosophy know that the change was a grand and glorious one to her; she had nothing to fear, it was all clear before her. The joyous welcome, the happiness she experienced, I can tell you I, too, experienced; and so many others.

Jan. 11. Wiona: When your mother first went away her seemed small, but her getting larger and growing out more like her was. I see your father. He is with her all the time. He says her spirit lingered in the room sometime after everything seemed gone. It was just like a person in prison, but I think the change very good. I don't think her praying so much hurts her any, 'cause it eased her mind if it didn't do any good.

(Is she in Abraham's bosom?) No; in her husband's bosom. And all united all the while, all the children and Mollie's children, grown up, what went into spirit some time ago, and so many of them. The place where they are don't seem big enough to hold them all, and all the relatives what comes along.

Father: My boy, I thank you, as I always tell you when I come, for the great kindness

you have manifested for the family, and still with all the care and interest many things came up that were unpleasant, but do not lay anything to heart, because you have done all that a good and brave and noble boy could do. I talk it over with your mother, trying to raise her up. She says everything is so strange and so new, she cannot believe she has passed into the spirit world, because everything is so real and so lifelike to her. She has not yet heard any shouting Methodists, with songs and prayers, but a calm quietness pervades everything, and the great peace and harmony that prevail here seem to inspire her with great courage and with a feeling of love. Your mother has a very peculiar temperament. I need not speak of that, for I myself had another; consequently you were born with that peculiar inheritance from both father and mother, a quick and nervous disposition, and you must try now and overcome that as much as it lies in your power.

You have lived to see one of the girls married, and the other entering upon the verge of matrimony; look out now for your own comfort and happiness. I feel, my boy, as if you have spent the best years of your life in saving that you might help others. I am glad, and it rejoices me exceedingly to have your mother with me, to have her know and feel that she is with those that love her. No one word has she said about the old songs of Zion, not one word about the holy Conferences to which she was so much attached; but she looks around her with a wondering mind, lost in amazement, feeling conscious of the great change that she has passed through, fully conscious that she is in the spirit world and surrounded by her family from whom she had been separated many years. All these things are new to her, and today she said: Well, I think Joe was about right after all. I think he knew better than I did what was best for me. He was a good, kind, loving son, and I am glad that my sun set before his. I am glad that I came to spirit life, because if anything should happen to him I could bear it better, for I know that he will come to me. And I know, my boy, she will be very happy here, very, very happy. You need not fear nor worry, we shall take care of her.

Niece Cora married on the 22nd instant.

Jan. 25. Wiona: I see your mother, but her seem so kinder weak; is happy 'cause her in spirit life, but don't talk to me at all. They say her thought it awful hard when her laid on the bed and you was there and her could not speak, and her suffered so much 'cause her know'd her was passing out of life and wanted to say some things to you, and wanted you to give the home to Mr. Pritchard. That was in her mind, but her couldn't say it, and her wanted to say more things, and wanted Cora to have something what her had. Her didn't want to stay up there; the girl had gone away, the other girl wanted to get married, and she be alone so much, didn't want to work, got awful homesick, cried a good deal, and her started and went off, and then when her got down there her thought you was angry with her. She cried awful sight before she was taken bad.

She knows now. She thinks, after all, it was cancer what her had in her, and it broke when her was so sick. If her hadn't passed out when her did, her go in little while with appleplexy, and then would choke to death anyway. Her says it's all over now. I see her very plain, just as natural as that picture what you got. Her pale, thin, ain't so much hair, but her face bright, looks more spiritual like. Says everything different in spirit world, charm about everything, but her brought so near to you in earth life, her can see everything.

(Anything she wanted to leave to John?) Why, she wanted to leave him the sights (rubbing her eyes). He is awful careful of them, too. (He afterwards wrote me that she gave him her gold glasses, and they fitted his sight.)

Your mother thought Cora ought to have had something. I think by the feeling the other one went out kinder selfish. I going to tell you, white chief, 'spect you be mad, I don't like her disposition; her kinder arbitrary; I don't know I 'splains it right. Can be good if her want to be, awful sweet if her got to be. I think I will do something for policy.

Feb. 1. Wiona: Your father and sister and all come last night to the Potter medy, but your mother didn't, her ain't strong enough. Her will come and control this medy, she says, when her can talk. She comes very near to you. Oh, my dear son, he was so kind and good to me when I

was on the earth. This is what your father says from her, and she says she does hope Cora will be happy, as she is gone away, for she says that Cora would work, would do when the others didn't care, but now she says the great change has come and it will be better; but the mother, Mollie, worries so about the boy. It brings a shadow, 'cause he don't tell all the things of his life. (What is he doing now?) Him's giving peoples something to eat. I knows nothing about it, only I sees a great big C. (We knew nothing of where he was, nor of what he was doing, but soon after this spirit information he advised the home by letter that he was in a restaurant in Cleveland. No mind-reading here.)

Feb. 15. Father: Good evening, my boy. How glad I am to come once more. Ma, my beloved wife, is here with me, and I am so happy. I can take her in my arms and fold her to my bosom. My boy, she was my first and only love. I married her in early life. So many opposed us because we were cousins. I know we had many trials, for we were poor and troubled to get along, and my health was so poor; but after a while the deliverance came, and I came here to spirit life, and my first thought and endeavor was, What could I do for my family? Mollie was sick, and I could not do much, because it was a long time before I had strength enough to control the medium. Many months passed away before I had strength and will-power to control her, and then my efforts were very feeble; but as I grew stronger, and as the conditions of this higher and better life took possession of me, my very soul went out with an earnest desire for the welfare of the family. Poor Mollie suffered so much pain and anguish and was so poor. Oh, how my soul mourned for her; but at last she came to me and I received her. Now she has grown bright and strong and brilliant and is a glorious spirit. Now we watch over mother, and in a little while we hope she, too, will be bright and will realize the glorious beauty of her spiritual home. . . .

Feb. 29. Father: Oh, my boy, I am so glad of this opportunity once more. I do not wish you to put aside your sittings; it brings peace to me and to us all here. Whom have we on earth so dear to us, my boy, as you are? I feel so glad as I look through your pleasant home. I could not give you such a one in my life, but now you have made it for yourself. We all rejoice together that you are so honored and deserve it. I did not set you this example on the earth, for I had so much to contend with. It comes back before me very often, but, my boy, all the past is forgiven in the fond love of my wife, my cherished wife, your mother. Oh, how glad I am to have her with me, to hold her in my arms and lay her head on my shoulder. We talk over our days of courtship, our long life of sorrow and of joy, and it was certainly crowned at your birth with a blessing, and your daily life has been a comfort.

And, my boy, your mother says, Tell Joe, I see now and know it all. All that unkind feeling I had toward the medium has passed away, and I love her, for I think she is one of the kindest and most loving of women I have ever seen. I always felt such a prejudice against her, but I know her now, and I hope her life will be spared for a long time. If she ever knew how I felt, if you ever did tell her, I hope she will forgive me.

Mar. 14. Father: My boy, you seem changed, your life is different and more pleasant, and you feel happier, everything seems to move along in a groove, straight, plain and comfortable. Oh, my boy, could I have had a home like this when I was on the earth, and have had the business you have had, don't you think I would have been a happier man? Surroundings have everything to do with your feelings. I was poor and in poor health, and of a fretful disposition, little trifles annoyed me so much, as you well know. Mother and I speak of you continually, and she says, I am so glad, I am so thankful. How little I knew of his life when I was on the earth. I got his letters occasionally, but there was always a feeling that he was going astray, but now I see everything so different. How true are the words on earth that we see as through a glass darkly, but now we can see everything in its true realization of what life is. I think mother is so happy when she contemplates your life; but then she felt that Spiritualism was your ruin. She says you must forgive her. She could not be convinced

but that it was leading you wrong, and that you would suffer eternal punishment.

Mother: Joe, for a long time I felt that the young girls thought it was a good deal to see to me and wait upon me, and that I was in the way. I am with my family, with my children and Mollie, and I am your mother, and I can see you, Oh my darling boy, I can see you. And I shall be glad when the warm weather comes and you can go out and take your comfort. I would rather you would not ride on the Sabbath day, but with you, I suppose one day is the same as another. You feel as if you did not care for church life, and that there is not much in it. I tell you, confidentially, there is not. I was a red-hot Methodist. You know that, and I loved the Methodist church, and the Methodist ministers were almost my gods. You know how much I thought of them. (Very true.) I see now that their creeds were the work of man's hands, and the most of them preach for money. They always said, Salvation is free, for you and for me; but, Joe, they wanted an awful sight of money to back it when they were singing it, didn't they? They would send out contribution papers you know. Salvation wasn't so free, was it? It had to be paid for. But I tell you, Joe, Spiritualism is free, Spiritualism is free. Oh, what a glorious truth, what a blessed reality! Oh, I feel now that I can talk of Spiritualism all the while. I am so happy, so happy to get back to be with you, to see and be with the medium. Oh, I ask her forgiveness for every unkind thought that I ever had towards her. I hope, Joe, you never told her, because it would not be right, and she is so kind and good. Oh, I hope you never told her.

Don't you realize I am able to talk with you tonight? And I am so happy, I am so happy that I can speak, and hear you sing, and see you and know you. You were the delight of my life, but I felt so bad when I was taken sick and thought you blamed me because I left Staunton, but when you went there and saw how it was, you thought I did right. Now I can't talk any more. I have been trying, trying, I wanted so bad to come myself, and every time I am going to try and talk a little. Your father says I have done a great deal better than he did. It was a long time; and Mollie says it was years before she could control the medium.

March 21. Mollie: . . . Ma is now so reconciled, so happy. She did control and talk for herself. We help her, both Pa and I, and she wants to come herself and not have us prompt her. She has made rapid progress in the little while she has been in spirit life, far more than Pa and I did. We have helped her, but Ma wants to come in her own might and strength. Many years will pass before her will will be entirely subdued. Oh, if you could see how loving they are together, Pa and Ma. He wants to be with her constantly. Before she came here, he was away in the higher spheres, and didn't seem to care much. I often went with him, but now it is Ma entirely. She says, Tell Joe I see him all the time, and I hear him. So, my brother, be careful, be watchful, and don't let Ma be worrying about you. She has never reached that heaven she thought and sung so much about so many years. Oh, what won't imagination do? She often says it.

Poor Ma had a hard struggle the last years of her life. She was lonely and very unhappy, and I am so glad to have her here with us. Now she hasn't got to worry, and travel the road from Staunton to Richmond continually to seek rest and not find it, always looking and waiting for something else.

Apr. 25. Feeling the serious effects upon my nerves and stomach, after seven years of constant sedentary confinement in office of the Standard Oil Company, 26 Broadway, and after investment in stocks of its strongest auxiliaries, at the age of fifty-two, with sufficient life savings to prevent future residence in Poverty Street, I thought it wise to seek a rest for the rest of my life. In all the previous years of a literary and commercial career, never before had it been my good fortune to be so agreeably positioned as with this great corporation. Retirement predicted and advised.

May 2. Wiona reported Captain Cunningham as saying: Oh, if I had had money I would not have always knocked around the docks. I would have been in better business. (Was Superintendent of Dredging in James River, Va. The fact unknown to the medium.)

Hal lots of 'em to eat and drink, and you knows the people down there didn't work like the people up here, they have to be waited on. That is just what him talk to me. (He had much visiting company with his family before and during the Civil War.) He says he got very tired in earth life working and piling up mud all the time. He got hurt, too, about knees, arms and legs.

Your mother is awful kind to what her used to be. Your father does take so much comfort with her. He's got her with him, and Mollie, and then another, Mary Virginia, and Alice, and a whole troup of children that went out of this life so long and grown up, so they don't know 'em hardly, but he knows who they are, like angels in the higher spheres. (The Mary Virginia, mentioned for the first time, and all, died in infancy.)

Father: Good evening, my boy. I am so glad to see that you are more reconciled in your mind to conditions. I know very well, I know it too well, my boy, how earnest and energetic and ambitious you are, regardless of health or anything else, and that unless there was a check you would work out your life without realizing any comfort on this earth. You know that, don't you? You seemed to feel that you must work, as if everything in life depended upon your exertion, wearing out your health. Well, I like to see everybody, men and women, use some judgment, and take comfort when they can. I can assure you, my boy, that the best days of your life are gone, and what is remaining to you will be as with everyone that travels along the road to the end of the journey, and you have not stopped at the by-places and rested, as most people do, but you have gone on merged in business, thinking of nothing else but saving, and you have been confined at work year after year. Now you will have a chance to rest and enjoy life as it is, and have many pleasures. Oh, my boy, I am so glad, now that you have saved your money. I know that you have always been saving, and I know of the days and nights of toil that you went through to do it, but now, my boy, enjoy all that is necessary for you to enjoy, but be careful of your health.

June 27. Father: The magnetic influences are very strong, and they almost completely use up the life of the medium. In the past few days your mother expressed a very great desire to come so she might be recognized. She has taken every opportunity to try to show herself to the medium, but she cannot hold herself together long enough, but it is wonderful how she has succeeded in showing the outlines of her figure. And I think, my boy, if you would turn your attention more to spiritual thoughts you might see a great deal more than you do. You are wonderfully mediumistic, you have a great many powers about you. Of course it is a very great pleasure, and if you could only see us with your eyes, and hear with your own ears, the forms and voices the medium sees and hears, it would be a far greater comfort to you. Do not, my boy, lose sight of your spiritual faith, let it be the anchor, the stronghold of your life.

It was my wish some time ago that you would retire from business, and spend your time in taking your comfort and pleasure. I have told you many times that you had enough to last you while you live, and what more do you want? Why try so hard to save a little more? I am sure you have been kind to your own family, and you have enough. You know, my boy, and I know, the struggle you have made to get this competence, and now that you have got it, you want more, more. Don't worry, let come what will, you are prepared for a rainy day, as they used to say. They could stand the storm, and so can you. Now remember what I say to you; I am not talking for you to hear in vain. I come to you with a father's love, my boy, the only boy I have on the earth. I cannot tell you how dear you are to us all, and how anxiously we watch your career. Be careful, my boy, that your days may yet be long in the land in which you live. You do not want to be cut off in your prime.

Your mother says, Oh Joe, Joe, Oh, how I wish I could be strong enough to show myself to you so you might see me. I think sometimes, if it is possible I will try in the dim shadows of the early night when the sun has gone down, when everything begins to grow dark and hazy; then I can show myself better than in the bright light of day. It seems as if I would fall apart before I could ever get together, my spiritual faculties seem so weak, and I crumble

away, and then I try again, and again and again. You know it is pretty hard for me to give up when I make up my mind to try and keep trying. Oh, I am glad the medium is better, and I want to tell her I am trying to show myself, that I may ask her forgiveness for being so prejudiced against her when I was on the earth. I am sorry; I want her forgiveness, for I love her very much. I know the sincerity of her heart and how wrongfully I misjudged her. Oh, Joe, you know that well. Will you tell her? I hope she will have health and strength and live a good long time on the earth. We will give her a home with us when the spirit leaves the body. (Medium said that for several days before she saw my mother trying to appear to her.)

July 18. Medium just returned from her daughter's home in Holyoke, Mass.

Father: My dear boy, I come with great pleasure at this time. You cannot think how much your mother has worried about your being alone, the medium far away. She has tried so hard to show herself, and she really is getting stronger, and she says: Tell Joe, I love the medium. I see all her kindness and her goodness, and I tried so hard to impress her to come back home. Oh, I felt there was such a lonely feeling when you came into the house alone, when she that was mother to you was gone, and I was not satisfied.

We have such an earnest desire for your welfare, for you are all we have got on this earth that is near and dear to me of my own flesh and blood. Of course we have Mollie's children, but I want you to be comfortable and happy and keep your home; under every condition, keep your home. I want you to enjoy what you have, what you have earned by the labor of your hands. The medium is dear to us all. If she were to pass out of life and leave you alone, I think your mother would be very unhappy. I saw the medium nearing her home today, and saw the joy that was radiant on her countenance. She is feeling in better health and strength, but she must be careful not to go too deeply into work and soon get tired again. The spirits all take an interest in her, not only my family, but others fill her mouth with prophecy and words of wisdom, that she may show to the world that there is a spiritual power behind it all.

Phœbe: Good evening, my friend and brother. It seems like a good while since I have come to you, but I can tell you I rejoice that the medium has come back in better health. The woods, the oxygen, the ozone, the innumerable birds and the sweet songs they sing are all so inspiring, so cheering, so beneficial to the health of one that was so run down in strength, and I did feel thankful when I saw her enjoying herself among the trees, sitting on the grass, listening to the warblings of the birds. It was indeed a pleasure, and I wish her great happiness and comfort, for she is one to whom we all delight to come. But what are earthly pleasures compared to the beautiful home where all is love and joy and peace? So many have come to us, and so many are coming every hour, born again into a new spiritual body. My beloved brother, be careful of your own health, try to avoid danger, you cannot tell how soon you yourself may fall in your journeys hither and thither and around the city. I am so glad of this privilege to come and speak to you once again, by beloved brother.

Aug. 8. By open-air exercise I had gained forty-eight pounds, and kept them, yet regretful of business idleness.

Wiona: Your sister says she is glad Cora has got the music now. (What do you mean?) Why, that she's got music what her had home, what her plays with her fingers. (A Prince organ I gave my sister many years before. Its transfer to Cora from Staunton was entirely unknown to me, until confirmed by letter after this message.)

Aug. 22. After the giving of many family names, relationship and descriptions, through the medium—

Mother: I told you I would come and give you names, and tonight I have shown the spirits' names, that she might give them to you, of those that are with me. . . . I want you to be careful; don't take such long rides. Will you listen to your mother? Don't be so anxious to make the many miles. (Cyclometer then registered over twenty-five thousand miles, circumference of the earth.) Oh, it is a comfort to me, Joe, to know I can come to you. If you do not see me, you will feel my presence in the home.

(Who were the preachers with you just now?) Bishop Brooks. I don't know that

you ever knew him. Such a grand spirit. He came to me almost the first after I reached the spirit world. Bishop McKenzie. Father Henderson, who preached in Richmond. Bishop Warren. McGee. (The last-named her favorite preacher of the Methodist Protestant Church in Norfolk, Va., in my youth.)

Oct. 4. Wiona, holding a sealed letter from cousin Katie Hare, Richmond, Va.: I gets two influences with the letter. This seems to be a lady, and it ain't round here; I go good ways off. Who wrote this letter is a woman with a kind feeling towards you; a relative. And I gets influence of one who makes music, and I think her the best friend you got in the place; great respect for you. Her mother is in spirit life, and a brother. I see a man, not so old as you, and then I see a child, passed away, and another man, Hoogan, Hogan, and his wife is there. Her ain't gone over yet, and him comes very near to her, and he calls her Susan. And he says she must take care of herself. Does she walk lame? Then here comes Jane, and I guess Jane was mother of Kate, Katie, what 'longs with Hogan. And I see William Hughes, and I see Folkes. It's a man; and I see 'em all among your peoples what's in the South. There's Joseph Gill with this company, and then I see the Cunningham man and the Cunningham woman, all there together. Now wait a minute: I see another one, and John—the last name slip away from me. I see Betsy, Aunt Betsy, and I see another one, a man, Oh dear, such an old man, and I think him's name is Henry Hughes. Him's your mother's father. Oh my, he looks like he came from way back. And dear me, say that little girl there came pretty near dying. Her got well now. They was going to take her away, the grandmother Jane thought so, but they didn't. I see four there. (Any word from Henry Hughes?) He wasn't no Spiritualist when he here, but he says, like Aunt Mary he has found it all true, and he has had a happy greeting with them a great many times. He says that Aunt Mary was persevering in this life, and when she came into spirit life everything was so different she was like a child born again; didn't seem herself at all. I see a man and a gun. Hare. (Where was he buried?) As if he was buried in a trench. Him never taken home and buried. (Henry Hare, captured by Federals in Civil War, confined on Hart's Island, N. Y., and with others buried in a trench. All of above fine tests.)

Oct. 10. Wiona. Handed her a bit of willow, concealed under cover, from grave of Thomas Paine:

I get a feeling of a graveyard from it. Somebody planted that tree a long time ago. . . .

I see the Richmond man, Captain Cunningham. Says something about the Gill woman, and the troubles what her had in her struggles. Is that him's girl? He says he sympathizes with her. He very sorry they had so much trouble there; and he thinks the peoples should take care of the freshets (James River).

Father: Good evening, my boy. I see the autumn leaves, and it made me think of my own boyhood days, before you ever came into this life. When I was young I was a great admirer of autumn flowers and the tints of the autumn leaves, and you have so many traits in your character like unto myself. Sometimes I feel as if you might act out my nature and life in very many ways; but, my boy, I was not as comfortable as you are. You know the struggle we had, living around as I did in different places, and the little salary I got was hardly enough to keep soul and body together. It is indeed a striking contrast, you with your pleasant home, with all its beauty and all its comforts. And still you inherited my traits in your quickness of speech. How many times it comes back, my own disposition, before I learned to conqueror it. . . .

(Who was the spirit just named?) He was an old friend of mine I knew many years ago, Williamson, a Methodist clergyman. He lived in Charles City County. He was an old minister, and we were great friends in earth life, and we have met many times here. Old Mr. Lloyd used to come to our house. . . .

Oct. 17. Father: Good evening, my boy. Since last we were here we have all been to a higher plane, mother, Mollie, and all of us, and we were a numerous family. Mother had a great desire to enter a higher realm. She went, she said, so she would be nearer her Saviour. I told her there was no Saviour to find, that she had seen all there was of that life on the lower

plane, but to enable her to be stronger (she seemed to lose all control of herself), we decided it was best we should go for a while. Long before mother came to me I went to the higher plane, you well know, but came back again, that I might see and talk to my family, and after your mother came I returned to the lower plane to take her to be with us, and to teach her the way of return.

Billy McGee, with other members of the family, helps those that came before me. He takes charge of them, as he has always done these many, many years, and of course I see them, and know their mind, that we are all gathered together, but there are some yet to come to make the union complete. I am glad, my boy, to know that you are wise for yourself. Do not worry about business. You can now reap the reward of your labors, what you have earned with your own skill. You seem the only rudder left to steer the family.

Mother: I am trying, trying to come, my Joe. I went backward, instead of forward. You know I had a strong will to go ahead, but a mistake was made in taking up the cares of earth life; it was too much for me. I am going with your father and Mollie to a higher plane, where I hope to recruit my strength, and to gain what I have lost, and be able to come to you in brightness and full power and the love of a mother. I made a great mistake in giving way to grief. It seemed as if the prayers of my life were thrown away, of no account whatever, all the labor lost. I will now be guided by your father's hand, by his words of love and kindness. We never before knew what love is. Our life on earth was a life of storm, here a life of peace; on earth we were poor, here we are rich; on earth we had our trials, here all is love. And I did so wrong to take upon myself the troubles of the family. Good-bye my darling, darling Joe.

Oct. 31. Father: Your mother tried to visit her home in Staunton. I think if she could be induced to keep her mind and use her forces to benefit herself, it would be better. She visted the home, and said she saw the conditions the flood had made, and all the trouble it had caused them, and she felt an interest in Mamie. She saw the family, but stayed only a short time. It was all she could do to hold together. And, my boy, she tried to make a visit to Richmond, but gave out, and came back to us again, and I think she has been brighter and more cheerful since her return. The same old disposition comes over her at times. You know, my boy, you cannot change everything at once. Oh, how gladly she came back, and how joyfully we received her. She says her next visit will be to Richmond, and then she is coming to visit you.

I am glad, my boy, to find you in better health, and Oh, what a struggle I had to make you willing to take rest and to recuperate. I was glad when I saw you taking an interest in the spiritual meeting. We felt that you were on the right side, and we want to hear your voice again on the platform. I know you worked many years, and still you have the time to labor again for the spiritual cause, and we are always glad, every one of us, when you take an interest in the meetings. Oh that there could be a revival of this glorious truth, such as the Methodists used to have in my time, when the people would flock in and want to hear the truth. I am sure that Spiritualism is far better, far more pleasing than the old orthodoxy. We had to labor so hard to be convicted of sin, and to be converted, as they called it. Oh, how things have changed! The ministers themselves are alive to the fact that it is a dead question, but they must preach it. And, my boy, I would rather see you as you are than to see you working for that in which you do not believe. I believe in people being honest with themselves, and you know, my boy, the preachers do not believe in the doctrines they preach.

Nov. 7. Greeley: . . . My friend, I rejoice tonight to think you carried the election, and all the friends on our side that see and know the situation rejoice with me. I well remember, and we often talk over it, the great trouble that was made when they nominated me. I was too old, they said, but do you know, I felt that I could have done them a great deal of good. Perhaps I was too easy, I might have been influenced by party power. It was all right and just as it should have been, but McKinley is a man they cannot influence. The stability of his character is established; he is the right man in the

right place, and he will work for the good of the government. It is not to abolish trusts, it is not to make trouble in the high places, but it is to help the laboring man, to give him employment. . . . On the morning of the election I told you we would impress the whole people to vote the right way. We tried to lead the van and make them feel they were fighting a good fight and would succeed in the end, and they did, they did. There was a mighty force and power upon them working for the eternal good of this great Government, this nation, this beautiful country, none upon the earth like unto it, and we could not bear to see oppression and misery hold sway over all the people. Good night.

Paine: Good evening, my friend. I know it has been a long time since I have had the pleasure of coming here, but one thing has been the reason, the medium's strength will not hold out long enough for me to use her very much, for as she advances in years she has not the magnetism she had, and it soon passes away. I want to say a few words. I want to thank all the people for their votes. I thought it might be possible they would yet have a new Declaration of Independence written. Although the old one, grand and glorious, has stood the test of generations, still I see so much trouble arising in a political point of view that I felt that I would like to make a thorough cleaning and sweep a great many of these political people into the broad Atlantic; but I could not, I had not the power. I passed through a whirlwind when on earth, and today my influence, my ideas, prevail everywhere in every land. I tell you times have changed and are changing. You are going to have a mighty revival of good times and peace and prosperity in places where you have never had them; you are going to have more plentiful food, more capital advanced for the benefit of the poor, and for factories and for business of every kind, than you have had in a long time. The President of the United States should be a man without reproach, a man able to fill his position with wisdom and every attribute of generosity and uprightness. Such a man is McKinley. It is indeed pleasing to know that our beloved country will prosper, and our flag will survive. Now we feel that Bryan should stop his speeches; he should lie quiet, hide himself away and rest his weary tongue. He will never be President of these United States of America. He might as well give up the thought and rest from his labors. He is a very good insurrectionist.

Nov. 14. Wiona: Mr. Gill says her was very extravagant. They says they could get it run more economic, and there's some man offers to take it for so much money. I heard the trustees says it. They are keeping it dark. . . . I gets the name of Nicols. (What is his first name?) I see the name of George. (George Morris Nicol.) I go to Katie's home. She thinks a lot of you. Her heart goes out to you with great kindness when her thinks of you. Her got nice husband. He's got two girls. One girl ain't got very good constitution like the bigger one. Who is Betts? I guess his wife plays, and I hear singing. She ain't gone over. He was a kinder big bug, kinder stood on his dignity; church man. Went out of life rather sudden. (All correct.) Turner. A lady; very beautiful spirit. Face so lovely. Ain't been so long in spirit life. Think her died with consumption. Small mouth. Was a singer, good singer. (A friend in Norfolk, Va. All facts, unknown to the medium.)

Father: Good evening, my boy. Your mother and Mollie I have not seen of late; they are in the higher sphere, and have been for a number of days. Billy McGee and Josie and Alice, and so many, came and wanted your mother to go with them, and she went. I felt that it would benefit her greatly. She will see all the bright phases of spirit life; she will see the ancients from other lands that have been here so many generations, and when she comes back she will have a history to tell me. For some time Mollie has been very anxious to take her mother away, and at last I consented, feeling that it would give her newer and better ideas of spirit life, and that she would gradually grow up to those ideas and would see Spiritualism in all its beauty and loveliness. For a long time I was there, but now I remain nearer the lower plane. So many of the family, although grown to manhood and womanhood, still are mine, and the love of a father is still upon you; and I honor and respect the medium. She is getting on in

years, and sometimes the burden is heavy upon her.

Medium (recovering from trance): I have the impression that Cora either has or soon will have a child, and that her husband is not now in business. (Both facts, unknown to myself and the medium, but confirmed by letter later.)

Nov. 21. Wiona said she saw a pair of scissors I had just bought and hidden. Circle last night, the medium Carrie Twing.

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I enjoyed Ichabod immensely. (Mrs. Twing's familiar.) I have been hearing him in different places for many years. He is one of the ancient spirits, but he takes upon himself the form of a peculiar critic, one that likes to say queer things and do queer things. He gives a great deal of strength to his medium, and in the different places where he travels the people are charmed with him. They like the peculiar way in which he speaks, the big words he uses, and it all attracts and pleases the fancy of the people. The medium is a very wonderful psychic. She is inspired, and her life is devoted to the good work and to charity. No one knows her but to love her. She makes her pathway in life clear and pleasant to her hearers. May her days be long in this land, for but few are like her, but few can take her place in honesty and uprightness, and you can say to her that one of her old admirers says this. . . . Your father seems all the time busy, telling the spirits how they can come back to earth and improve their condition and make themselves known to their friends; always working, always showing a spirit how to help the other spirits that are around about him.

Dec. 19. Father: I thought your mother would be with me tonight, but she said she would wait until the night is over in which she passed out of life, for it was at this time that she was in Richmond so sick, entering as she was upon the border line, when all things of earth were passing away from her, and she was slowly passing into our spirit world. Oh how I watched over her and tried to impress upon her great happiness and peace, and she in her sufferings seemed to receive that feeling. But she grew worse and worse, and then when the time came for her to come to me, it was a sadness to her to leave you, but Oh, it was joy to us to greet her, to take her in my arms. And, my boy, at this time I know it will bring a sadness to the heart of many of the family, but you can say to them, they can all rejoice with great joy that mother is with me. And although at the present time she is from me in the upper spheres with Mollie and the children, I have her and know where she is and I know that the cares and trials of life are over, and I do not wish her to enter into them again, or to be troubled with anything of earth life. She worried so much, she took upon herself the cares and sorrows of others, and now I desire to wean her from everything that would pain her or worry her.

My beloved boy, my only boy, I want to say to you, you are all that I have on the earth that brings comfort to my soul. You remain steadfast in your love for your parents. Although we have passed to spirit life, we have not passed away from you, but come to you much oftener than you are aware of. The music tonight was charming, so full of sublimity, so grand and glorious, it reached even unto me, and I could come in the strength of those beautiful songs. Well, my boy, I wish you a pleasant Christmas. The evergreens are beautiful. Those who have gone away so suddenly into our fold we try to cheer up and make them feel resigned, until they outgrow the love of earth and become reconciled to separation from friends, and learn the way back. You see when they first come here the majority leave their friends so suddenly that it causes great sorrow for some time, and they can see their families mourning and weeping for them, and it brings them down on the lower plane with great sadness. You understand that, and it is far better not to mourn, but to be resigned as far as possible, because it helps those that are gone. . . .

Chapter XXI.

JAN. 2, 1897. Mollie: My dear, dear Joe, tell Mamie I am so glad she got through all right. She is now indeed a mother, and she knows what it is to suffer the pangs of maternity, to bring a child into the world. She can now understand what I suffered when I lay on my bed so sick with pain and anguish, trying to help my children and trying to advise them, worrying about them and knowing how much they needed my care and my attention, and now she will realize what it is to be a mother. Oh, may she be spared the anguish that I suffered in my life. Dear, precious children. How dear they are to me, and their dear father.

Ma says: My boy, tell him it was at this time that he wept over my dead body, and all the sorrow and anguish of that time comes back to me again. But tell him I am much happier than I was, that I am resigned more and more to the great change that I have passed through. Tell him that I followed him with my eyes when I could not speak. (True.) Oh, my dear boy, I was so thankful to have you with me in the last hours, but tell him not to repine. I am so happy in the love of father and the children. . . . Billy will never be like you. He is in Washington (true, but I did not then know it), wandering around, trying to make his way home slowly; but he is thinly clothed. Do wish he would go home and have his father see that he gets warm and comfortable clothes that he needs so much. He may in time give up his boyish feelings and become better after so much suffering. He is buying his experience so dearly. . . . Give my love, all my affection, all the kindness, all the gratitude that I can give to my dear, dear husband. Good night, my dear brother. Pa is here.

Father: My precious boy, may the blessings of the higher life, may the blessings of health and wisdom and knowledge and light, be yours. Follow the right, stick to principle, truth and uprightness, and you shall shine as the stars forever and forever, my boy. It is meet and right to bless our own children. It is well, my boy, with us, and I feel happy, because I see you are more content, more resigned to conditions, showing a kinder nature, disposition and feeling. It brings gratitude and love in the beginning of the year, and may you go on steadfast in your life, firm in your spiritual faith; be honest and upright in all your dealings with the world, my boy. . . . Tell Mamie we are glad, we rejoice that there is born a new soul into life, and may it live and be a great comfort to her. Remember me to my dear son John. I always liked John. He walks by faith and tries to live as near to the right as he can. His pathway in life has been hard on account of sickness and afflictions of various kinds. . . .

Krebs: Well, friend Snipes, I bid you a hearty, a dawnright hearty New Year. I see so many things to encourage you as I look around the comforts of your home life. You are not out in the cold, you are not enduring hunger; how happy you ought to be. You can have a game of checkers. I do wish I could be on earth for one hour that I might play a game with you. Wouldn't I bother you nicely? I would make you wait and count and watch. (You enjoyed my defeat in life.) Didn't I spend a good many years at it? It was the one pleasure of my life. My wife used to say, I had better be in some other business. She often speaks about it. But I am happy. I have all the pleasures and enjoyment I want. I roam from place to place, I breathe the freshness of that atmosphere, of that love which is pure and undefiled, that knows no sin or shame. We live in harmony and peace and friendship, and when I see the strife, contention and poverty and suffering on this lower plane, I am thankful that I am out of it, I am thankful that I am in that sphere where it cannot reach me, only as I see it in earth life. . . . Your father seems to be one of the happiest spirits I have ever met in this life of ours; bright, lustrous, he seems to be indeed an angel, full of spirit, love and grace, ever doing good, ever talking to those that come hour by

hour seeking new homes in spirit life, going among them, teaching them the way; and what a joyous life is his. Well, friend Snipes, you will sometime be like your father. You have much of your father's ambition, you have much of his temperament. You will some day outgrow all the errors of life, pass in your checks and be with us. Give my love to the medium. I am glad to see her in such good health. Good night.

Feb. 27. Received a letter from daughter of Dr. Krebs. Asked Wiona to sense its contents; letter sealed.

Wiona: It's something what's dead. It draws on me with influence of a white chief. Yes, I hear voices saying: We don't know where him was buried. Somethin' about somebody buried. Whoever writes this, writes about things in a very unsettled condition, about property they can't get hold of, and they feel awfully worked up about it. It comes right up like a hedge-fence, and it must have been in war times, 'cause I see all the underbrush and the fence and the broken-down condition of everything, and I hear somebody says, It ain't rifles, but it got same name. Here, tell me again, what's the name of the rifles in the war times: W-i-n-c-h-e-s-t-e-r. Now tells me the rest. There's a tall man comes here, his hair got gray in it, rather big man, strong looking, and him pass away great while ago, and everything very unsatisfactory as I see it all around. What's the matter with his knee? Was him shot in the knee? Him's got that rifle what's got such funny name. Say, white chief, what is it they makes pipes out of, puts in their mouths and smokes? Is it clay? What's that to do with this man? I don't know no minerals, but I see clay. Don't looks to me he was killed in battle. I hear the name of Henry. It draws upon me awful hard to get it. What about property and unsettled things? Dr. Krebs didn't him come from the same place where the rifles come from?

Krebs: Yes, friend Snipes. I helped Wiona to tell it through the medium. They were no relations of mine, but I knew them, and I just want to say, the spirit in spirit life I have met a good many times, and he said there was a time when he owned a great deal of property, but it has been neglected, and they might have found minerals in it. There was a mine there, but it is all clay now. It would have cost so much to work the mine, and they have not money enough.

Wiona (resuming): I think the woman what writes the letter wasn't very well, kinder depressed, and I guess her ain't got enough money. I gets this from the atmosphere. Looks to me like all the papers been destroyed; I see no papers, but I see big fire; they been burnt. They never find nuthin' 'cause it's all ashes, all gone. They didn't 'tend to business in time of it, and didn't do the business up like the Yankees do. They won't gets nuthin' 'cause there's nuthin' left. I have said my say out. Good night. (Had answered the questions, etc., in the letter correctly.)

Dr. Krebs (resuming): He passed out of life many years ago, and left his affairs in a very unsatisfactory condition. Regarding the papers, the Will, and everything conected with them, they were destroyed, as Wiona has told you. There was property, and there was a mine, but it should have been attended to long years ago, but during the time the fire destroyed them all, and now there is nothing to show for it, nothing to prove that he owned the property. Had the mine been worked in a successful manner it would have yielded a good benefit, for there was considerable ore, but it was not worked to any extent, and the land was very poor. He was a relative of my wife and brother. His name was Henry.

Father: Good evening, my boy. Mollie says she feels her boy is lost; that he has changed his name and gone out into the world. (I found out afterward that he had taken the name of Meade.) Sometimes it seems her life would burst the bounds that hold her, in her desire, her anguish, and then again a spirit of calmness comes over her and she says, I will be resigned. I will not take upon me life's worriment and troubles again. I know I did all I could in earth life for the children, and he grew up in temper, strong and wild, and nothing but sad experience will bring him to see the folly of his ways. I tell you, my boy, he was not made to mind. I tried to make you mind, and don't you thank me for it? You were born with an earnest desire to grow up and help your parents and take care of yourself,

and you have attained that wish. You have lived to realize the benefit of your labor, the work of your hands. Aunt Altie has been telling us of your kindness to her when she was so poor. She has not learned to talk and outgrow earth's desires, but she has earnest good teachers. Your Ma says, tell Joe she found such a friend in Katie Hare. She was so kind to her. They talk about Joe's Spiritualism, and Katie said it was a pity that you had imbibed those notions. . . .

Who is Reese? (Dr. Reese, Staunton, Va.) There is another name, not Aunt Jane, but Jane Hughes. (Katie's mother.) Ma says, tell Katie that Spiritualism is true, and she need not steel her heart against it, for the time will come when she will seek the aid of spirit power to comfort her. She was kind and loving and good to me, and I only wish, in remembering our talk about Spiritualism, that she will forget all that I ever said against it. I want you to write to her and tell her to forget everything I said, for Joe was right about it. That is all I can say now. . . .

Mother: Oh, how I miss your loving face. I see it from my spirit home, but I would like to put my hands upon you and have you see my hands and know that I am with you. I used to do that and feel the little curls on the back of your head. (A habit of hers in my youth.) Oh, my boy, it was awful hard for me to leave you. I knew I was going to your father, but I wanted to bring you along with me. But I know it is best. I am glad you are kind and good, and when I see your kindness I do not feel as I used to feel in earth life. Oh, how the spiritual faith alters us, how it changes our whole being, for it makes us love what we once hated.

Wiona: (touching sealed letter from Cora): Don't this letter say somethin' about the boy? Don't it say they had heard from him? I feels somebody had a letter from him, and him don't write the truth, and the influence I gets is that he's in trouble. (True.)

March 20. Father: Your Ma says that Cora, our beloved daughter Cora, wild as she was and wayward many times, was the comfort of her life and the joy of her heart. You can tell Cora this. Mollie says she is glad that Willie let his father know at last where he was, and she hopes he will respect the memory of his mother and grandmother, and try to do right. We lost the magnetic influence, and he broke himself loose from everything and we could not follow him. We cannot always do it when they separate themselves from everything that binds them to the loved ones. When they cast loose from every affection, it is like taking a knife and severing a limb from a tree. When you think of us, when your heart goes out in a desire to hear from us, and to have us come to you, we can come through those influences. The thought that comes out from your brain often reaches us, and we keep it alive in our affection. . . .

May 15. Father. . . . In speaking of crossing the ocean, I told you, my boy, I would rather you would not do it, but your mother and I and Mollie have talked over the subject, we have viewed it from every point, and I feel, my boy, I must advise you to take that voyage, to see if the sea air will not benefit you. You need not go so much for pleasure, take that into consideration, but your health demands it. And furthermore, I want to say to you, not one of your ancestors has ever made the voyage or visited the Old World, and you will be the first one of the family to make a history for yourself, and I am glad there is one in the generation that is able to cross the ocean and see the world as it is. You, and you of all the whole tribe, are the only one able to say, I can do it on my own means; and for that reason, my boy, and for many others, I say do it. You have made the family at home comfortable; what more can they expect? Keep the staff in your own hands. I advise you to go. As far as possible I will try to be with you. You will be as near to me on the ocean as on land. I can see you and see you continually. Keep strong hold on that hope which will carry you over and will buoy you up in your lonely hours. See the world, have a little pleasure in it. You labored very many years over your desk, now enjoy some of the pleasures of life, and who can say aught against it? It is a good thing to let the husbands of the family labor and lay up for themselves. What they earn they will appreciate, they will learn to know the value of what they get, and save it. . . .

May 24. Father: Oh, how pleasant it is that I can come and hold communion with my boy, so dearly beloved. No one else can lay a claim to you; you are my only boy, and I am so proud of you, and I hope you will go upon your journey and enjoy it with all the pleasure your heart is capable of enjoying anything. It will be one of the pleasures of life which none of my forefathers was ever able to take, and I hope it will benefit you exceedingly. It may give you good sound health, and something for you to think about the rest of your life. You will think of all the grand and beautiful things that you have seen, and still will you turn your eyes homeward again to your own native land. You cannot realize the great joy I feel that I am the father of a boy that is sober and steady, that is making his mark in the world, that I can look down upon you and feel that you are an honor to me, that you do not disgrace me by drunkenness, by venery, by any wrong-doing. You understand firmly and truly that Spiritualism is true, you believe in its philosophy, and you must walk according to the faith you have. It is well for you that you do not fall into all the 'isms of the day, but seek to know what is right and true, that you weigh it in your mind as if weighing it on scales before you will accept it, and that, my boy, is the right way. . . .

June 28. Father: Good evening, my boy. I see the time approaches when I will not be able to talk with you as I now can speak to you, but I hope to be able to impress you with my presence. I will try to be with you in the early twilight hour. I want you to feel that you can draw near to me, and I will draw near to you. I feel, my boy, that you will be alone in spirit, as it were, upon the waste of waters, and I would like you to feel I am with you, trying to give you peace of mind and comfort. Your mother and I often talk about you, how many good things, how many noble deeds there are in your life. Stand firm in the spiritual cause. I hope, my boy, your journey will be pleasant and greatly benefit your health. That is the one great desire of your mother and myself. My boy, you are very dear to us, and the last link, you may say, that binds us to earth. . . .

There are a great many forms around us, not of people I knew, but here on this side of life. They come to us continually asking me to say something for them, and I feel, my boy, such a deep interest in the spirits that are here and in the friends that are in earth life. There is one spirit that comes, and it comes so often to us but has never been able to find a resting place. He has sought for friends but cannot find them, and today he said to me: I was killed in battle, and I have tried so hard to find some friend, someone that I know in earth life, but it seems since I have passed away that they, too, have passed from sight, and I cannot find them. He is Henry Brill. He lived in Richmond. (True.) I never knew him in earth life. He says he was killed in battle at Acquia Creek. And there also comes to me a Henry Adams. (Husband of a Richmond lady of years ago.)

Mollie: Poor dear husband. Oh, brother Joe, I give him my love. Tell him I am often with him, especially in the quiet hours of the night. When all is still about him I come to him with pleasant memories, with kind thoughts and feelings, and Oh, I feel so grateful to him for all his kindness to me. You know very well, my dear brother, he was not able to do much, but what he did do was with a spirit of love and kindness. Tell him I appreciate every act. I love him more and more, and I look forward and wait and wait for the time when he will come over. Now his cares are lessened since the girls are married. Oh, dear brother, through you and your kindness you gave them a home, and all I can give you flows around you and comes out from a heart welling up with love. As you soon will be away, I want to say something that you would think about when you are upon the ocean. My beloved brother, I love the medium. I feel so different. I see her, poor soul, as she is. She will be so lonely after all these many years.

July 3. Medium's father: I want to thank you, my friend, for the many acts of kindness you have shown my daughter, and I feel very thankful that she has found rest and comfort with you. I have watched over you both for many years. It has been a long time since I have spoken to you, but I want to thank you. Every kind word and act is precious, and we are in unity and unison of spirit with your spirit, and I bless you, my friend. As you are about to go out upon a great journey across the mighty

deep, I bless you in the name of the Father and in the name of the holy spirits that surround you, and I thank you again and again for the kind feeling and every act of kindness you have bestowed upon my daughter. Good night, my friend.

Father: Good evening, my boy, I come to you with a feeling of sadness, as this is to be the last time that we can talk together in a pleasant social hour, so full of love and spiritual thought. When you are on your long journey, and the dear medium wanders from place to place, I hope she will find rest for her head. I think she will, and that she will be comfortable among her own family. In one way it is a sadness, and in another way it is a pleasure that you go forth into the world to enjoy some of its beauty, some of the great sights you will see. Your mother says, Tell Joe I shall love him just as well in a foreign land as I do in this, and he will be just as near and just as dear to me, and he will not be any further from me when he is in Germany than here in America, and I can come near to him and dwell in spirit with him, and I hope he will dwell in spirit with us, for the more spiritual he is, the better he can draw us to him.

My boy, if you go forth feeling happy within yourself, with an earnest desire to make those happy that are with you, you will have a pleasant voyage, it will be something for you to think about and talk about in all your future life, it will be a new theme to speak of foreign lands. And the poor medium will miss you. She will not see foreign lands, but she will see some domestic trouble. As I heard the good old deacon, the medium's father, bless you, my soul went out in joy to that dear old saint, for saint he is indeed, and one that sheds a lustre upon the spirit life, living in great peace and fellowship with all the souls that come in contact with him, kind and loving in his life, a feeling of loving kindness welling up in him like a fountain. I thank him, I thank him, my boy, for his blessing for you.

Medium: A tall, thin man I see. I get the name of Spears, a doctor. Your sister is with him. He seems to be very near to her. He has never been here before. They must have been friends in earth life. (Dr. Sears, of Staunton, my sister's former physician.)

I go quite a distance, not to Richmond, more like a low city, and I see one of the brightest spirits comes up to you. He was a Methodist clergyman from Norfolk, he says. I see a big S. He is with your father, and he says, Where is Sister Snipes? Simpson, Bishop Simpson. (Correct) . . .

Sept. 4. Father (earnestly): My boy, my dear boy, I feel as if you had been born again, restored to me the second time. I had a great desire for you to travel and take some comfort with what you had labored so hard to earn, and I am not sorry at this time that you did go abroad. Oh, my boy, it was the will of the great Father of Light and Love that you were spared, that you were not engulfed in the briny deep. (Savage storm.) Your mother beheld the scene. It was too much for her. She fell weeping in my arms. She thought that all was over with you, but she said, If he is lost, we will have him; his spirit will be here with us. And that was the only thought that seemed to keep her conscious —that if you were lost in the water your spirit would be with us in the spirit world. And Mollie said, Oh Ma, don't weep, he will be saved, I know it, I feel the protecting arm of the great Father of Love is underneath him and round about him and will preserve him. Her faith was so strong. In all the pilgrimage of this spirit life I never saw her so bright and encouraging as she was then, for she felt that you had gone abroad after years of toil and struggle and that you would be saved at last.

Oh, my boy, treasure up what you have seen. Let it be buried in your heart and brain and never to be forgotten, for you have set your feet upon soil where not one of your relatives ever went before, the journey of the Old World. And Oh, my boy, you have seen it in its primal state, in its grandeur, your eyes have beheld cities that none of us ever saw, excepting from the spirit side of life. Oh, how many times, my boy, did we come to you, traveling into the dark Gethsemane, as it were, while you saw the fires that issued out of the mountains of Vesuvius, and felt the bursting forth of the flames of Hell. In my day we believed in a Hell, but in your day, my boy, that thought is banished from the minds of men. You cannot believe it if you believe in our spiritual faith that it is one long eternity of life.

I cannot tell you how we wandered with you by lake and mountain, by hill and vale, and through the tombs, and through places where your feet and mine never trod, and where yours will never tread again in this life. You will only see those places again as you will see them when you reach the spirit side of life. You will then know and understand the decay of nature, the breaking up of the great piles of masonry, how it is and why it is that all these things were made and have stood for centuries. And Oh, my boy, I tried so hard to come to you, I wanted to come but could not, I could not penetrate through the mists. Oh, I did so long to put around you the arms of love, to guide you and to keep you from the snares, the temptations and evil that surrounded you at all times and in almost all places. And the love, the undying love of a mother. Oh, my boy, I cannot tell you the bitter agony and suffering when we beheld you on that ship, rocking in midnight darkness, with the waves of the deep pouring over you. And it was only through the love of the great Father that you were saved. Oh, my boy, I welcome you again, I welcome you again. I feel as if I want to lay my head upon your shoulder. You were the stay and the staff and support of your mother, the help of her declining years, and she twines her arms around you, though invisible to you, nevertheless she comes with peace and joy.

Mother: Oh my Joe, my Joe. It was best that you should take this journey, for now you will know and appreciate the love of home, the home life, the quiet rest after it is all over; and Oh, so many times have we been with you when you beheld the wonders, when your soul was wrought up to the highest pitch of imagination, when you saw before you all that was grand and glorious of the Old World. Oh, what a privilege you enjoyed, what a privilege! . . .

And I want to say, we saw the great peril our dear medium was in for a few hours. (A wooden beam fell on her temple from roof of a friend's house while being repaired.) The pain and distress was almost unsupportable, feeling that you were far away and that she might pass out of life. Oh, what a shock! Kind spirits from the spirit side saved her, for without her home would not be home; she is our mouthpiece, our friend. Now I cannot say any more at this time, but in a few days I will be with you again. Oh, how glad, how glad I am to clasp hands with you again, to feel that you are here, to know that you are spared to come back to your own home in peace and safety. I want you to be careful still, because danger lurks on land as well as sea. Now I see Dr. Krebs.

Krebs: Well, good evening, friend Snipes. You are once more on dry land, something like Jonah; you were not vomited up from the stomach of a whale but you ran a pretty good chance of getting into the whale's belly, and I do not know that you would have had the good luck of getting out of it. I tell you what it is, you ran a pretty narrow chance. On the second night of the storm it seemed as if the ocean had broken its bounds and would swallow up ship and men and everything concerned. The waves swept down like an avalanche, and I looked upon you in pity. I knew that you had gone abroad for pleasure, and I feared your pleasure would be in the bottom of the deep, but He who holds the winds of the storm in His fists saved you and the mighty ship on which you were a passenger. Oh, friend Snipes, never forget the goodness and the power of a loving God. It was He that ruled the storm and who finally guided you to a port of safety. Let this be in your thought. When you feel like murmuring against the cares and destinies of life, remember that you were saved. Remember also that there is a God of Love, and that He loves every human creature. Now you say, this is a strange doctrine for me to preach, for they called me an infidel for many years, but I tell you, there is a God who rules the destinies of men. He rules the mighty deep, and it was through His mercy you were saved. Your mother during the storm became like a baby a few hours old, perfectly helpless. It was all your father could do to brace her up and say to her, If he goes down into the deep his spirit will come up to us and we will have him here. We will then be a united family, for almost every member of it is on the spirit side of life. . . . Tell the medium that she had a very narrow chance. Tell her to be very careful of her head, to keep her brain

right, and she will be all right. My good friend, I am thankful to be permitted to come again into this home where you are so comfortable, where you have everything to make your life happy, and I bid you good-night. Good-night, friend Snipes.

Phoebe: My friend and brother, I welcome you. I rejoice to know that you are here in your own land again. It was almost a shipwreck. At the same time it was worth it to see and enjoy what you have seen. You know you cannot accomplish a great thing without a struggle. . . . I am glad, so glad you have returned, that you are in health and once more on your native soil. And I have felt a great desire for this night to come, that I might express my thoughts and feelings to you. I knew of your leaving your home, I knew of the great storm at sea; I have known of many of the places that you have visited; I have not been with you in all your ramblings, but I felt that you were dear and precious to us, as one with brain, that could control thought and speak and rule well, and Oh, my friend and brother, if we had a few more like you, men that are capable and able, how thankful I would be; but those that were foremost in the spiritual cause have passed away from earth-life and are with us here, and there seem to be none to take their place. . . .

Medium: I see Daniel Underhill, and standing beside him a Dr. Grey, tall and thin. He says, Tell him I was shaved before they put me in the coffin. (Had very long beard.) Barnum comes up and says, I never knew him, but we are a hearty company. Tell the medium I have seen Deacon Jennings. He is an old-time friend. Tell her she has got the New England talent; she can tell a story about as well as Lincoln could, and as I could. It comes with the New England Yankeeism. . . . Mr. Capron says, I was always sorry about one thing, although I am on this side of life. My wife had my insurance for several thousand dollars, and she got the money, while my daughter, my own blood, was left poor, poor.

Dr. Bahan: Good evening, my friend. It affords me much pleasure to be here with you again. Some of the happiest moments of my life were spent in the circles in your home. I can come quite as easy now as I could when I was on earth. Since I have been here I have met your father, and also Dr. Krebs, a brother physician, both practicing in the same manner, both in fellowship in the spiritual faith and in the spiritual realm. I see so much in him that I like, so hearty in his nature, so kind and just to all. I would have been glad to have met him in earth life, it would have been pleasant for us to have known each other when we were upon the earth; but now we are warm friends, spiritually inclined, loving the same cause, walking in the same light, and drawing near to the great influences that surround us for good. I presented to him my father and son, my mother and my family, and he has presented to me his family, and we are bound by the strong ties of fellowship and faith.

My friend, it was delightful to meet such congenial spirits on this side of life. How little I thought once that I would ever see my son again. Had the other members of my family been taken from me, my love would have been as great, but it was the terrible manner in which he passed out of life which broke my heart; so bright, so gifted, and so soon to take his place as a physician, and to go out into the world and work his way up. Such was his talk, his confidence in his ability in his profession, before he was thrown into the water and sank beneath the waves. Oh, my friend, it was such a bitter day, such a day of sadness and sorrow. Why should I have mourned as I did when so many perish every day? But it was the great love I bore him. . . . I am glad, my friend, that you have returned in safety to your home. I am glad that the medium is bright and smart and well, for my wife and I both cherished her with great love and respect. I am glad that I have met your friends on the spirit side of life. And now, my friend, I bid you good-night.

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. As one doctor follows another, so I follow Dr. Bahan. I am right glad to make his acquaintance as a congenial soul. He is much better here, I think, than when on the earth, because his brain was then affected by the great sorrow he underwent, but here he is so bright and talks so cheerfully. Oh, how much I will value his friendship as the years come and go.

It will cement our love and friendship for each other as kindred spirits. I am glad that he was acquainted with you and the medium in earth life, because it affords a fine topic for conversation. We talk of you so much, and of your fancies and your peculiar ways, and after all, of the kindness of your heart. And he speaks of the medium as spiritual-minded, as one of high gifts, and able to foresee that which will come to pass. He did not tell me much of the pleasure he had in her company, but I was delighted, because you know, friend Snipes, I value the medium highly. You know the great affection I had for her, and as I have told you once I tell you again, that had I lived I certainly would have visited her, and if possible have married her. He says to me, you did not kill as many as I did, because you lived in a country town and did not have the practice. He had a great practice for many, very many years. Of course, he says, he never knowingly killed any one, but gave his best attention, his best medicine and treatment, yet they would pass away. So we talk matters over, and he says: Dr. Krebs, your limits were smaller, not like mine, and it could not be expected that you would accomplish as much as I did, because I went over the length and breadth of the great city, while you were confined to small and narrow circles. So you see he was the greater murderer of the two.

Sept. 12. Father: Well, my boy, I come tonight, bringing my blessing and my love. We have been having a charming time. The doctors talk of their practice, and I tell them that I preached to save souls while they killed the body. They have a great many talks, but I really cannot enter into the spirit of fun, as they call it. To me there is a seriousness, a reality in life, but Dr. Krebs, ever fond of wit and a laugh, is always ready to say something to cheer up and stir up the old feeling that though we are dead we still live. And Dr. Bahan I have met with great pleasure, spiritual-minded, thoroughly good and honest. He will progress and rise to a higher sphere in life. He takes to the spiritual faith as naturally as possible, much more than Dr. Krebs at first, who was a spiritual man, but so fond of everything that tended to laughter and jokes. It seemed as if it was impossible for him to be sober-minded, and to have that feeling of sentiment and love which should follow the change that he has met with. I am very glad, my boy, to know Dr. Bahan. He talks so kindly of you and the medium, so charmed was he with his visits at her house. . . .

Oct. 30. Wiona: All the day long I put the notion out of your head about going riding, 'cause there's been an accident on the road where you goes. You will sees it in the morning papers. (The first news of it appeared next morning.)

Krebs: I tell you, friend Snipes, after all, though you never married, I guess you are about as happy a man as if you had, guess you are happier, because you could not tolerate dictation. Oh no, you would have to change exceedingly, your natural disposition would have to be taken away, and a new one given you before you would live it twenty-four hours. You would be like two cats upon a fence, clawing each other. That is what I told your mother today. She said she wanted you to marry when quite young. (True.) I told her it would have been the most foolish thing that ever could happen to you in your life, because you would have had a family and been poor, and now, as you draw near to middle age, you need your money, and with a family to support you would not have had much, and without employment or business you would have been poor indeed. Well, she says, if he could have married the one I wanted him to have, she would have helped him to make a living. However, she seems to be reconciled to the path you have chosen. You have been kind and good to them all. She felt that in coming to this great city you would be ruined, but she is very different now, and you would hardly know your mother, so changed is she in her feelings and language and actions. She said to me a few days ago, Well, doctor, you have to pass out of life and see how things are to know for yourself. She knows now the meaning of Spiritualism, after she entered the spirit world and saw her husband, and from his own lips learned the beautiful truth. I think, friend Snipes, they love each other much more than they ever did in earth life, I think they are more happy, don't have such peccadilos, more united, you understand. Well, now good-night.

Nov. 20. Father: Good evening, my boy. I have just pushed Wiona one side. She has told too much, she reads character too well, both in spirit life and on the earth. She seems to be a connecting link between the earth and the spirit world. I want to congratulate you, my boy, in getting the papers ready for your book. It has always been supposed that you were a smart man, never that you would be a traveler, but your book will tell them otherwise, that you traveled through many countries and saw many things of which you have given full notes, and it will be read with pleasure by your many friends and received as a valuable present. It is the way I feel, my boy, and I admire the disposition you have had to work it out. It has been a labor to correct and prepare it in proper form for the press, and you are possessed with a wonderful gift of persistence. Once an idea enters your brain, and you conclude it is right, you will fight for it. From your boyhood up you were noted for your perseverance. . . .

How little I knew when I was approaching the end of my days what was before me. I supposed I was about to enter the Christian heaven, and still I knew in my own mind that my life had been so tempestuous, so full of trials, I was afraid I would go down into darkness; and so I went out of life. Do you remember, my boy, that I told you, if it was possible I would come back? But oh, it was such a long struggle. When the last moment came, and I shut my eyes to this life and opened them on the other side, I cannot describe to you the scenes I first saw. Among the first that came to my sight was a number of children. Some had grown up to man's estate, and some were smaller. I saw them standing all around me. I saw my father and mother, and so many; but I was very weak. When I grew in strength my first effort, my first hope and desire was to come to you. It was a long, long time before I could gain strength to control the medium. It comes back vividly to my mind when I think of that great struggle. I wanted to reach your mother, I wanted to reach the family and John. Oh, how can I describe it, the pleasure when I found that I could speak through the lips of the medium, when I could tell you of my happiness, of my joy, and of my entrance into spirit life, of my struggles, of my hopes, when I found that a message could go to my former home and could reach the family. And then when I saw your mother so persistent that she would listen to none of it, Oh, how I felt. It seemed as if the blackness of darkness was over my spirit after all my struggle to have you talk to her so she might bear the trials of life with more patience and with a better Christian feeling. But she shut herself up within herself, she felt nothing but bitterness towards everything that pertained to Spiritualism. She felt, my boy, that you were lost, that you were going the downward road that leads to fire and brimstone. But I can say to you, although she showed a disposition so persistent, at the same time she thought a great deal more than she would express. Now she often and often says, I hope Joe will forgive me. I know now I was wrong. I am sorry the family had such a feeling towards Spiritualism, but the time may come when their eyes may be opened to know the truth for themselves.

Chapter XXII.

JAN. 4, 1898. Greeley: I am going to have my talk with you now. I think it is high time that I come to visit you. We had a great many pleasant seances, if you call them such, or private talks, in our own pleasant home, surrounded by our friends and those that were near and dear to us in earth life, that are with us now. And I can say to you, my friend, it is with great sympathy for you that we see the conditions about you, the working of your brain and the bright thoughts that emanate from it. You are so far removed from the general current of men that you cannot affiliate with them in their small business affairs. . . .

Could you realize for one moment the condition of your city at the present time, you would be glad that you are able so to live that you are not obliged to seek for labor and support from the heads of the departments that are unjust to their workmen. You yourself know full well the struggle you have made to gain the point you now have reached, and above all things, if you want to enjoy the life that is before you, be quiet and calm, and not give up to anything that brings dissatisfaction and worriment to the brain. You are better off than he that sits in the executive chair, because he has the nation to please, while you have only yourself. He is crowded with great difficulties, and at times he thinks they are more than he is able to stand, but as the nation has placed him there he feels he must do his duty. But if he could have his own way, if his hands were not fettered and he could give employment to thousands that are out of employment, he would be a far happier man than he is today. He is not himself, he has to fulfill the requirements of the people that surround him, and cannot have his own will and way. I am quite ready to believe that he is a much better man in his position than the one who was before him, but Oh, what a responsibility. How nearly I came to it myself. I am sure I never could have stood the strain and worry of a nation's ingratitude. Oh, I tell you when you contrast yourself with those who are holding big positions, you should be thankful that you are comfortable and have not the worry and miserable suffering that come upon men in power. See what the politicians of your time have suffered, see how they have been branded, how infamy has been heaped upon their heads; all that could be said has been said and done to injure them. Oh, may the Great Spirit that is good to the whole universal world rid you of the reign of Tammany Hall, for they will put their own politicians in power and their laws will be such that only those in sympathy with them can hold position. What an evil thing it is that power should be given to such a body of men to do as they like, and to rob the poorer classes of their hard-earned wages to support them.

Oh, my friend, I feel inspired, and I rejoice that I have passed away from life's political worries, that I am in a home where politics cannot reach us. Today Thomas Paine made me a visit, and we talked over the nation, the condition and the distress of these United States. We talked of how the country had grown so rapidly, how fast its wealth had accumulated, and how the politicians had gained in power; but Mr. Paine said he thought there is more freedom of thought and speech now, and its citizens can better express their own feelings and desires. In his time on earth a person expressing his own thoughts would be lodged in jail; but now the whole world has free speech, can say what they like, and they that say the worst of their fellowman hold the highest positions. Here we have a company strong and cemented by love and friendship, a great body of people that we knew in earth life, so many that a stranger spirit from earth could hardly count the number on our boundary line and those that are way up in spirit life above us.

But I like my own company best, I like to be with those I knew in earth life. We have the same friendship, the same love for our old friends that we had when on the earth. And who is so gracious as she who

calls herself Sister Phœbe, and Alice, and all those kindred spirits, so many of them? My own family is gathered here, and indeed we are a society within ourselves. We are glad we are out of political sorrows and the other troubles of earth. We see our friends in its turmoil, and we are sorry, but we cannot help them, only to relieve them as far as the power is given us. Sometimes I have been so near to you that I could lay my hand upon you. I have come sometimes when you felt like repining, like wanting to wander out into the world, seeking what you cannot find. Oh, how many times have I thought to myself, young man, be quiet, be resigned; you have some time before you yet, and there is much in life to enjoy without assuming its cares; be content as you are until times change. I have been promising myself this little talk with you for some time, and although the season is cold and dreary, there can be home comforts and peace and pleasure. So, my friend, until the spring comes with its flowers and its balmy air, be content, be content.

Paine: I suppose, my friend, that after Mr. Greeley has had his say I am permitted to say a few words. I used to visit you in the days of long ago, but have not been very often of late, and I must truly say I have not much desire to enter again into the field of labor, even to talk about it, for I have experienced all that man can experience, I have gone through all the troubles that fall to the lot of men, on account of my political sentiments. When I was in earth life I did not dare to say my soul was my own, for fear that I would be clapped into the lock-up, but I tried to hold on and to make my principles known. I had to flee from town to town and from pillar to post, and finally I came here, poor, and not daring to say I believed in freedom of speech. Those days are gone, they are blotted out of the remembrance of men, and nothing is told of now but Paine and the great work he did. So you see it was better for me that I left my work and my principles to live while I passed out of the mind of so many of the people. My principles, my thoughts, my sayings will live in the minds and hearts of very many people. They may view the place where my body was laid, but they can never know my sufferings, the ignominy I passed through. To them it may be fair and nice and pleasant to see the trees with their fresh leaves in the spring, but they cannot know what I experienced when I died almost of starvation. When I was carried away and laid to rest how little people thought that my words would live, that my memory would stand out in brightness, that I would be hailed from one country to another, that great dinners would be given in my name, great associations formed and called Paine Clubs. Oh how the times have changed, and as time goes on they will change more and more. I did my work, I fulfilled my destiny, and I passed away, but I left the memory of my labor behind me, and it has been a rich reward, because I knew I was right. . . .

Feb. 12. Krebs: You ask me in your mind about my old friend. (Butts.) He is here, but he is not able to come or to talk. We lifted him up into our spirit home, and it will be some time before he is able even to acknowledge our kindness and love. He was feeble and emaciated, a wreck of a man. When put into the spirit body, and after the remains were laid away, he was very feeble and will be for some time yet. Then he says he would like to come and talk to you himself. He tried to go to the medium today. (A Virginia lawyer. Medium said today she heard a name like Bucks.) He has his lesson to learn. He did not believe fully, he could not accept the truth as I accepted it, but like your mother, when he entered spirit life and saw us all together, he felt as she felt, that the half had never been told. He says, Tell him as soon as I am strong enough I will give him my experience in passing from earth. (What was his trouble?) He had rheumatism, heart trouble, kidney and lung trouble, and almost every condition known to medical science, paralyzed to a certain extent; a wreck. (True, as learned by letter after the message.)

Feb. 26. Altie Kell: I want to say one word to you. Today your mother and I were talking about you, and I told her how much good your $—— (naming the amount) did benefit me. It got me so many things and made me so comfortable that the pleasure of it has increased a hundred fold here in spirit life. That act of kindness came up like a mountain of light to me, and when you come over to our side

you will see it written in letters of gold in the home that is prepared for you. Your mother says the very house you gave them in Staunton is recorded on the tablets in that beautiful home.

Mr. Butts (feebly): Tell Mr. Pritchard that when the last hour came I saw my way clear. I saw bright spirits round about by bed. I saw myself lifted up bodily and carried through the atmosphere, and laid down at the feet of Dr. Krebs. Dear old friend, dear old friend. He is nourishing me into strength. Tell him this is all I can say now. Tell him I have not forgotten him.

Krebs: Friend Snipes, it was with the greatest effort he could say those few words, but he showed his will, the strong spirit that actuated him in life. He wanted to send back a word to Mr. Pritchard. You are having nice times on this lower plane. I am very glad we have passed beyond the cannon-ball that cannot reach us. Mr. Paine is coming to talk with you. Good-night.

Paine: Well, sir, I was noticing the little sticks which you still save as a memorial from my resting-place, but I think you can destroy them at this time, because I know that my memory is engraven upon your heart and mind.

I know that you are about to wade through a great trial, but it would be best to settle things without war, without the shedding of more blood. Let them settle it and give Cuba her freedom. In what condition is the United States of America tonight? Misery, poverty, slavery, worse than slavery, man against man, no friendship, everyone afraid to trust his neighbor, living within himself, parsimonious. Oh, I tell you it is time this land were purged of its infamy, it is time that a change should come. There should be more freedom of speech, there should be a unity of spirit which is not now prevalent. One man robs his neighbor, and he robs another; he takes from him the bread that would nourish his body. When I was on earth the times were hard enough and the people were mean enough, despotism reigned throughout the land. Didn't they say that when Tom Paine died and was buried, the trees and the grass would wither over his grave? Have they withered? They buried me off on the wayside, almost out of the way of civilization. Although I am raised to a higher sphere of life, do you think I can forget the torment to which they subjected me and my body after the breath had left it, and their insults and unkindness; I, Thomas Paine, that did more for this country than any other man of the time? Oh, if I could rise up in my might and proclaim freedom. But what good would it do now? Let some greater man speak forth my words, some one that has a voice like thunder, that can be heard from pole to pole.

There is going to be a tremendous change in this land before many years have passed away. The whole United States will rise up and fight for liberty of speech, for employment; present conditions are wrong and will be righted; there should not be so much suffering, the people should have work by which they can live. This land is large enough and broad enough and has money enough to supply the wants of the poor and needy. Why is it held back in the Treasury when people are starving to death? Think you, my friend, that is right? A committee should be appointed to go through every district to see that the people have bread to eat and coal to burn, and are made comfortable; no putting out on the sidewalks in frosty weather, no starving to death in this American land, with gold in the Treasury. Shame upon this country, shame upon it.

March 5. Greeley: If McKinley can prevent it, you will not dance the war-dance, because he is determined to have peace if it is possible. He says this country cannot afford to lose her sons in war with infidel Spain; she is not worthy of it. He feels that it is better to be strong and fully convinced and to weigh the question well. Oh, it was a fearful thing to see all the suffering imposed upon the poor people that perished in that unlucky excursion, but let them weigh it in the balances and see what is wanting. At this time this country could do justice to Spain, because she could sweep her off the earth. Her navy and her army are able to do it; at the same time war is terrible, the sons of men to be slain in battle; better if the President of the United States can stay the bloody tide. Let some settlement be made whereby the people of this great Re-

public may be satisfied. I think, with that problem worked out, the nation will be saved from bloodshed. We feel that all the forces of the spirit world combined would help this nation as far as they can. Let patience have its perfect work and rule. My friend, although so many feel that your President is a man not up to the position he holds, I want to tell you he is. He is a man they cannot trifle with, there is more firmness and decision in him than they are aware of. He does not want this nation plunged in war if it can be avoided; in that he shows his wisdom. As we contrast the present times, there is poverty and struggle enough without war. I am glad you have a man at the head of the government that cannot be influenced by every wind that blows. Let them say what they like, he can hold his own, he knows what war is, and he will use his best judgment in his work with the Cabinet.

Paine: Good evening, my friend. For some little time I have contemplated having a talk with you, because I see you are a man of brain, one that fully understands the conditions of the country. I feel that the forces of the spirit world are working all they possibly can to prevent war, although they may provoke the people by criticisms and unpleasant feeling. Your President is showing a great deal of wisdom; we see from our side of life his motives, and we know his feelings perfectly well. He is weighing the subject thoroughly, he does not wish to involve the land in bloodshed, thinks it is better, until himself and the nation are entirely satisfied that the ship was blown up, before creating a bad feeling with the American people. He has shown a spirit of forbearance which has greatly pleased us. He does not rush into war, with a determination to knock down and kill, but wants justice for both nations, America and Spain. It may come to a focus which may imbrue the nations in blood and turmoil for a time, but it is hoped on both sides of life—on our side and yours—that McKinley, with his wisdom and judgment, will do what is best for the American Government. Many people feel dissatisfied with him and think he is an old fogy, very slow and unwilling to act fast enough to please a great go-ahead race, but he feels that to sacrifice so many valuable lives would be a greater crime. He knows it is a fearful responsibility for a man at the head of the nation to threaten war, and that he had better be a retired citizen. I am glad it is so, and those with whom I have talked on my side of life rejoice with me that you have such an able man at the head of your Government.

Do not be uneasy, my friend, when you read of the agitation, when it stirs up the blood in your veins and makes you feel the nation wants war; be wise, be cool-headed, and wait and see. War may come; I cannot say that it will not. This country has improved and grown rich, has become a great and mighty nation among the nations of the earth, it has come up from a little handful of men that came here to this soil, and today they stand almost unnumbered, men who will fight for their country if it is necessary, but men who in their hearts desire peace. This great city has a great population, and streets and houses, railroads and everything to complete and beautify it. A few short years ago and none of this existed, but today you have come up out of the ashes and become a great city, a mighty people. My friend, be thankful that you are an American citizen. This country was bought with blood, the people fought for it and they conquered. When I look back and see the difference in my time, I can hardly realize the great change, the liberality, the noble-mindedness of the peace-loving people that now occupy the high places of this commonwealth. My friend, you will not be called upon to buckle on the sword or wear the helmet if war comes; you can remain upon your native soil a looker-on. . . . I have now made my speech and I will retire and bid you good-night.

Father: Good evening, my boy. Oh, how pleasant it is to come into a home of peace, where there is such a feeling of refinement and kindness. I love to see peace and harmony in a household. I did not always have it in my own home, but in yours I love to see peace and contentment and the quiet home life you lead; it is better than excitement. I had a visit today from Mr. Butts. He wanted to see your mother. . . .

Butts: Well, we meet again as friends on this higher plane, but wasn't you obstinate when you were in the earth life, something like me? We did not believe in this spiritual doctrine, but the Captain tells me that you have made great prog-

ress, that you have gained courage to look him in the face and say that you are happy in the spiritual philosophy, that you believe it now, and are sorry in your heart that when on earth you so often annoyed your son with adverse comments upon his belief. You would never accept his faith, but now you are happy in believing and knowing and seeing and hearing of the spiritual side of life. Oh, I want to talk, I want to keep talking, but I cannot, I am not strong enough in the spirit, I have got so much to say, but will have to wait for another day.

Krebs: I tell you, friend Snipes, I did not want him to try to talk, because I knew he was not able, not strong enough, but you know when he was in earth life he was headstrong. (Decidedly.) Here was an evidence of his strong will, he would try to talk. I told him to wait, but you see the same old spirit. I am glad he is here, for I know when he gets stronger we are going to have many social chats, and spend many days in talk of home life and of his surroundings. Oh, I can tell you, friend Snipes, it is a great thing to be on the spirit side of life. I am very happy with my family and friends, and I am glad I came when I did.

Mar. 19. Paine: Good evening, my friend, good evening. I see that things are no nearer to a climax in the world than when I was here before, but I think we can see and feel that the war is scattering. If it is possible in the power of spirit influence to smooth over the war difficulty, it will be done. I know very well how the people of this Government feel. They have that impetuous feeling that they would like to rise up and shout and go to war and bring proud Spain to their feet, but when you think of the human lives that would have to be sacrificed, of the business matters that would have to be suspended, of the great suffering to humanity, it is better to subdue that feeling and keep it in subjection, and if possible let the Executive carry out his own ideas. Let him work out the problems for the benefit of the country. The forces around him are trying to scatter the war clouds, to bring peace by almost any measure, and it would be far better. I know very well the proud feeling of the American people, and I know they think there is no nation under the sun like theirs, but they have come up out of darkness, they have become more individualized and better educated in standards of thought and feeling than they were in my day. They thought nothing of imprisoning me, of holding me in durance vile for every little thing. They felt that I was a harbinger of war instead of a harbinger of peace, and when I fled from country to country and came to the United States, to my home, I loved the country, I loved the people; but look at the dark days in which I lived, and look now upon your civilization that wants to humiliate Spain and to crush it under its feet. Spain should pay for the crime she committed, she should be bound hand and foot and made to pay, but it is better to have forbearance than it is to commit more murder. . . .

Mar. 26. Father: Good evening, my boy. Oh, how gladly I come again when the week rolls around and Saturday night approaches. The hour is sacred to us, and indeed to you, for at this hour we love to come in contact with the influences surrounding our boy, and to wish that all happiness and blessings may rest upon you. I am pleased when I see you so cheerful and resigned to the conditions of life. You know, my boy, the long years of labor you had, you know the ill-health that came upon us, and you have complained of being out of business. You were breaking down fast with the strain upon you, and after all, my boy, it was a blessed change. You enjoyed Nature and the benefit of rest, and travel, and the many pleasures you received, your constitution has changed, and today you are far better than when you left your business; you feel stronger in your limbs and muscles and brain, you do not get irritable so quickly and you can command yourself better.

Now I will speak of earth conditions as I see them. I am going to speak of that great man who has so much at stake, your President. He needs the sympathy of the nation. Oh, how he struggled for right, for patience, while people wanted him to push forward and commence a war; but he says, wait, wait, wait, we will not have bloodshed if we can help it. Noble man, noble in every point of view. People need not condemn him, they may pity him with

his responsibilities. My boy, only think of it, the fate of the nation rests upon his word while he struggles within himself to master the feeling and hold back the people. He wants peace, and not war; but should the cry come that war must be declared he will do it reluctantly and honestly, feeling he has the nation with him in this terrible crisis. . . .

Apr. 2. Paine: I see the war-cry is out, and ready to be carried through the length and breadth of the land. We have done all that the forces would let us do in trying to smooth out the war feeling, to bring peace and righteousness in its place, but the turbulent spirit of man will not allow it. They think it is a great disgrace to be humiliated by the power of this united country, and indeed I stand by the head of the Government, and so do all the forces that are with us, those eminent men that once swayed the sceptre of this land, men that once ruled and were powerful in might, in wealth and integrity.

We feel the most sincere sympathy for your President in his trying circumstances. He has felt at times as if he was almost deserted by his own Cabinet, and the men he had selected to hold up his hands, and if trouble came to stand by him through all the crises of his career as Executive of this nation; but they have been almost on the point of deserting him, because he did not think as they did, and would not act in accordance with their wishes. If war must come, if blood must be shed, let it be so, and let it be settled at once. This continual strife, this continual cry of war, war, is enough to change the mind of man to stone. I feel sorry that this land should be called up for battle, and I am in hopes, even tonight, my friend, that something may intervene, that the powers of Europe may prevail for peace, that the war will cease throughout the land, wherever the spiritual cause is known, but it looks dark and gloomy, as if blood must be shed before the time comes for peace. The spirits surrounding me have tried so hard to subdue that feeling of pride and arrogance in the Spanish heart, but it is impossible. You cannot overcome or bend their haughty spirit unless it is done at the mouth of the cannon. . . .

Greeley: Oh yes, it is not necessary to say, Young man, go West, but it will be necessary to say, Put your armor on and fight the battles of your country. This will be the war-cry for the next few months. Oh, my friend, how glad are we old patriots that we are at rest, and that the cares of earth life cannot reach us, but we can see the condition of the land we loved so well, we can see the disturbed condition all over your nation, of those who cry peace, and those that cry war, war. The war must come. It seems now the President and the people must put on their armor and fight until they gain the freedom of Cuba. How glad am I that I am out of this tribulation of your mortal life. Well it is with me and well with my family that are with me, and the happy company we meet continually, with our old friends of earth life, all here with but few exceptions.

(Did you believe in Spiritualism here?) I always knew there was something in Spiritualism. I always felt that when the Fox sisters came to me there was something beyond it all, although I could not accept everything they did. Still I could see and feel there was something that touched a tender place in my heart, there was more in it than the mind of man could comprehend, and after years of patience and perseverance, after years of observation and study, many, very many have come to the conclusion that Spiritualism is true, that it is a religion; and, my friend, when they come over to this side of life they will see and know it is true, for then they will realize the beautiful religion, the beautiful thoughts that filled the soul in earth life. I know that the anniversary of this modern religion is now being celebrated throughout the land wherever the spiritual cause is known. . . .

Apr. 9. Paine: Good evening to you, friend. I have very short ceremony. I do not believe much in that, but I want to say, we have had a great struggle since I was last here with the influences surrounding your President, trying to impart to him strength and wisdom and power to do what is best. At times he seemed almost wavering, and then again when the influences came upon him, he would be mighty and strong. Too much praise cannot be given him, for he has stood manfully the criticisms that have been hurled upon him, but

the crisis is drawing nearer and nearer, and for a time the battle will be bitter and hard to endure, but this glorious country will triumph in the end. My friend, when you go back and search the records of this nation you will see for yourself how it was handed down to posterity. No nation can oppose it and succeed. I tell you it is a glorious nation, a grand people, but how different from what it was when I was on the earth. Then superstition reigned; now education, enlightenment, culture, free thought and liberty of speech. When I was here, if the same things had been said that they say now, they would have sent them further away than they sent me, and buried them in the same manner they buried me. But you see times have changed; education, advancement, all the advantages that could be had, the people have enjoyed, and free thought is the ruling passion of the people today. You cannot subjugate them, you cannot keep them down, they will express their opinion, they will rise to higher and better thoughts. Once the dungeon would have awaited those that indulged in free thought.

I have witnessed today the home, or at least the old site, where once stood the home I occupied when I was in life, but the place where I walked, where I stood, where I wrote many articles, was gone. And I looked over the great city and felt that it was necessary, to keep the prestige of the nation before the world as it should be, there should be more bloodshed. But we don't wish for war. All the forces combined would like peace, if it can be had on earth; if not, the nation's honor must be sustained. Uncle Horace agrees with me. He says America cannot afford to lose her reputation among the nations of the earth, and she must hold up her head and acknowledge she is right and that Spain is wrong. The nations of the world know the barbarity, the ill-treatment of Cuba, but they do not like interference, they would rather that Cuba be enshrouded in darkness and starvation and die a miserable death than to have America interfere. So much for pride, but her stiff neck must break, the yoke that has so long covered and kept Cuba in bondage must be lifted from the neck of the people. Humiliate Spain, bring her in subjection, make her bow her lofty head; it will do her good.

Greeley: I am not going to let Mr. Paine do all the talking, because I feel I have a right to come, although this is a sacred hour, and we look upon it as such; it is so considered by all your spiritualistic friends. We cannot stay long or talk as much as we would like, because we cannot keep the magnetism long enough to use it as we would like, but I do want to say a few words in regard to the condition of the country at the present day, this land of liberty, a land teeming with good things, with love, with virtue, with everything grand and beautiful, a land the freest and most attractive, where there should be perfect peace and harmony; but as long as we cannot bring to bear those things that we desire, we have got to submit, it is the only way. Those great and exalted characters that were on the earth are with us, and we try and have tried to use every energy, every force we could, to induce the Government to abstain from war; but if we cannot do it, why, let it come, and the quicker it is begun the sooner it will be over. I tried to battle for this nation and I love this country. It is here I lived, where I made my living, where I brought up my family, where I passed out. I have nearly all my family with me, except Gabriel, and some day I will have her, and then we will be complete. No power of earth could compel us to come back again.

Apr. 16. Paine: Well, my friend, good evening. Now I see they are endeavoring to make war. It makes no difference how much the forces try to rebel against it and try to withhold the power, they are determined to carry out their own way, and the President of these United States feels that he must save their honor. It will not do to let other nations know that the United States have been trampled upon and pass it by; at the same time if a few hundred were slaughtered, thousands will fall in their place to avenge the few. The crime was great, but it would be better if we could influence the nations to become reconciled and yield to the wishes of the President. I tell you, my friend, he is anything but a weak man. He is a man who is influenced to a certain extent by a grand and lovely woman, his wife. In regard to this war, she tells him, if it is possible, to pass it by, but under no condition to humiliate the land or Government. It seems as we survey the country that much poverty and

suffering are to come. You have not seen the beginning of it yet, and even today the President is trying to keep them from fighting, in the hope that at the last moment Spain will accede to the wishes of this land; but she will not, her proud turbulent people will not yield. From every point we have tried to exercise a spiritual power to bring peace and harmony to suffering Cuba, but it cannot be done. As we look at it from our view, it fills us with sorrow and contempt to see so much misery brought upon a downtrodden people. It is time that some nation stepped in to save them from martyrdom. It should have been long ago. They have tried to find peace and liberty, but they found starvation and death, and the end is not yet. The people are praying, longing for freedom, for emancipation from a slavery worse than slavery, worse than death. It is not right, my friend, that one nation should triumph over another and crush out its life-blood. Oh no. We have lived beyond those times; in the light of the present generation better things are before the people. Civilization, everything tends to education of the people for improvement, advancement, instead of going backward into barbarism. Look at the dark age through which I passed, at the superstition which reigned when I was upon the earth, when to say a man was an infidel was the worst thing they could say of him. If they said he was a murderer, they would try by some loophole to clear him, but to say he was an infidel, what a fearful thing, what a crime.

How much has civilization advanced, how much has education done for the people? We talk this matter over constantly, Mr. Greeley and other noble spirits. We see how the world is governed, how the people are wronged and oppressed. We are far above those things, and we know the people of earth have to contend with them until some change takes place. In the first place I want to say to you, my friend, there should be business and employment for the people, that they may live and maintain their families in some degree of comfort, that the poor man may have peace and a home, but at present starvation stares him in the face. Whatever the future, it means everything to him. Those that have means should see that the poor have work, have food to eat, and should be kind and more considerate to those that are beneath them. "Beneath them" are words I scorn to hear. No man is beneath another, but some men hold the power and think they are lords of creation because they have money. They feel they are lifted up, that their standard in life is higher, their condition superior, and they can lord it over the poor. Mistaken men, they know not that doom is before them, that if they so indulge their lives, darkness and sadness await their coming to the spirit side of life; they will atone for all this, and sometimes we rejoice when we see them brought to us to acknowledge they have done wrong in earth life; they must suffer for it. I cannot pity nor sympathize with the rich man. I love a charitable man, I love the man who seeks to elevate his fellow-man. These you know are my principles. I will try by every power that I possess to help the poor man. I am the poor man's friend.

(You certainly encountered much.) I was wronged from the first, and I suffered. People were afraid to acknowledge me in the streets, afraid to speak to me, afraid to be seen in my company. I was Tom Paine, the infidel. What a crime, what a crime! The grandest men of my time appreciated me, but it was the ignorant, the Presbyterian, the hard-shell Baptist and the noisy Methodist that said, Tom Paine is right here in our midst. And how they prayed to God to blast my life, that I might not see to read or write, or express my opinion in print and send it broadcast over the land, I was such a wicked sinner, such an outrageous infidel. Even the dogs were trained to bark at me. I cannot tell of one-half the cruelty they exercised towards me, and on the day my body was laid to rest the few that followed my body to the tomb went far behind for fear something might come up and bring shame and confusion to them, because they were following the dead infidel to his last resting place. Think of it, ye men of today, with all your knowledge, with your wisdom, with the light of intelligence, and everything that is bright and pleasant and tolerant—think of the training of dogs to bark at a poor man because his opinion varied from the majority. But I made up my mind I would carry out my principles, and I did, and I tell you, many in their heart rejoiced to think I was able to hold up my head and proclaim my opinion, whether it was for infidelity or whatever it

was. And, my friend, how soon after I was laid away and all became quiet did people begin to think, and out of the mouths of babes, as it were, came forth wisdom. People began to think and know for themselves that there was more truth in Tom Paine's teachings than in the gospel which they heard every Sunday. Tom Paine's birthday is celebrated now, and honored with big dinners. Change is written upon everything, but this change means advancement, knowledge, civilization, and the light of truth comes home to the people. I now bid you good-night.

Father: Good evening, my boy. I have been listening to your friend Paine. I think he is logical, and he has truth on his side, but he lived in days of darkness, the light that you have was not known to him. You live in a different age, my boy, when to have knowledge and education is an honor, it is almost expected, but in the days of Tom Paine people were ignorant, untaught, had ideas that were handed down to them for generations back; but, my boy, at the present time you have been educated in a different school; you could not adopt all the principles that actuated Tom Paine. I would not wish you to do it. I want you to be a thoroughly good man, I want you, my boy, to be thoroughly honest in all your ways. I know you are, I know the mettle from which you came, and you know well I tried to set before you an example of obedience and loyalty to your parents and to the world at large. I did not have the means nor the wisdom that I might have had. Striking out to make your mark in the world, you have succeeded wonderfully, my boy, you have done greater things than he that taketh a city, because out of small means and humble beginnings you have arisen above want and have come boldly up from the furnace like one that was tried and found precious. . . . The war, as it now seems to us, may be a severe one for a short time. I am glad you are out of the age that would call you into the field. My dear boy, the longer you live, the more precious you are to us. We feel that you are our guiding star; we look forward to your advance in the spiritual Cause.

Apr. 23. Father: I am so glad that I can reach you through the influences that surround the medium. I see you are all the time thinking of what the future is going to be, but when I say this to you (and it is of great import, too), the conditions about you are all right, my boy. Should stocks fall, should money become scarce to a certain extent, you will weather it, it will not last very long, and then there will be a rise which will redeem the loss. I am so glad, as your mother and Mollie say, that you are out of the fighting element, that you can remain quiet and comfortable in your own home, you will not be molested by the roar of cannon or the enemy's guns. I know that once, my boy, you took upon yourself that duty and were exposed to the misery of a soldier's life. (Near Richmond, in the Civil War.) Now keep out of it. Those that go will march on to battle or to death. It will be a struggle, but we feel it will be of short duration; yet the shell will fly, the cannon roar, men will bite the dust, brave men, courageous, good and strong. Oh, it is a great pity this matter could not be settled without blood. It would have been better to bear and forbear, but it is coming now, and, they will have to suffer. It all amounts to this, my boy: I will, and I won't. But sometimes it is better to suffer a wrong than to commit a great crime. We are sorry, because it will be so hard for the poor and for all that remain at home. . . .

Apr. 30. Paine: Good evening, my friend. It is indeed war times, a time that tries men's souls, a time when it seems the contest would begin and never end. I cannot be in sympathy with things as I see them, for I feel as if it were draining the resources of the country to establish a war. Oh, I am sorry. We were talking today with some of the grandest spirits on our side of life, who think that the President of your United States may have made a mistake, but he was driven to it. It was well enough to desire to do something for killing those men, but when you think of the thousands that will have to be slain, and die from sickness and disease, I think it would have been better to have let the *Maine* go. War at best is an unjust thing; you cannot realize the great depth of sorrow it is to the home life, what it is to enter upon those marches where sickness prevails on every side, and so many brave men of this country will lay their bodies down forever. I wish the war could have been passed over without so much expense to the country. It is stag-

nating business of every nature; it has prostrated all manner of work, and brought great destitution and lack of food, and sorrow. Uncle Horace said today it was a great pity it could not have been settled without war. He said, What does the United States want of Cuba? Even now the President is afraid to go ahead and show what he is made of. Some of the grand old men in the presidential chair in the past would have done very differently. But your President feels he is doing his duty. As it is, they feel he is short of the ability he should have, that he does not use the judgment he should, that he is influenced by other minds; but every man in his position must have the help of his cabinet. Should other nations assist Spain it would bring great trouble upon these United States. . . .

Father . . . (Have you been home lately?): Well, I think that Mamie is again on the road to maternity. She will be a mother again. (Verified afterward.) . . .

May 17. Wiona stated she had just been to see the Standard Oil people and heard them say it was to be "five points." "Stock" is what I heard 'em say. They didn't cuss it, but they discuss it. (Next morning's papers made first known announcement of a 5 percent quarterly dividend, instead of 3½.)

Paine: Good evening, good evening. It is Mr. Paine, as you call him. I would just as leave you would call me Tom. I begin to feel, my friend, that I am almost again an inhabitant of earth, because I am so interested, so deeply interested, in the struggle that is going on at the present time and in the conditions and salvation of this country. And I feel a mighty interest in that warfare that is going to either raise or ruin this great Republic; but as it now seems, it will be a grand and glorious return for the many slain, and the crimes and murders that have been committed upon the high seas and upon the different people connected with the United States. Not Cuba alone has suffered starvation and misery, but the Indians. I want you to bear in mind the Indians were stripped and driven from their native land, from their home in the far distant West, where they climbed the rocky mountains and lived in their fastnesses. Oh, I tell you, the poor Indian is worthy of better things, downtrodden, curbed, starved, robbed and driven as far West as the white man can drive him. How wrong, how wrong it is! Crime cannot go unpunished, and for this the white men of the nation will be punished. The time will come when they will see the great wrong they have done, and restitution will be made, when they will be given back the reservations and be treated more respectfully.

I speak upon this subject because as I see they are fighting to help other nations, other people, when they have done so much themselves that is wrong; they take up the war-cry with Cuba, forgetting what they have done in their own land to the Indians. We see it all, we know it, we talk it over, and we feel the day of punishment will come. It has been only the spiritual influences and forces that have kept them from rising up and murdering the whites, carrying wholesale slaughter, and they would have been justified, in a certain sense, because they had a cause for it, while Cuba was nothing to this nation that they need take up arms to restore her to freedom. Punishment where it is due will be meted out to the wrong-doer.

Mr. Greeley and I have many conversations over this land. It was the home of my adoption, it was the birthplace and home of Mr. Greeley, and we love this country. He was a warm friend, he loved everything connected with the people, but with the Government he often found fault. He felt that justice had not been done to the Indians, and he has often said, had he gained the presidential chair, he would have seen that the red man had his rights, that justice was done to him. But he didn't reach that position, and now he is glad that he did not, it was all for the best. Now he says, friend Paine, you are stronger than I was, you are bolder, you can speak out in different language and with more force. They used to call me a granny, the Old Man, and made all manner of fun of me. While they were afraid of you, they kept you trammeled; they were afraid you would break out and do some terrible thing.

Grand man. He always was charitable. He always felt that I was too strongly censured for my principles, although he was not an open and expressed infidel;

but, friend, he was just as much an infidel as I was, just as much, but he didn't dare to come out boldly and say it, and I did, and there is where we differed. People now are better educated than in my time; they believe in evolution and advancement, and they believe that all things will yet show forth the work of the great and mighty Power that rules the universe, and helps man to his knowledge and wisdom. In the past days of darkness the people were ignorant, they were brought up to read their catechisms, to worship on the Sabbath day, and to oppress their fellow-man on Monday, and on Tuesday to grind him into the earth, and on Wednesday they would feel they had done a noble deed by skinning their neighbor with all manner of scoffing. And so it went on year after year, until the people, through education, became more enlightened and had that power given them that they could see the depths of humanity, could look ahead and see the ignorance through which they had passed, and that they had come out into a brighter field of knowledge. So you see that mankind has improved; every generation becomes wiser and wiser, and in the generations that are to come infidelity will reign far more generally than it ever has. So you see knowledge is great power; it helps universal man; it helps people to attain to that height to which ignorance can never lift them. I think, my friend, I have talked about enough. I know very well that I am strong, and I bring strong forces around me, and I know I use up the magnetism of the medium, and but little is left for those that come after me; so wishing you all kindness and much good, I bid you good-night. . . .

May 28. Mollie: Dear brother Joe, I want my Billy. I cannot find him. I want my boy. He is not here in spirit life. Can't you find him, brother Joe? I suffered all through his life, and he makes me suffer now. . . . We had a good many good times together in earth life, didn't we? How I longed to have you come down and see us. And I remember the wine you brought me and I could not drink it. (A fact.) I remember the many acts of kindness, and I remember the kite. (Another fact untold. I sailed it high, brought the string through the window and put it in her hand on her sick bed.)

I am glad of one thing: I wanted to see Cora married, for I worried when she was young and at home, full of life. But, Oh Joe, she is a grand good wife, good mother, good daughter to her father. Ma never ceases to talk of Cora. She speaks of the home life and it is always Cora. The other is my daughter, but different. . . .

June 4. Wiona as usual first entranced the medium, and said she had just been down to 26 Broadway and found men cutting over the granite front door the words "Standard Oil Company." Went down after the sitting, three miles, and found them commencing the lettering.

Butts: My friend, good evening to you. I will claim your attention for a very short time. The various observations I have made since I have reached the spirit side of life have been strange and new. I little realized in earth life how it was possible for us to pass out of life and live again, but I find that in going out we indeed do live again, with the same feelings, the same attributes that were in the old body, but not the same pain and sickness. That was all left behind, but the habits and desires that animated us in life still seem to come back, many of them, and sometimes a fretful feeling, and as I survey the scenes in the different parts of the spirit world, I feel that it is a good deal like the earth life. I have seen fields of flowers, and homes, in many instances the same things you see in life, without its sorrows, its cares, and as far as I have seen, it seems to me a land of rest, a land of peace, a land of happiness, as we enter it and outgrow the infirmities of earth life. Infirmities cannot endure. We have that given us which makes us satisfied, and we accept it. It is a longing to be free from the failings of life.

I suffered very much, but now I am free to roam through this land of beauty, through this heavenly world, and I tell you, my friend, I would not exchange what I have seen and what I have realized in spirit life for all the realms of earth, for all the attainments of the world. They are nothing in comparison with our peace and joy and happiness. After we once become habituated to our surrounding con-

ditions, Oh, what a change. Who would have believed that I could have embraced the glorious, the blessed spiritual belief that I have? I asure you it is a great happiness to me to be here, and I intend to make more researches, I intend to examine every part of the spiritual world that it is possible for me to explore. Then I want to go to the higher spheres and see what is to be seen there, and know what is to be known. Now that is all that I have to say to you at this time.

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I have had something to do with his coming. I encouraged him to come, I wanted him to show himself worthy of the faith that he professed to have, and I told him so. I desired that he might speak for himself. You do not always want to be a mouthpiece for everybody. I have my own peculiar feelings, my own conditions, and it takes considerable to change me. I still have some of the old feelings that I had in earth life; I feel that justice and right should triumph every time. . . .

June 1. Paine: Good evening. I want free power, because I have a strong force about me, and when I speak I use up a great deal of magnetism. It has been quite a little while since I visited you, consequently I expect to be made welcome; I want to feel that I can come and ventilate my opinion. They tell me it is war with me all the time, war with me on the earth, and war again. There have been periods, of course, when nations have been at rest, but at this time for one I feel that they should hurry up, they should bring their forces together, there should be a finish to this mighty struggle. The suffering of the people is too much to endure, and the sending of more men into battle than are absolutely necessary; but it is to let the nations of the earth see what an army can be collected from these United States. It is a great thing for the nations to see the manifold struggles these States are making to suppress the misery of a foreign country. Oh, I have been bitter against it, I have felt it could be settled; but perhaps it was according to the wise purposes of the great Ruler of the Universe in ordering these things, if that were possible.

I feel sometimes as if I were taken away from life before my work was done. I do think that if I were alive upon the earth at this time, and able to use the pen and tongue as when I was here, I might do much more good, accomplish much more, for I certainly could dictate to the powers that are, and tell them how to do differently. You have in the executive chair a man that is good and noble and grand, but slow, very slow to act. I must speak my opinion, but if he had more force of character it would be better for him; he is too careful, he is afraid. Oh, what a time, what a position, holding the destinies of all the States in his hands. It will be a powerful struggle on land and sea; they will sweep off the face of the earth the brightest and best of your sons, and it will be many years before the loss can be made up. War always brings death and misery, but the scourges of climate are more to be feared than the sword or the cannon-ball.

I sometimes feel I have wasted my energy, I have ventilated myself so much among my friends on the subject of war. Let us look forward to a time of peace. I suffered so deeply in my time on the earth that everything relating to the distress of this country brings back darkness and gloom to me. And then another thing: When I see the treachery of France, when I see those people and know that their sympathies in a great measure are the same, when I know how I suffered at the hands of the French Government, when I know how I was cast into a cell and suffered all the horrors of prison life, I tell you she is not to be trusted, and Spain is a nation not to be trusted. Although I have given up all anger and all unkind feeling towards all people of earth, still if righteousness and justice could be dealt out to the nations, what a time there would be, what perfidy would be exposed.

Greeley: I am very glad, my friend, that I am not filling that distinguished place, because of my easy nature and disposition. You know very well in the last of the war it was said I went over to the side of the Southerners, and I suppose if I were in earth life now they would say I had gone over to the side of the rebels. I could never bear to see the misery. I feel that in this great city, my home for many years, there is more suffering than the people are aware of; they cannot enter into the homes where the people are cowed and afraid to let it be known that they suffer, and who will endure

starvation through pride. This beautiful country is stricken with a cloud of darkness, and I am more sorry for the inhabitants of this city than of the surrounding towns, because there they fare better, they don't go hungry, and in the city you cannot find the same sympathy. In the country neighbors will help one another; here they will not do it, are not able to do it, and cannot help themselves.

Oh, how thankful you ought to be that you are above want. I myself came to this city a poor boy. Ah, I was the laughing-stock of the town, but I saw a great deal of country life and hard work before I came here. I studied Latin many a day while driving the plow through my father's field. Where is the young man today that will do it, that would face the tempest as I did to gain a livelihood? You remember, my friend, it has been said for many years that it is the poor man's sons that make the men, and the rich men's sons that make the criminals. Poorer young men could hardly be found than Abraham Lincoln and myself. We did not know what it was to have a good suit of clothes. Imagine us coming into this great city in the condition that I did. Horace Greeley, who ran for President of the United States, came here with his shoestrings dangling at his feet, his neck bare and exposed. I was scorned, but I knew I had studied Latin, and knew I would succeed.

June 25. Wiona described correctly my visit to Forest Hills, N. J., and the family I met. Also a queer-acting man, about forty, with straw hat, light clothes, in Central Park, whom I observed, and who, she said, intended to pick my pocket, but was prevented by the storm then prevailing.

Aug. 20. Father (after my return from Virginia): My boy, my boy, my boy, welcome home again, home again. You have tramped over the land where I used to walk. I saw you many times. I tell you, my boy, I see that John's health is poor, although he makes an effort to keep up, and in his poor way to get along. As I have always said, I love John. He is a good, warm-hearted, true son, but he has many trials, many unpleasant things, he does not feel free, he tries to overlook all difficulties and annoyances. I wish that conditions were different, that his life could be brighter and better; too good to waste his life, his light hid under a bushel. He cannot speak his thoughts and feelings as he would like, because, my boy, they do not believe as the father does, and they cause him many a heartache in silence when he cannot talk of the spiritual faith that animates his soul. I think John would be far better off with us, but of course the love of life and the love of children and his love for you keeps him up. Mollie says she wants Mamie to watch over her father and exercise an influence of great kindness. If he wants to talk of spiritual things, let him do it, and not interfere. She will know one day what it is to believe in the spiritual. . . .

Mother: Oh, oh, my dear boy. I know what you have done. I do, I do know, and I just waited to see if your father would tell, but he didn't, and he says he left it to me. How thankful I was you put the tombstone there! Oh, my boy, I thank you so much. . . . (Fine evidence of spirit observation. While in Staunton I quietly ordered a stone inscribed and erected after my return, mentally desiring mention of it in New York as a test. See fuller report at end of book.)

I am so glad you went to see Cora, who was such a good kind girl to me. You know I bore her great love, and it was pleasant for you to visit her. They were all glad to see you. And I am so glad you have got back home again. I saw you many times in Richmond, and I heard many things. You wanted to talk Spiritualism to them, but they don't have much faith in it, you know, and still they do believe in their hearts. I know they do. I knew you would be glad to have me come and tell you about the stone. You knew that when I could I would come; you know me.

Sept. 3. Paine: Good evening, my friend, good evening. As you are referring to the words I uttered some time ago, that the end was not yet, I say it again to you tonight. But few soldiers will survive the ordeal of the famine and suffering they have been called upon to endure. It has been more than the community could bear, and now, even when the cannon's roar is not heard any more, the men are suffering with sickness far worse than the war of the guns, for they will succumb to Nature and pass out and pass on and upward to the better life. Little did they think of the ending when this war commenced. They went

forth true and loyal to their country, ready and willing to fight its battles, but when the destroying hand of starvation and fever came upon them they had to submit, they could no longer withstand the fatigue, the sleeping upon the wet ground. I tell you, my friend, this land will be deluged with sorrow and weeping for the lost sons of America. History will tell to future generations the terrible struggle and death the men passed through. So many blame the head of the Government, but I still say, he is too easily influenced by his Cabinet. I am glad, under the conditions in which the war was carried on, that it has met with a successful issue, but the consequences of it are to be feared now, bringing disease and death into your city and all over the land. They should be given healthy localities, with plenty of fresh air and water and good care, until they are able to go home.

Sept. 24. Linda Gilbert ("Prisoners' Friend"): Oh, my friend, I want to come tonight. I went out of life so suddenly, when I least expected it. I was only forty-five years old, and I thought, as my father lived to be ninety-four, I would have some claim upon a longer life. In one short moment my heart ceased to beat, and I was in the presence of my father and my mother and my brother. Oh, it overcomes me to come and speak with you. I loved the medium, I did love her. I tried to help her, I tried to help her daughter, I was about to offer her a home with me. I had all arrangements made, but I was called away so quickly.

All my friends are here. I have not one relative left in this city, not one. The property that was given me the Gilberts took back again after I passed away. My brother is here with me, and I have so many of my old friends, the prisoners. Oh, I would have liked to stay on earth a little longer, had it been the will of the Great Father, but my heart gave out. I want you to tell the medium not to get excited, above all things to keep cool and quiet, for she might come out of life as I did, without one moment's warning. I turned around to speak to Harvey, the old man I was trying to redeem, that I was trying to save, I turned to speak to him, and fell. My breath went out of my body as I struck the floor, without a pain, without a struggle. I was always working for humanity, always trying to save some poor prisoner, always looking out to see where I could do the most good. (You never married?) Oh no; that was not my life's mission. In early life, when a child of ten, I consecrated myself to the prisoners and I labored from the tenth year of my life until my breath left my body. I was the Prisoners' Friend. Tell the medium I remember the bitter day she came to visit me, and what a terrible cold she took.

Oct. 8. Wiona held a small sealed package, and correctly described the local origin of a piece of anthracite from West Virginia.

Paine: Good evening, my friend. I come in company of Mr. Greeley, Uncle Horace, as he was termed for a brief space. I come gladly into your pleasant home tonight. I like to see peace everywhere, and now I think you will have it, although it has not yet been decided among the people whether they will accept the conditions under which the President of these United States and the people's representatives shall hold the affairs of the far-off islands. I feel that in one way the war is not yet over, for I think it is very doubtful if Spain will accept the conditions that are offered to her. They want too much from the United States, and I doubt very much if the President will agree. We hope they will accept; if not, war will again commence, perhaps by the armies on the land and the ships at sea. It would be far better for Spain to accept what the United States offers than to have any further tragedy. We are trying to move upon their hearts to accept the terms offered by the Government of this country, but it will be very hard for them to part with the isles which have been one of their main supports. However, they will soon have to decide upon the question now at issue: Will it pay the debt? It is already deeply plunged in debt on account of the war, and it will be a long time getting on an even basis as before, but when the war is settled conditions will differ; its people have been swept into the sea of eternal life, there will be a scarcity of men in business, new changes and customs will survive and become better. Your President is plunged in grief, people have stood aloof from him, some have envied him, and some have treated him with contempt, but we feel he has done his best. He has had men in counsel that were not his

friends, they urged him into this, he has tried to maneuver it, to explain it and carry it through successfully. You know he did not want the war, was bitterly opposed to it, but to satisfy the clamor of the people for what they called justice, he finally acceded to their wishes; but he knows, and has known all the time, that it might have been settled without war.

Greeley: How do you do? I am Uncle Horace. Mr. Paine and I came together, and will retire together. I want to congratulate you on your pleasant surroundings, and the quiet peaceful life you are living. I like peace, you know I believed in that. My wife did not often come up to my ideas of housekeeping, but I liked peace, and so I let everything go. Well, my friend, you can have peace all over the world now, when you get the Indians knuckled down to obey the white man's laws, and the red man will be glad of peace. They do not care for blood, but they want their fire-water and their own way. They have been fooled by Uncle Sam; every bargain should have been kept; they felt they had a right to demand better treatment, and money for their lands, and sufficient amount to satisfy their claims. They are not going to give away their property, they first owned it, and should be paid its value. That is the cause of the ill-feeling of the red man against the whites. They still harbor that unkindly feeling of revenge. You know they are noted for revenge, and the spirit of revenge always makes enemies and always makes trouble. . . .

Oct. 22. Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I must laugh at Wiona. How comical, how innocent and childlike, although sixty years of age. Still she goes back into the early days of childhood, beaming with intelligence, overflowing with loving kindness, and full of that wisdom which makes the world better. Indeed we wish there were more like her, so full of spirit, so full of life, and I think, without her magnetism, the medium would not be able to last very long; but she fills her with strength, and brings blessing, kindness and inspiration into your nature, a crowning light of spiritual influence. We admire her, and the Captain and I often laugh when we see her as a child trying to show herself, to make herself known, and to talk through the medium's lips words that the medium cannot understand. We often see her doing it. (In the Sioux language.)

On our side of life so much has occupied our time, the mind and attention of the Captain, Dr. Bahan and myself, that we have not visited the home field, but we have been looking over the condition of this country. The war to a certain extent is over, and still it is not; there will be many hard-fought battles yet. We want to see the conditions of Cuba, Santiago, and the different nations of the earth where the armies have been, and where they still go, improved. In company of your father and many other celestial spirits, we have viewed the country, we have seen it as it is, and I must truly say that this has been a fearful war. We feel it was a fearful loss of life, that it has brought so many into the spirit world, so many of all nations, ages and color, as a redemption from the battlefield. This is one reason why in the past week we have been on an exploring visit.

They are not going to lay down their arms in peace, not yet. It is not the navy now, but it is the soldier upon the land. Porto Rico is yet to be conquered, yet to be pacified. Manila is continually rising up in contention. Havana is not subdued. Cuba is still in a turmoil. The Philippine Islands are ready for any insurrection that comes to hand. This past week we have seen a good deal of contention which has not been in public prints. They try to bring into subjection the Spanish Commission, but they are hardly willing to accept; they talk and talk, and then adjourn and adjourn, to meet again and talk and talk. They chose the wrong place for it; it should have been here in this country. Crossing the sea and entering upon foreign soil shows the weakness of this Government. The President of these United States should have demanded that it be held in Washington.

To shorten still more the length of these consecutive minutes, I omit extended references to prolonged consequences of a grievous accident with the wheel, during which observing spirit kin and friends continued to manifest their timely sympathy until final recovery from fractured ribs and abrasions. I also omit much of the weekly records, for necessary abridgment.

Chapter XXIII.

JAN. 14, 1899. Father: Good evening, my boy. I was thinking today that you were fast getting to be an old man, and still we call you our boy. To your mother you are Joe, and to me My Boy. To us you do not grow old. Quite soon the pleasant days will come, and then you must enjoy the free, pure air and the pleasant sunshine, which is better than medicine. You will feel like a new man in going out again to enjoy the works of Nature. Like the instrument you play, you sometimes get out of tune; we cannot call up a man to mend you and put you in order, but we come to you, and try with all our persuasive powers to bring you back to the right touch again. It is pleasant week after week to gather together to show our love and gratitude to you, my boy, and to let you know we sympathize with you, and are nearer to you than you can realize, until you yourself come to spirit life and see how near we have always been.

Mother was talking to me today about the "propeller," and wanted to know of some things and some men that were with me; but I could not tell her, I could not; and she said, How forgetful you grow. I should like to know of some things that took place in your earth life, but you seem to forget them all. (A remarkable reference to time of my boyhood, when father commanded a "propeller" called the *Ashenfelder*, on James River, Virginia, with quite a crew, when something unrepeatable happened.)

Medium (handing her a sealed-up photo of Robert W. Gill, a cousin of eastern Virginia, missing for many years): I get the influence of a person that has seen a hard life, a life of toil and strife and delving, every inch of ground held by manual labor. I start on a pilgrimage over land and across rivers, and go through mountains and through level plains, and I see mighty rocks and mighty woodlands. I go on journeys, the distance so great I cannot count the miles, but I see cities and habitations, with people of many nations, speaking different languages here I go. Some are worn out with care, some have grown old in poverty, and some reap the riches of earth. (His Virginia family after this had a letter from his daughter, describing his marriage and his wanderings in the West, and his mining business in Seattle.)

John Snipes: Excessive riding, up hill and down hill and across country, have been too much for your spinal cords. Your mind was outreaching and wanting to see, and you have that persevering disposition which you inherit from the Snipes family. When once the mind was made up to do a thing, they would persevere until it was accomplished. This has been a part of their character for generations back, but as you have outlived the others and stand alone, of course with you will perish the disposition, the habits and propensities which actuated your family before you, because you have no one to inherit your traits.

I have been gone over sixty years, I think it is. And I want to tell you another thing: When one generation has been completed, they advance in spirit life, and sometimes come to the lower plane that they may see if there is any remnant left of the generation that was once here. I come under those conditions, and I come because you were a relic left, and I wanted to see how you looked. I will describe myself to you, not as I looked in earth life, but as I look now. I have sandals on my feet, I have a flowing robe, with a girdle around my waist, and I have a cap on my head, not a cap such as you wear, but a covering to protect long, waving hair as white as the driven snow. And I come with feelings of love, I come to visit you in this century, and to look about and see what there is left of the generation that is past, to see who they are, and where they are, and see if all of them have forgotten me, if all of the name are perished from the earth; and I find you left. And you have not fulfilled the destiny of your life, for you should have had children given to you, that your name might have been perpetuated when you have passed on into immortality. But owing to your misfortune or your igno-

rance in not raising a generation of Snipes, your name will perish and be forgotten.

I was your father's brother, whose name was William, and he was named after his father. I had considerable difficulty in finding you. I came through the influence, the magnetism of your father. I came to him, we were clasped in each other's arms, and we kissed each other with the kiss of love, of friendship, of kinship. You know in that old book of books it says, you will go to your own, and your own will not receive you, but you have received me.

Krebs: He was a very strong influence, and gave her more magnetism than others, because it was a new influence, and how delighted your father was to have him come. I see, as you grow older in life and old age creeps slowly upon you, that you appreciate the medium much more than you did. You begin to see she is necessary, that through her is the gateway to spirit life. She leads you up the hill and opens to you the door of everlasting life, and why shouldn't she be appreciated? She is our speaking trumpet, we speak through her in a much plainer way, with more force, than your instrument talks to you.

(Does father remember "Brass-Ankle"?) Your father says, Tell him that was the name of a place in Virginia which they called that because it was a hard place. (True.)

Mar. 11. John Snipes: I have felt it such a blessed and glorious privilege to come here again to the lower plane to look up a relative, and I have tried and tried to find others that are gone, but I cannot. Our time is limited, we cannot stay away, we have too much to do, too much business to perform, other work through this terrible war that came upon this country and other lands, helping the sick and wounded, to ease their pain, to comfort the dying, and to help them on to the glorious light of liberty. I tell you, we are busybodies. We are at work building homes for the dead soldiers, for those that are continually dropping by the wayside. We have been preparing homes for them; and I have been looking up my friends. Oh, to think that I met your father, that I saw the old Dr. Krebs, that I came across those I never knew in earth life, but knew those that knew them.

I have felt that I would like an introduction to the medium. Your father and mother tell me she has been with you so many years, as one able to speak to you of spiritual things, and help you along the journey of life. I can assure you it is a great comfort to your parents. They speak of her with so much love and affection for her kindness to you. I suppose that when she comes over on our shores I shall be made acquainted with her. Dr. Krebs says he will take that upon himself.

(I am glad you met my father.) Oh, the hearty old man. We had such a glorious meeting. I took him in my arms, for I was twice as large as he. We are not huddled together in one place, but range over a vast extent, a large area, where we rove and live. It is almost impossible to meet our own friends, for the spirits are so crowded by the millions and trillions that you cannot number them. We cannot see them unless in looking them up we come across them and believe we know them. That was the way I came across your father.

Mar. 18. Witnessing St. Patrick's procession yesterday, at close range I saw the beginning and progress of the Windsor Hotel fire, and the jumping of men and women through the flames to the street, corner of Fifth Avenue, with harrowing loss of life.

Wiona: Good even to you. I just wants to say a little. The atmosphere is so damp and heavy it just 'fects medy all over. I thinks you getting all right. (Did you see the dreadful fire?)

It was a dreffful sight. I don't think you go see such awful things again. I don't likes to tell about it, 'cause too 'palling. But my father says, there's awful fires all over the whole world, and people burn up; and all kinds accidents and troubles and everything to take peoples out of life. And they don't believe in Spiritualism, there's no such thing as coming back to talk with the peoples here. But they believes in all other kind of nonsense, and don't believe in what would be a comfort to them, and to the poor peoples who was hurt so bad, if they had faith their friends could come to them. It was a dreffful thing. Oh dear!

Apr. 15. Paine: Well, good evening to you, sir. I see that my sentiments are being adopted and carried out all over the land, and you may possibly live long enough to see that my principles were true, and that this great and glorious Republic has almost become a byword among the nations of the earth. People in foreign lands look with

astonishment upon the rulers in the high places of Government wresting from the people their property, killing them off because they will not submit to it. Why, my friend, it is one of the most cruel outrages ever perpetrated in this land. What does this Republic want of the distant isles of the sea? What are they going to do with them? Look at all the blood and slaughter before they can inhabit them. How would this country feel to have one of the nations of the earth come with battleships and with mighty armies and take our land? Oh, I am afraid this Republic will crumble under the pressure. The mighty rich care not for the downtrodden; all they think of is themselves and their money. Mr. Greeley, grand old man, says: Friend Paine, you and I are out of it, but we wish we were back there for a little while and could express our opinion. Then what good could we accomplish? But I tell you, those men that sit in the high places of this nation are rotten, rotten as stubble, and should not be borne. You may think that this is a hard saying, but could I be heard, I would say some other hard things. You see that people are falling into my train of thought and following my example as far as they can. Mr. Barnum says, I want you to tell your friend that I am glad he enjoys my book, and I wish he would get the rest of them, and if they afford him pleasure I am glad.

Barnum: My friend, I will speak for myself. I was a peculiar man, and a peculiar boy, all my life a regular Yankee, full of jokes. The greatest desire of my life was to make fun for others, and I always tried to keep on the right side of the common people. I was not so much after the millionaires. I liked the common people, they were my friends every time. It was they that supported the circus, that make up the sum of life. If you want to be happy and to get along in life, keep friends with the working man. My friend, when you try to rise above them, and feel that the moneyed man is above you, beyond you, you make a great mistake. He is sordid and mean, undermining, close-fisted and contemptible. The common people were my friends in every town, in every state, home and abroad. I sought to keep in unison with the working man. They patronized my shows, they helped me, they paid their money, and I knew where to find them. I benefitted humanity, I sought out the poor, the widows and the fatherless, and every dollar that I spent to help the poor was returned to me five-fold, every dollar. You know that the medium that sits by your side is an old Yankee. You know I am a Yankee, I was a Yankee, and my father and the generations before us. We have inherited that title. We are a peculiar people, given to charity. Wasn't I put in jail in New Orleans for five dollars, a stranger in a strange land? I was a green boy from Connecticut.

(Did you sell wooden nutmegs?) No; but I painted many a chicken's head; I fixed the woolly hairs and I took the money.

Apr. 29. About this time my nephew, after constant evidence of the great solicitude of his spirit mother and family, returned to his Virginia home, and proved himself a credit to all concerned, until in 1927 he suddenly rejoined his father and mother in spirit life.

June 10. Paine: Well, my friend, I bid you good evening. I promised to come and have a little talk with you, and I will come now before the magnetism is exhausted. I am very glad to come this evening. I have some things to say to you about my passing out of life, what I beheld, whom I saw, and how I entered spirit life.

I suffered a great deal. I was slighted, I was rebuked, everyone seemed afraid of me or to come around me; I was a despised man. I was an infidel. And after all, in my sickness, in my passing away (how well I go back to that trying period), they wanted me to be prayed for, they were anxious that some clergyman should come and pray for me. For the sake of peace I let them come, but it was no comfort or consolation to me. I could not take any interest, and did not, in their prayers. They did not do me any good, and so I told them. They thought that I, of all mortals, was the most wicked. It was said that the ministers should pray for me because I was going down into Hell, and I would suffer the burnings of the everlasting pit. But I peacefully and gently passed along, and there came to me a most beautiful spirit who welcomed me, and as I went further on and entered the beautiful land that was before me, I looked back and saw them bury me. I saw how they were laying the infidel away to his rest, and they were almost afraid to shovel the dirt upon my coffin for fear I would rise up out of it. Poor creatures. More to be pitied than I

was, for I had entered spirit life, and I had seen my loved ones, I had seen my mother, my wife, and those that had gone before me. I beheld the beauty of that land that was open before me, and as I entered the portals of spirit life, Oh, what joy filled my soul. I felt, can this be possible? Can I indeed realize that I am out of the hands of my enemies, that they cannot any more persecute me, cannot fight against me any longer, that I am free, emancipated, and have arisen to a higher and better life? Thanks, thanks be to that Spirit that set me free, that Spirit that stood by me and brought me here into this spiritual life.

After my body was laid away, for a long time no stone marked the place. I lay there like a dumb beast thrown aside and covered with earth. After a while kind friends raised a monument, upon which my sentiments were engraved. Many things have been written, many sermons have been preached, many things have been said of Paine, the infidel; but today Paine, the infidel, isn't any longer remembered as an infidel, but as a liberalist, as a man of liberal speech, as a free-thinker, as one that taught freedom, that did justice to humanity and showed kindness to the poor and oppressed. The time is coming, my friend, when more people will be infidels, if they called me an infidel. People are getting more liberal-minded, they will not be bound down to false doctrine, but they will rise out of it and think for themselves. I admire that in you. You are a man that enjoys free thought, you have your own opinions and your own counsels, you will not listen to the dogmas of any man, unless you are sure he has some ground for his faith.

The time will soon come, and it is on the way, when you will have emancipation, freedom of speech in the churches, in the halls, in all places of public worship. This holding an enlightened people in ignorance and slavery, bending him down like a willow, to believe what a preacher says, is coming to naught. The people will think and know and study and understand for themselves. They will not believe in an orthodox religion which binds soul and body, and at last throws them into Hell. I tell you, my friend, the only Hell that I have found has been in the orthodox faith. You may well call it that, because of its dogmas, its teachings, its practices. Take away the money from them, and is there a love for souls? Will they stand up and preach for nothing? Will they teach the people the spiritual faith, will they teach them liberality? Oh, no.

(History, Mr. Paine, says little about your remains.) They were afraid of the infidel, and a secret band of men were going to dig up my body. It was thought by my friends that they had better secure it as best they could, and over the place where I was buried stands that monument to tell the world that I lived and that I died, and what my sentiments were. The people thought that the grass over my grave would poison their cattle. I have outlived that age. They may now talk and sing my praise, but I am a spirit, and I dwell in spirit life. I come to you because years ago I took an interest in you when I saw you searching for the truth, and I came to help the medium on. Sad thoughts and sad feelings came to me for years, but now, surrounded by the brightness and love of friends, I dwell with them.

(Did you notice the services in your honor on Decoration Day?) I did not visit the scene. The monument was not raised so much in sympathy for me as for the work and praise of men. My memory will live after that has crumbled. . . . I was shot at, I was mobbed in the public streets in the lower part of this city, and I was concealed in a wagon, covered with blankets and carried home. I remember all the heavy experiences I went through, and my imprisonment in France, but I cannot go over them without bringing me back, and I feel that it is not necessary. The next generation will be far more interested, because the sentiments of the people will be more liberal. As we roam together through the vast fields of spirit life in happiness and eternal felicity, we look down upon the earth and see conditions as they are now, and as they will be, and every succeeding generation will be more advanced, and then will come true knowledge, true experience, and free thought will flourish in that golden age.

Vacation from July to September, visiting Saratoga, Boston, Onset Bay and Holyoke. Had a sitting with a Mrs. Minnie Soule, of Somerville, Mass., a recommended stranger, whose guides proxied my father and sister and others under trance control, spelling all names correctly, but backward, describing my New York home most accurately, and

our aged medium, with many exact details, for about two hours.

Sept. 2. Father: Oh, my dear boy, my dear boy, I come. Oh, I am so glad to greet you again, so glad I can take your hand of flesh and blood and feel the warmth of your body, so glad to know you are again in your own home. I tried many times to come and make my presence known to you. I felt at times such an earnest desire to talk to you, and your mother tried, but could not as she can through our own medium. Oh, my dear boy, I come with so much love tonight; we have brought you safely back again, we watched over you and guided you by day and by night, and tried every time to impress you with our presence. I was glad when your thoughts bent homeward, and I felt that your journey had done you much good, mentally, bodily, spiritually. I tried several times at Onset, but Oh, it is such hard work to control a strange medium. I could not do anything satisfactorily by the raps. I like to sit down by you and take your hand in mine.

(What did you say to me through Mrs. Soule?) I told you, my boy, I was glad to meet you, that I was present with you, and gave my name. (True.) But it is hard to impress one not familiar with our ways of controlling. We longed for the time when you would be home again, and mother and Mollie and I could come to you. But, my boy, you felt that even the little you got was satisfactory, you were glad to know we were with you. Oh, that I could lift you tonight into our home and show you the bright spirit band which is round about you, the good old friends of life that we have recently met. We met Mr. Daniel Underhill, his whole family, and numerous friends, and we met them with so much pleasure because they knew you; and we met Mr. Greeley, Uncle Horace. We had not seen him for a long time, and he said to me: My daughter mourns for the loss of her child, but if she could see him with his grandfather, so bright and smart, she would be glad that I have him. Two more children have come to her to gladden her life. I cannot tell you, my boy, of all the spirits, friends that have come during the long weeks that have passed, but so many that knew you, and the old doctor who was your friend in life, Dr. Bahan, has spent very many hours with us. Many bright spirits have come into our circle, but we have not talked with them yet. I feel such a desire to meet Ingersoll, but I know we will have to wait until he gets the great change that he will grow into. Grand man in earth life, and I know full well some day we will meet him and welcome him royally. He has never come to our sphere, but we know he is in spirit life and will outgrow the mistakes of earth and learn the way to come back and talk to his sorrowing family. I know he will, but they are so firmly established in infidelity they think it is impossible. Oh, could they but know the beauties of the spiritual life; could but feel for one moment the happiness our own friends enjoy. But as soon as possible I am sure it will be his first and greatest endeavor to come back to them. So many come to spirit life every hour, and it is very hard for many of them to find the way and know how to control.

Krebs: How do you do, friend Snipes? I am getting young, and you are getting old. You hold your own well, are pretty jolly, and the more jolly you are the longer you will live. Do not go to fretting and bringing furrows upon your brow. but cast all care to the wind, and make yourself as happy as you can. Before your departure from your home I heard the medium tell you to take all the comfort you could, and I thought what good, wholesome advice that was, and I think you acted upon it.

You ask me about Onset. It has been so long since I was there, everything is changed. The best medium I saw when I was in the city was Mrs. Brittingham. She gave me the best tests excepting the medium. The medium gave me some wonderful tests one day at High Bridge, and also told me then that my wife would pass away before I did. Onset is extended over more ground and has more cottages, but I would not care to visit it again were I on the earth, because I would prefer a quiet place with mediums I knew were trustworthy. You meet all classes and conditions of mediums. I had a pleasant time, and if I had lived, I would have visited you in your home again, and I intended then to make a change and go to Lake Pleasant.

Phœbe: Good evening, my friend and brother. All the people are making a great furor over Mr. Ingersoll. We have seen Mr. Ingersoll; he has been in our company, and he says when he gets strong enough he will come back and fully convince his wife and family that Spiritualism is true. His

brother was with him. He came out of life so suddenly that he has to grow in strength before he is able to talk with his family, and it fills him with such sorrow to see their great grief, and it held him back. He was fastened down to earth and could not rise above it. He wants to say something to comfort them, something by which they will know it is he. . . .

I have never been in the camp-meetings. Cannot there be an awakening among the dry bones, among the people, that they may come forth boldly and declare the truth? My friend and brother, be steadfast and not weary in the faith that has been such a comfort to you.

Sept. 9. Phœbe: Well, I feel this evening, my friend and brother, as if I want to come again. (Is this Phœbe?) Who else addresses you by that endearing name of friend and brother? I come tonight with power and strength, because I feel that a double portion of spirit rests upon you, and it rests upon me, and I know that you have done that which was right. You are quick of speech, and ever ready to take up the cause of the unfortunate as far as it lies in your power to minister to the comfort and peace of those in trouble. (Just assisted a needy body from Boston.)

You are looked upon by my circle of friends in spirit life as one that is quick to discern and help by pen or otherwise, and as we gather round, we often speak of you as a representative of everything truthful and earnest in earth work. If you do not make much of a show of your spiritual power, as so many do with nothing behind it, we know your heart is true, and we know where to find you, and it is with that feeling of love and affection that I have stood by you these many years. It is a long time since I began to come to you, and all this while there has been an atmosphere, a feeling of affection for you, because I have seen you worthy of it. Don't think for a moment that I am expressing love in the general sense, but I am speaking of the spiritual gifts or attainments which you have, and of your kindness to the medium and others, as manifest to us. Your various attentions and acts of kindness are noticed and spoken of by us all. I have many able minds in my band, very many able spirits who are continually seeking to benefit humanity, we have such pleasant meetings together, and there is a vacant seat for you when life's work is over. You will find sister Phœbe, you will come with us, and we will make you happy.

Wiona: A great big man spirit comes, a Franklin. I think he lived in Richmond. Did he have any business near the water? (Yes.) I should think he ground something. Was it a still? He was the owner. Now there's the name of a woman, not near so big, Katie, his wife. Now he has a son passed out. Was that boy drowned? I see him lifted out of the water. (Friend of my father, Franklin Stearns, of Richmond, Va., in my youth; a very large man, owner of a distillery near the James River, in which his son Franklin was drowned.)

Sept. 23. Mary Dow: Oh, my friend, Mr. Snipes, how do you do? I am glad to meet you. Ah, how many times have I seen you, and I always liked you when I was on the earth. How much comfort I did take coming to your home and seeing you and Mrs. Wakeman. Oh my, who would have thought I would go out of life first? I never expected to come so soon as I did; I thought I would outlive my sister and a number of my old friends, but I came first. And one thing I do regret: I felt bad to think that my friends so soon forgot me. They forgot that I ever lived, they seldom speak of me, and seldom think of me, but I see them, I know what they are doing. I see Mrs. Wakeman, my dear old friend. I am glad she has got the earrings. My own sister was very nervous and we did not always get along quite as nicely as I wished we might. Now when I look back and see how she is situated, broken-hearted and uncared for, I advise her to go back South to her friends. There she had better go and live and die.

Nov. 11. Mother: Joe, I loved Richmond. There's where my spirit left the body, and Oh, Joe, that last night, when I took my last look upon your face I could not speak, but I could follow you and see your dear face, the last face I saw on earth. (Weeping.)

My eyes retained their sight after all else was dead. Joe, the saddest parting that ever a mother had was when my sight failed me, and your dear face was gone. It vanished; and when your father reached out his loving arms and took my spirit, Oh Joe, that hour told me Spiritualism was true. It told me that we lived after the breath leaves the body, when he bore me in his arms to the spirit land. And I saw Mollie, my child, and

all the children that had grown to manhood and womanhood. Oh Joe, the reality, the stern reality that I was gone, and that I was to live forever and forever in the bright and beautiful world where your father was!

Joe, I saw that my religion had not saved me, but the loving kindness of the great Being that we call God. Oh, I have so long wanted to tell you how I gradually grew into the faith when I saw its beauty, when I saw the spirits of those that are made perfect, when I saw your father and Mollie in their spiritual brightness and beauty. Oh Joe, listen to your mother. Walk carefully, be more earnest, be faithful to your spiritual duties, live as near the spiritual life as you can, let not the trifling things of earth annoy you.

I have been around in your home today, I have seen the many beautiful things you have, and I have seen the dear medium. You know she is going down the hill of life, although she will be spared for some years to come. Oh Joe, you made my pathway in life as pleasant and happy as you could, you led me gently along down into the valley, and so, Joe, I ask you, with all a mother's love, to be always kind and gentle, show her the same spirit of loving kindness that you showed to me. We will appreciate it, and when you stand with us here in spirit life you will get your reward for every act of kindness, for every deed of charity, the bright spirits will crown you with everlasting love. (Ma, you talk like yourself.) Nobody but Mary A. Snipes, your mother. Good-bye, Joe. I will come again.

Nov. 18. Father: Good evening, my boy. John is a spirit already. His thoughts, his intentions, his motives are good, and he ought to be surrounded by spiritual influences, that he might have some comfort in the last days of his life. Oh, I wish that some of the family were so spiritual that he could talk to them. My boy, he greatly enjoyed his visit here. It was so pleasant for him to hold communion with Mollie. Oh, how he appreciated that week and the blessed influences it brought so that she could talk with him. It seemed to do him much good. She says it will be only a little while before he will come to us, and that will be another one of the immediate family and of our circle. You are left, and you will come to us some day; but I want you to stay on earth and enjoy life as long as you can.

My only boy, you are bought with a price, the love of your mother in giving you birth, you belong to us, and we belong to you; and I will include the medium in the company, patient, trustworthy and faithful; she belongs to us, our company will not be complete without her. I have seen her in her ministrations to those who come to visit her, and have seen the good work she was doing, the wonderful tests she gave, and a double portion of spirit power rested upon her. She was able to enter spirit life, and many of those spirits that were never known to her in earth life came forward and testified with their names and the names of their family, that they might be sure their spirit friends were talking with them. How wonderful it is, my boy, that this way has been provided for us. It took me a long time to find the way to return and control the medium, and it is wonderful indeed that stranger spirits can come and give their names. . . .

Chapter XXIV.

MAR. 10, 1900. Mother: Joe, I want to say a few words. I do not want you to remove my headstone. I am satisfied with it. You put it there, and I want it to remain. (I was thinking of replacing it with a better, but had said nothing about it to anybody.) I do not want you to put up anything any better or any higher, to make people look at it and make remarks. It is good enough. It only tells where our bodies lie. Our spirits are not there. We are all here together, happy in spirit life, and why should you spend money for the sake of show? Do not disturb it, that is my wish, my advice. I would like to have you carried there if possible and laid beside our bones, but our spirits, our souls are not there, and of course we would like to have all together, but what difference will it be? As soon as the breath leaves the body, Joe, you come to us . . .

Mar. 31. Greeley: Good evening. Uncle Horace. I do want to speak, if only a few words. I want to say to you, on the eve of the celebration of the great anniversary of the spiritual faith, I think of the time when I went through so much with the Fox family, when they came to me in the beginning of their spiritual lives, and of the mighty struggle they made. Oh, what a time it was. We stood by them, and they gave to the world evidence that will grow while time shall last. The spiritual rappings were one of the wonders of the day; then came visions, and the many mighty rejoicings the people had woke them up from lethargic sleep, and they opened their eyes and sang praises. We had sought, but had not expected the wonderful thing that had come to us; it was like the writing that the Jewish rabbis saw upon the walls at night when they declared there was born in the City of David one that would save the world, and when this spiritual power that was given to the Fox sisters went through the length and breadth of the land, it was indeed a new religion, a new era, and the people rejoiced and were glad, and so down to this time has come again the celebration of this great thought, this spiritual wave that has rolled all over the land.

May 19. Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I want to come. I feel as if I should stand by you, because you are going through almost the same course I did. You know the bigotry I endured, and how my very life was dogged out of me. I am glad you are man enough to stand up for your rights and let them know that you will not be downed by those that know so little of the spiritual harmony that exists in spirit life.

Oh, how thankful you should be that you have the dear old medium by your side tonight, that she has been brought through a very trying sickness. We could not take her from her post of duty, for we felt if she were removed all would be gone, and we could not get around the table to hold sweet communion with you. May she grow in wisdom and knowledge, and may blessings be showered upon her. Your mother has been like a beacon-light upon the walls, watching every hour, that life and health and strength might be preserved to her. Oh, you cannot imagine the great change in your mother towards the medium, in her constant motherly, sisterly care, day and night, because she knew that all was centered in, through and around her.

Aug. 18. Father: . . . Your mother says she will not come tonight, that she is watching over the medium, has guided her along during her sickness, that she has been with her day and night, and now she, too, will have rest with Mollie.

(Did you notice anything on my return from Virginia?) There is a feeling like a bumping ahead, like an accident, or something akin to it, something wrong with the cars. (Had said nothing about it, nor was any mention made in the papers, but near Washington the cars ran off the track; one official badly hurt.)

Aug. 27. Father: I was so glad to think when you had your last sitting, my boy, that I could give you a little glimpse of what you so much wanted to know. And, my boy,

in the long time, the many times I have come, through many unpleasant scenes and very many dark hours, when sickness and affliction and trials have been in the family, you should have confidence in the spirit world and know the truth as it is revealed to you. As you live near the spirit world you feel as if you were prepared for whatever events may take place in this life, and the oftener you come to your sittings the stronger your faith, the greater your ability to battle with the little difficulties of life. I have been interested in you all in the home life. I feel that John will live on a while longer, but his fate is sealed. He may come to us when the fall comes, when the leaves fall, and still may have strength given him. And Oh, what a comfort it is to him and to us, my boy, to have Billy with him, and on your head rest the blessings of a devoted mother and sister, and it is that one thing in your life which will stand paramount to all others when you come to be with us.

(Have you seen John since I saw him?) Yes; there was some talk about his going to some other place where his health might be better. He thought a change might do him good. Goodnight. (A letter later confirmed this fact.)

Sept. 8. Mrs. Dow: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. I am Mrs. Dow. I am so glad I can come back and see the medium, and see you. I always liked you, Mr. Snipes. I am very happy in my home. I do not want to come back to earth again; I would rather stay in spirit life where I am, than to come back and be talked about and put about, and have to live with the family and many unpleasant things. Here I am with all my family excepting Lizzie. Caroline is here, and Mary Biglow, and I am having such a happy time with them all. Say, Mr. Snipes, do you know they were so down on me because I was a Spiritualist? They were glad when I went out of life, and I gave them all I had. That house was mine, and I gave it to them, but what did they do for me? I tell you there is nothing like being with your own, even in spirit life.

And the kind old medium. I know she misses me, and thinks of me often, and I come here and look into your rooms, and I see everything so nice and clean. She does not wear that switch of hair that was mine, but she will wear it, and I am glad. This was my handkerchief. (Handling it.) This is my initial, worked with my own hand. They did not treat Lizzie well. She has been here only a short time. She is not recruited enough to say anything, she is very feeble.

They did not send for the medium. They knew my last words were about her. They were very unkind, and I did so much for them. Oh, I tell you the friendships of this world do not amount to much. The longer you live in life, the better you know it. If you have the means and are independent, you are all right. And, thank Providence, I did not have to ask for favors, but they had asked them from me. I was the one that kept them up and set them where they are today, and they had to treat me well, but when my breath went out and I passed on to spirit life, of what account was it, how soon forgotten, when I had done so much for them. I won't talk about it, for it brings back an unhappy feeling, and I want to go on and progress; and I want to meet your people. I would like to meet your mother and your father and come in contact with them. When you come over, then you can find me, and then we can be together. I was very fond of the medium, Mr. Snipes, and I used to come down and see her. It was my one comfort, that I might talk over the news and the affairs of society, which made me very happy.

Sept. 15. Paine: Good evening, my friend. I heard my name mentioned, and I feel as if I would like to come and certify that I was within hearing distance. And I tell you, you are having a good old time in politics. This man is a liar, and that man is a saint, and the saint is the bigger rascal of the two. That is the way it is. They do not care for saintship or rascality; all they are looking ahead for is to get some man who will give them a good office and salary. That is all they want. They do not care for their country or any one connected with it, provided they can get a position. Where, my friend, is the honesty of man? The old-fashioned men that would go to the polls and vote to put men in office that were honest and upright, where are they? Passed on, like Uncle Horace, gone from this life of wickedness and meanness to a brighter and better life where political strife cannot reach them, and no man living that has any cleanliness wants to be a politician. All he wants is the filthy lucre, not the honest money that is earned by the sweat of his brow, and Oh,

how we blush for humanity. They want a man for their party, not for principle; put into the scales and weighed, one goes down, the other comes up, and vice versa, and neither is fit for the place; there are better men than either that never entered into the political arena, honest men who would not sell their country and themselves. (With vehemence.) I would like to preach a sermon right here, and lift up my voice and be heard through the length and breadth of the land, but I am controlling a weak woman. I could tear her to pieces in a very little while, for I feel aroused, I feel the spirit within me. Oh, how I suffered for this country.

Nov. 3. Wiona advised that Cora's husband was away, in Richmond, studying medicine; and that he thinks I could rent the home to another party who might board the father. (I had no knowledge of this until confirmed by letter.)

Father: Good evening, my dear boy. It is with so much pleasure that I come tonight into this peaceful home, where all is quiet, and where the united influence of you both strengthens me and helps me to come. And then again, my boy, I have witnessed the great rejoicing throughout the land, and I have felt as if I could rejoice with the people, because their desires were granted, and they had given to them the one they wanted in power. For some time before the day came that would decide who would be your President, we had an earnest feeling come over us on the spirit side of life to help our friends here, and I feel, my boy, that they worked with a will to help bring about this event. It seemed as if a great darkness had come over the people, and I and the spirits tried to push it aside and have the people feel that their country was at stake, that they must vote for the right man, and they did so. And look at the great rejoicing throughout the States. How the people rejoiced with one accord, how their principles carried the day, they had won the victory and were satisfied. Such, my boy, is the feeling throughout the whole united land, and may there be peace and prosperity, because it has been a time of great strife, great anger, and everything that could be thought of has been raging over the land to destroy the confidence of the people. Now it is quiet, there comes a change in affairs, and, my boy, you notice the quiet, you know and feel the peace that seems to prevail everywhere. Oh, we have tried to be near you. . . .

Greeley: Good evening to you, good evening. Well, I am glad that salvation has come at last, and that the question is settled. I ran for President. Ha! I guess I didn't take it to heart as much as Bryan did. I think I bore it pretty well, for I never wanted it. I felt that it was forced upon me, and they coaxed me a good long while, but you know very well I was too easy. They said I could be influenced every way, I had no mind of my own, but I guess if I had been President of the United States they would have found out whether I was too easy or not. It is all right, and great rejoicing is felt on the spiritual side of life that McKinley is elected, for he is an upright man, a God-fearing man, as you say, an honest man who stands before the world honored and respected, and that is a great deal, and has no blemishes in his character. There is no perfect man, no one who can stand up and say that he is perfect. Imperfection reigns in every human heart, and the very best man on the plane of life has imperfections, and some more than others, and among them I feel that the one they have set the seal upon is the one that has been honored among men, and will do the best he can for the nation. Such is the feeling of the spirit friends.

But what is life, as we see it here, my friend? I can assure you the people on this plane are as nothing, they come up today, they are here with you, and in a short space of time they are on our side of life, passed away, gone, forgotten. You must work while the day lasts and do all the good that lies in your power. Do not be idle, my friend, work while it is day, because the night cometh when your work will be over. You are comparatively a young man yet, and you should be diligent in your work. Do not be like the sluggard that cares not for humanity, but try and raise up some one; benefit others, do all the good you can while you have the opportunity. You are not called upon to decide great problems, but in your own quiet way you can do great good.

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. Well, you have had a grand old time, a time you will never see again. You may see plenty of Presidential elections, but not such a warfare of words. Think of all the speeches

that were made, what did they amount to? Voices lost in the air, breaking down man's constitution, wrecking his very life, struggling for office, not satisfied with the position he holds in law, but wanting to be something great, feeling that he, and he alone was mighty to save the nation. The people rose up in their might and they just swept it clean, didn't they? Why, I would not have cared if I had been back and helped them, but the spirit friends were alive, they impressed them aright, they pushed them forward, they helped them to fight. They knew that the powers of darkness were about, and wickedness and self-will and the disposition to do wrong. What did they care if they only gained what they wanted? But they could not do it. Those that were against them were an evil influence pervading the heart of so many people. It seemed to me, as I told the Captain, as if the powers of darkness were let loose in the land, and he said it seemed so to him. You and I are both from the South, but at the same time it is ignorance and prejudice, and they think they know it all. Don't they feel that way? They come far short of that intellectual feeling of freedom which is like an emancipation. Friend Snipes, you know the bitter feeling that so many Southern people had. Why, they have got it yet, just as bad as they ever had it. They would cling to slavery still if they could.

Dec. 29. Father: Well, Christmas has come and gone, a day when I could not do much in earth life to make others happy, but when I see the great benevolence of this great city, and the benevolence all through the land for the poor and afflicted, I can tell you, my boy, the spirits of this higher life rejoice that the heart of man is opened to help the poor and destitute.

(Did you visit Staunton?) Yes, we went home, and we found joy and comfort. Your name was remembered. All thanks were due to you. It brought them together, with Billy, your mother's pride. Oh, how glad she was. She said it was too much for her, but I could see and share the joy of the family. My boy, I believe that you were raised up that you might be a tower of strength to them, that you might help them, and you certainly have done it. Who could do more? They should appreciate your kindness far more than they do. You know their sensitive feelings, but the ill-feeling was laid aside, and a more joyous feeling took possession. And I am glad that some hours of John's life were made pleasant. Do you know, my boy, that he feels that you are one of the best of brothers, kind and good and loving? Where else could he turn for sympathy? We know him through and through, honesty and uprightness are his great strength, but John will come to us. I think it very doubtful if another Christmas on the lower plane ever dawns upon him.

It has been a long time since Mollie has been with us. She has been away with the family, and seemed so rejoiced. She seldom comes down to the lower plane, but is where she can enjoy spirit life and be happy in communion with those that are older than she is, that went before her, who can open her eyes and teach her all the beauties of spirit life. Joy and peace pervade her heart and mind, and she is so happy with her children. Although grown up she feels they are her children still, and minister to her with all the love that a mother needs after all her sufferings on earth.

Billy is indebted to you. Our hearts realize it, and we hope he will appreciate it, and I think to a certain extent he does. Whatever his shortcomings, or the desires of his heart, you know that when he reaches our side of life all will be laid aside. Whatever doctrines he may pursue, when the last hour comes and he enters spirit life, his eyes will be opened, and he will see as your mother saw, and realize what it is to be a free-born spirit, in a new body, with new desires, new hopes, and with everything new before him. He may adopt whatever religion he chooses, as long as it keeps him in the path of rectitude and justice. If he enjoys the Catholic faith, let him go its length under the shadow of its wing; we shall see to him when Death, as you call it, comes.

Chapter XXV.

JAN. 12, 1901. Father: Good evening, my dear boy. I come into your home with a feeling of love, because I find so much comfort and the warm and pleasant feeling of unity of spirit, which to me is the greatest of all things in your life, my boy, and I can enter into that unity and express my joy and gratitude for all the kindness bestowed upon you. I feel thankful, for were you alone you would be a lonesome wanderer, and I am so thankful when I enter beneath your roof where peace and content abide in every corner. It brings great consolation to our hearts.

My dear boy, we have visited John, and find him rather poorly, still he does not give way to his feelings, but I can see that he is gradually decaying. He tries to keep up and feel buoyant and strong, but little things worry him, cast their shadows over him. He looks back upon his life and feels it has been almost a failure. Hard work, as he calls it, is not so hard as the worriment over trying to make a living. So strong is his faith in the spiritual life that he longs to come to Mollie, he longs to see us all, and now he feels that should he come, each one will be able to take care of himself, for they are no longer young and entirely dependent upon him. But we will pour out our spirit upon him and try to use all the spiritual influence and strength we can get to give him, that his life may be spared yet a while.

It seems at times in your own mind as if you were almost willing to depart and be with us, and then again the ties of life, the ties of friendship bind you to earth life. I want to say, as I have said to you many times, you have nothing to fear. Death is not a thing to dread. You enter upon a life of greater blessedness than you ever knew, and I am sure when you think of coming to us and to all the dear friends, you cannot have such a strong hold on life, my boy, that you will want to always stay here. Throw over the lower elements of life and struggle for the great and mighty blessings that await you in the heavenly rest. . . .

Krebs: Well, friend Snipes, good evening. The Captain delivered quite a sermon, but I want to say to you, don't go to any dinners where you are going to eat and drink and overload your belly. If you want to enjoy the pleasures and have a good time, eat sparingly and drink sparingly, don't sit down to the banquet and eat and drink everything that is set before you, for if you do, it may land you on our side before you know it.

Your father and mother seem so happy together. They are now looking for Mollie's return to them again from the higher spheres where she has been for a long time. It was better for her to go away with the family. Her children that went before her, that have grown into manhood, are bright spirits and able to give her much counsel and much comfort. It was better for her to enter into that spirit life where she could enjoy the spiritual blessings that surrounded her, without coming back to earth to see unpleasant things. There is so much disease and suffering upon the earth at the present time, and so many come over at every moment, that it seems but a gate open for the spirits to bear the people away, and they are coming with such force and velocity that you feel the world would be almost depopulated; and still they float here from all parts of the earth, after working, digging, delving and suffering, seeking for gold, that which perishes. Oh, how much happier they would be could they turn their attention to the spiritual life, and seek for that peace and comfort to be found beyond this life. . . .

Greeley: I have enjoyed your seance, your sitting here, and I join in the feeling the people have had over the sickness of the President, because so many were opposed to him, but I tell you, he makes a good President. He is an honest man, an upright man. He fears God through principle, because he knows that principle is one of the strongest arguments in life; he is an upright man in all his dealings with the law and the statutes and everything that belongs to human existence, and a man that fears not even the wild beasts of the forests when he

climbs the hills to shoot them, but it has been feared all over the land since he filled the chair of State that he might do something wrong. I believe he would rise up in his might and show to the world what manner of man he is, that he understands the laws of the nation, and that he could do, and would do, what was honorable and right. He has not that prestige, that politeness which would charm the Old World, but he has the nation, the people of this continent, behind him.

Feb. 2. Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. When your father and mother come here, I come, too. It would be a miracle if I did not, because I feel I am one of the family, and I like to come right along with the rest.

John has consumption, but he is all the time so hopeful and trying to improve his health by his own fingers, doing what he thinks will help him. It is hope, hope, making the heart strong, and he is very hopeful. His son being home is such a comfort to him. You did show yourself a man, able to fulfill the mission in which you succeeded. You have all the elements of kindness in your heart, especially for the sick and the afflicted, your sympathy goes out in a wonderful manner; it is one of the brightest things in your life. Everybody has some grand quality, something that will lift him out of life, and that is one of your greatest and noblest qualities, kindness to the sick. . . .

Feb. 9. Phœbe: Good evening, my friend and brother. Sister Phœbe. You may well know who it is. I see so little of you in the halls. Had you continued your Society you would have had a church of your own after a while, for you were growing large, planting the seed that took deep root. There never was a meeting like unto it in this city, carried on in that way. People from far and near came to hear the truths that were spoken there, and it was a sad loss to the community when you gave up those meetings. As the head of the meetings in Carnegie Hall you would have packed them, you would have built up a great church among free-thinking people. You were called upon to take that step, and you did not go forward and offer yourself.

Where are the old-time spiritualists? So many of them are on our side, so many of them have left the ranks and gone out into the churches, and others have become indifferent, have lost their love for the cause. At times I have grieved that it is so, but so far I cannot find anyone who will take your place, that will stand in the forefront of the battle. But that will have to be done yet, to have Spiritualism flourish, to have it rise up and show its banners to the world. Oh, for that hour of freedom of thought when all the people will come up and bow their heads to that Divine Spirit that is Love Eternal, and peace and harmony on the earth and in the spirit world. I cannot see the way clear at this time, but with all those on the earth, and the many millions that could work in the cause, I am in hopes the light will break, that the conditions will be better, and that Spiritualism will put on a new mantle, raise a new banner, and show itself a Queen of Light and Love and Peace.

Mar. 2. Mother: . . . I know there is a feeling like a separation again, and I want to say your Pa worries. He feels it is wrong for them to make any change. He would like them all to remain as they are. He thinks it would be far better for them all, and he will try to use all the power he can to help Billy. He was my favorite, you know, and we hope to do him good. (I had no knowledge of their thought of a change, but a letter advised me later that the father and the boy were then meditating removal to California.)

Krebs: . . . I am very much pleased with the course that Billy has pursued. We have watched him well. In time he may marry and have a family of his own. (He did, and he had.) Mr. Pritchard's life is of short duration. Do not harbor the thought of prolonging his life in California. Let him stay where he is used to the climate. You can look ahead, friend Snipes, and see the results of that talk. It is to sell the place, to get what money they can out of it and go away. Of course they would have to have that money to travel and live, and when it is gone, then to come back to you for more. And now your own judgment must suffice. Don't you see, friend Snipes, it is the same old roving disposition of the boy. Let him remain and earn money enough to take him there, if he wants to go alone, but you are not willing to sell your house, and you would not advise Mr. Pritchard to go upon any consideration whatever. Put a stop to it at once. Curb that spirit at once. If Mamie would not take care of the father and the

boy, then let the house to someone else. That old man, what can he live on when he gets away? He cannot live on air, let the climate be what it will; he has got to have food and the comforts of life, and you would have to take care of him, or give him money enough to live on.

Mar. 16. Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. It seems as if innumerable spirits are coming to spirit life; every moment we see new faces, we see thousands and thousands of spirits flocking around, trying to seek for their own, going hither and thither, looking for some friends they knew in earth life. It has been a time of great sickness and so many have come to spirit life that as we look down upon the lower plane we ask, What is the pleasure of earth life that people like to live here? They don't want to know of any other, they will not listen when they are told of spirit life, they think it is all folly; but Oh, friend Snipes, the everlasting happiness, the peace and joy that await those that come over to our side. Those that believe in this faith while on this earth can quicker find their friends, because they lived near to the truth when here.

All that enter spirit life are not happy; there are so many that go down into darkness, where they have to outgrow their habits of life—intemperance, wickedness, murder, and crime of every kind. They cannot leave this earth and enter into the happiness of spirit life with all their sins hanging over them. Death, as you call it, does not blot them out, they have got to repent of them, and that is why everyone in this life should live a good life and strive to do all the good he can. They should live to benefit humanity, help the poor, visit the sick, and do every act of kindness they can. All this helps along in the higher spheres.

Mar. 23. Medium's father: Good evening, my friend. It has been a long time since I came to pay you a little visit, but I come tonight with a heart laden with joy, full of gratitude and thankfulness to you for your many acts of kindness to my daughter. I see how easily she seems to feel the effect of her years. My child has outlived almost all of her generation, but few are left, the most of us are gathered together. I know my daughter has many pains and aches of which she never speaks, but I thank you, my friend, for all your kind acts, and I hope when you reach the spirit side of life that I may show my gratitude to you in many ways. I will teach you how to live near to the higher life. I will take you with me to the higher realms where you can see and enjoy the spiritual life of which you never had any idea. I am very grateful to you, my friend, very thankful that you smooth the pathway of life, that you make her journey easy for her, although some years yet may be added to her life, but whether she passes away or remains in earth life, I thank you, I thank you, my friend.

I am glad when I see the great kindness that is manifested towards her by so many friends. It gives me a gratification to know that she merits the love and good-will of her friends. She always had a disposition that would win people all through her life. But she was a child of sorrow, saw many troubles and many deep afflictions. I think, my friend, that these last years of her life are the happiest that she has experienced since she left my home. She has passed the age of the Jennings life, and she has health and will, but easily tired. It is not to be wondered at, my friend, for the care and weight of many years is a burden of itself.

Mar. 30. Krebs: Friend Snipes, I spend a great deal of my time with the Captain and your mother. We sit together in the arbor of the home that is pure and clean and lovely, covered all over the top with running vines and flowers, and we talk, and we see the spirits coming and going every moment. My own family are nearly all here, a happy company, and it is very pleasant, nothing to make it unpleasant or unkind in any way. When we look down upon the lower plane and see the strife and contention and difficulties to eke out an existence, I can assure you, friend Snipes, we are glad we are here, that we have not got to worry over food or raiment, all is provided for us that is necessary, and all that we can do is to try to help those that are on the earth plane.

In talking together of the different people that have passed on, we heard some of them talking about Confucius. We know that such a great man lived, and he was called a wise man, and one that did all manner of good, and he gave out many things that were very wrong. But religion of the present time does not avail very much with the people of earth. Your father and I were talking today of the different nations of the earth, of wars and misery and famine. It

is no wonder the people are discouraged and feel that life is a burden, so many cut off in their young manhood, seeing nothing but sorrow in their early life, and coming here to the spirit world. They rejoice when they arrive here and feel they are free from all the anxieties and worries of life. Oh yes, it is a glorious country to live in, but I can assure you that all the wealth you may have, and all the pleasure you may take, are not worth one day here in the home of everlasting joy and peace. I have tried both. I tried this country, and I have tried the celestial country, the only land of freedom there is. You haven't any desire for any wrong-doing or wrong thinking, but a pure spirit pervades everything, and everybody desires to help others, to promote their happiness. It is that feeling that actuates every spirit that we meet. If people in earth life would cherish that feeling more, how much more happiness there would be.

Apr. 6. Mother: Good evening, Joe. It is with so much pleasure that I come to talk with you for a little while. I came today and looked into your home, and I saw you quite happy with your work, fixing your books, and I thought how glad I was to see your mind occupied. I used to think when I was on the earth I must work with my hands at something, but I am so thankful to think I have laid aside all that work, all that anxiety and all that care, and now I can rest in such perfect peace and happiness with your Pa. We do not have any earthly cares, unless we take them upon ourselves, and your Pa says it is better to let everything alone than it is to worry over it all the time.

Joe, I look at the medium's face, and I can see myself that she begins to show the signs of old age. But I was many years older than she is before I passed into spirit life. I did not work much and I took everything as comfortably as I could. You know I did not labor hard for a good many years of my life before I passed away. Oh, how we all love her. We watch her footsteps, we notice sometimes how she falters in her walk. Oh, Joe, be kind and good to her as you would be to me. It is through her lips that I am controlling and speaking, and we cannot lose her. Think, Joe; you must remember you, too, may live to be old, to be many years older, and you may need kind words and helping hands along the journey of life.

May 4. Mother: Good evening, Joe. I liked to have my own way when I was on the earth, but I could not always have it. I had a good many things to contend with, but I told you everything, and the girls said I always kept everything to tell to Joe when he came down, so I laid it all up and told you when you came, all the little petty trials and aches, and you used to go out and get me something to take if I had a pain. I remember it all. Now you know I did not believe in Spiritualism, I could not believe it or understand it, could not see how such a thing could be, and I used to pray so much and tried so hard to get light from the church, but as death came upon me I saw all my hopes slipping away from me, I felt that all my labor was lost; but when I came to reach the spirit life I found that the good I had tried to accomplish through my faith had helped me, because I had lived a good life, don't you see? I had my own peculiar ways, but when I reached your Pa he said it was all right, it was well with me. Oh, Joe, you cannot tell what bliss was mine to have him come to me and tell me it was all right. Oh, how happy I was, Joe, when I looked upon his bright face, and saw those hollow cheeks rounded out, and he looked as he did when we were first married, young and strong, not old and emaciated. The old body was left behind, and I never saw it again. When I came out into spirit life I had a new spirit. Why, Joe, I was young as a girl, I felt that the world was nothing to me any more, I had stepped over the stile into the green pasture, and I had a work to do. If you cannot come back as often as you would like, you can learn, you can see a great many of the conditions of earth and earthly friends, and you have it in your power to come to them. And see how I can come and talk to you, see how near I am to you. Why, I come here every day, sometimes many times a day. When I see the medium lonely, I come and pet her, I try to show myself to her, I fill her with good thoughts and make her feel that some time it will pass away and she will be with us. And then I come and impress you with good kind thoughts and feelings. And Joe, I must say I am glad you went to the Convention. If you were not satisfied with the tests you wanted, you showed yourself there among them. You don't want to be dead while you are alive.

May 11. Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I am right here, because I have been all along with your father and mother today, and I am very glad to be here tonight. Your mother is very cheerful. You will see a very great change in her. She is more like she was years ago when I first knew her; she seems to return more to younger life, so full of hope, her heart overflowing with love.

Your sister made us a short visit, but went again to the higher life. She said she is with all her children there, and she is so happy, she has progressed so much. She suffered enough when on this plane, and we wish her now to be free from all worry.

Phœbe Cary made us a visit. We knew her by her constant watchful care over you. We had with her a delightful occasion. Bright, joyous and happy, she has a great following of spirit friends. There will come a day when you will be with us and enjoy the beautiful atmosphere, our friendship and the society of loved ones, and will have your mission given you, when all the pain of your body will be left aside. You will not bring that into spirit life, you will leave all your old clothes behind you.

May 20. Mother: Good evening, Joe, good evening. (Good evening, mammy.) It seems nice to have you call me that. That is what they call black mothers down South. . . .

One thing is wonderful about the medium, that she likes society and life, and does not enter into the feelings that old age brings, and it is a good thing, because the more you see and enjoy in life, the younger it keeps you; and if you want to live and enjoy what you have got, it is better to be cheerful, Joe, above all things, and make the most of the life that is before you. Oh, how I wish sometimes that I had been different in many ways in my life, but I do not know that I could have helped anything, because I was so orthodox in my sayings and singing and praying; I longed to meet all my old Methodist friends, and you cannot realize for a moment how strange and different everything seemed. You like to see your old friends once in a while, you see one another, but there are so many new ones, so many thousands you could not count them; they come and go, rushing by you, seeking for some way to come back and do some good. Oh Joe, it is such a great thing to know that we really can come and talk to you.

Krebs (after a home entertainment): Good evening, friend Snipes. I am going to say a few words. I saw what a pleasant time you had, enjoying yourselves and taking your comfort, and you know I approve of that, and you know I am always glad when you go out and enjoy yourself and are happy. That is the way to do, that is the sum and substance of life. What is life without a little of its pleasures? I tell you, friend Snipes, the worst of it is, the people don't take comfort in life and enjoy themselves enough. This life is very short, but a few years anyway; you cannot tell how soon it may be taken away from you, so it is best to make the most of it while you have it.

And the dear old medium has such a circle of loving friends. You find but very few that have reached her years who can number as many kind and loving friends as she can, and it is on account of her pleasant nature, the pleasant way she has of drawing people to her. Oh, what a great thing it is in life to be pleasant, to make yourself agreeable, to make yourself beloved by your friends and associates. I had a great many when I was on the earth, but I was so peculiar there were many that didn't like me, on account of my peculiarity, and I knew it, I felt it. Oh, how I longed for spiritual society, and wished that my wife was a spiritualist; how much it would have meant in my life. Now she is so changed she is like your mother. She feels that all the life she lived on the earth was a mistaken life, that she did not know its real pleasures; but now we are so united and happy. We were not in earth life.

June 1. Mother: I have to laugh, Joe, because you make a big time over what I said about Dr. Willis. He used to be a beau of Aunt Betsy, and used to come around and have a gay old time, and went out of life a long time ago. I have seen so many faces since I have been in spirit life, so many friends have come up, and seem to renew my early days. Aunt Altie says he was a beau of hers once upon a time. She says you needn't be troubled about knowing who all the beaux were. Oh, how often she speaks of you, Joe, and of much good you did for her, because it was so necessary to her. And so many come around me, friends that I knew, and I have had the promise, your Pa tells me, that during the days that are to come we will both visit Mollie. I want to

see that other life of which I have heard so much. I have never yet been able to outgrow the love of the lower plane or earth life. And then, Joe, I am near to you. You know that is all of life to me, to be near to you, where I can enter the home and see you and hear you. Today, when you were playing your music, I came in and looked about and saw the quiet home, everything in order and clean, everything as we like it, and I thought of the days of our great poverty, when we did not have the comforts you have got; and your Pa said, Ma, don't cry, we will visit Mollie; we will go to the higher life and spend a short time with her. It will do us both good. We will see the children, all grown to manhood and womanhood, and we will behold brighter things and have a loftier feeling than when we live so near the earth. . . .

Father: Oh, my boy, if you could ever tell of the places where you have been, the different towns and countries through which you have traveled, and the different ones you have met in life, when you come to spirit life you might meet now and then and here and there a familiar face that you had met in your travels, but it would not be expected of you to take up their history.

(Did you know the old-time beaux?) I used to think that your Ma did not care for me as she did for some others, but she was my cousin; we loved each other to a certain extent, and sometimes she would walk away with others; but we settled it at last, we came together in the holy bonds of matrimony, as you call it, and many children were born to us, and I tell you, my boy, you are the only one that is left in earth life to bear the name ,and I cannot say that I ever admired that name. I always felt, when anyone called me Captain Snipes, that the latter part was rather insignificant, that I would have liked a different name. However, it does not matter much what the name is as long as the character is all right, whether you are a snipe, a hawk, or any other kind of a bird, as long as you have a good, honest heart, and are upright in all your dealings. I must say, my boy, you are pretty square in your business with men. I notice it, and I tell you there is nothing like principle; it is everything in life. Let it be stamped upon your brow everywhere, among all people. That is good advice, isn't it? John fails in that he did not have the means or the ability or will; he was too easy.

June 8. Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I see you wear your diamonds, and when you have diamonds you can afford to be charitable. All through your life you have hugged the almighty dollar, and still you have done many things to advance your own family and others, but when you came out boldly and nobly stood up before the public and offered of your means to help others, it was one of the great events of your life, because every act of kindness is registered; it is all here, and the first thing to meet your eye when you enter spirit life. The acts of charity and kindness loom up before you, and you feel that you have something whereby you can establish yourself, as it were, that will give you a foothold here and help you on; and so it will.

Oh, if people could only realize when they are on the earth how all the events of their life are registered here, how differently they would live. Those that commit suicide and force themselves into eternity, and all manner of criminals have to go into darkness, and outgrow all those things before they are fitted for the company of the brighter and better ones who have done their duty faithfully on the earth, and have made for themselves a record that will help them onward and upward through eternity. That is a great thing, friend Snipes. It is like building stairs. You go up and up until you reach the topmost round. Like a sheaf of wheat you are gathered into that celestial home where joy and peace await you, and where you gain a love and friendship that is sincere. Oh, what a change! I often wonder, and talk with your father about the events of this life, how it is that people live lives of drunkenness, profanity, and wickedness of every kind, regardless of what is to come to them, dying such miserable deaths and going into darkness. Oh, it makes me shudder, even now, when I see what I did. Did you know, friend Snipes, that in my early life I used to drink, that I was very fond of the glass, and that it was only by great strength of character I overcame it? I want to say to you, avoid stimulants of every kind if you wish to live a length of years, for they destroy the stomach, their poisonous fangs will gather around you like a serpent. . . .

Aug. 24. After two months' trip to Staunton, Richmond, Norfolk, the Pan-

American Exposition, and Lily Dale Camp, resumed sittings with Mother Wakeman.

Father: How do you do, my boy? You have been through a distressing time. I saw the desolation, I saw John. Mollie is waiting for him, and I think she will not have to wait much longer. Mother and Mollie came to see you in Staunton, and they saw the condition of everything, and Mollie said, Tell John I am just waiting for him to come. I feel that he has lingered on earth nearly long enough. He will be so much happier and so much better off with us. I am sure, my dear boy, he cannot want to stay where trouble and perplexity come upon him all the time in almost every shape. It will be far better for him to quit the casket and come to us, where he can have peace and happiness such as he can never have in the earthly form.

I have not seen much of Mollie or your mother, for your mother chooses to stay with Mollie instead of with me, and has been with her in the higher sphere, until she came back again and I welcomed the dear creature to my arms. We are again united, and there is but one desire, that we shall be all together some time in spirit life. I think, my boy, that John will not be able to hold on in the flesh much longer, and I think in his own heart he longs to come to us; and still, my boy, he finds it hard to leave all, because earth has its ties, and heaven has its joys, don't you see? . . . They have not rented the house (found to be true), but don't let that worry you. It is a sad topic, and the whole thing hinges upon the want of money. Yes, I did come to you, and your mother says she was there in Richmond with Katie. Oh, the kindness with which you spoke of her; it was delightful, she says. She heard your talk about her.

Wiona, entrancing the medium, said she saw I had secretly gotten for her a string of beads and locked them up in a drawer in my room, and that I got them from an Indian squaw "where the big waters tumble." (True; from an Indian woman at Niagara Falls.)

Aug. 31. Mother: Oh, I am so glad to meet you again. It is a long time since I have come to you here in your home, but I have seen and talked with you elsewhere. I tell you, Joe, you don't know how glad I was, and your father said, Ma, I see what great things there are where he is going, and try to feel contented. Since Mollie returned to the lower plane she is waiting so patiently for John. She wants to go back to her children, but she says she will wait for him, and it will be but a little while before he will come to her, and she will receive him with open arms. He can rest and be happy with her, and we will be so glad to have him come to our home. Oh, Joe, I cannot tell you the sadness of the present time, but the shadows will leave and he will come very soon; the time grows shorter and shorter. We are gathered around waiting and patiently waiting for him to come. . . .

I tell you, Joe, when I look at John, and upon the years that are gone, and think of the many years he has suffered, with Mollie's sickness, with Pa and me and the family, John has had it hard, Joe. You know that Mollie's sickness made him poorly and he didn't prosper, and now it is almost over. There is but a short distance for him to travel on life's boundary; it is shortening every day, and Oh, how glad your Pa says he will be to take him and bear him away to his spirit home. And you can tell him that; it will comfort him. You know poor Mollie has tried to cheer him, and John knows when he has been sick he has felt her presence and realized it. And I do wish, Joe, that Mamie could be more willing for her father to speak upon the spiritual life and the things he loves so much. It seems hard, but Dr. Krebs says it was the same in his own family. They would never allow him to speak of anything he liked. And so he came away, and so will John.

(Did you see me at Lily Dale?) I came to you through a woman. I tried twice. (Correct.) She was an old medium, and I wanted to say many things, but I could not gain much strength to say them. If you could only know the joy I felt in coming to you, with Dr. Krebs. He came and revealed himself. He told her he went out of life very suddenly. (Who else?) Henry and Charles. (True.) There was Laura, of our family. There were two of that name. You had a cousin and I had a sister that died young. That Laura was your cousin. And the Elizabeth was my sister.

Oh, Joe, if you live, take the medium there. Let her see and know what it is to enjoy such spiritual communion, surrounded by trees and water and everything that is

beautiful, instead of the four walls of a house. Dr. Krebs said to me, Ma, I am going to make the most of this visit. I am going to visit all over; and he said one thing he regretted was not seeing our medium; he was so disappointed. Wiona has gone on a mission to the bedside of John, and then she will bring news, but I am afraid it will be sad; I am afraid you will be called again to go and lay away the body. What a mission has been yours, Joe, what a mission. Well, Joe, what other purpose are you saved for? Did you realize when you were working hard and saving up money so much of it would go to lay your family in the ground? In earth life it is a great thing to own ground; dead, you don't find it of so much consequence.

Here the medium gave name of a Mrs. Williams, of Jamestown, N. Y., as another stranger who at Lily Dale had given me correctly the names, description and identifying messages of many of my spirit friends and relatives.

Sept. 8. (A week later), John, my brother-in-law in Virginia, was released and relieved by death.

Mother: Oh Joe, Oh Joe, I am so glad. Words cannot express our joy and thankfulness that soul and body have parted and we have the soul. We have that better part free from disease and pain. We have him now as we want him, and Mollie has him clasped in her arms, to be with us, she said, forever and forever. And he will grow in strength and be able to come back and talk to you. Oh, Joe, how I thank you, and Mollie and your Pa, Oh, so thankful for all your kindness, for your many, many acts of kindness that cannot be counted; but I remember them, never to be forgotten by one of us. John all day, and for two or three days, was dying, although they did not realize it, but he knew it, he knew it. He knew he was slipping away from them, that he was coming, and in his soul he was glad. And he thought of you, and in the last agony he thought of me, and of your kindness to him. But your Pa stood on the threshold and took him in his arms and brought him to us after the battle of life was over. He was very weak and could not say much.

I tell you, Joe, the last year was a hard one for John, and for his family, but we have him now, we have him. Glory, glory, Oh glory, we have him now. He says he cannot talk, but Oh, he knows it all, and he has found out that what he believed in is true. Oh, how glad he is to be with us, and it is over with, and that body they put away goes back to its mother earth, it is of no more use, no more. We have that which will endure forever and forever, Joe, the soul. Oh, how much you have to be thankful for, for the part you took in teaching him the true life. It will help him.

Father: Oh, my boy, I am coming tonight, with my soul full of joy, full of hope and full of thankfulness. We can only lift up our voices and be happy. Mollie is so thankful that she can look upon her beloved husband again. But that poor emaciated form was sad to see. And the kindness which you showed him. Oh, my boy, I do not like to lift the curtain and look upon earthly things, they are so devoid of everything that is good. Oh, how sad it is to lead a life of selfishness, where you want to grasp every earthly thing. Your Ma says that when Cora saw the condition of her father she might have stayed by him until the last. It would have been better. But they have chosen their own way in life, and now they must walk therein. You have done your duty, you have done what was right by John, and, my boy, let them learn to lean upon themselves.

Poor John, during the last days of his life could not talk much, and when the hour of darkness came and settled down upon him, his thoughts went out for the fatherless who was so soon to be left alone. Watch over Billy as far as you can, for Mollie's sake. Keep track of him, and if he will listen to you, advise him. But he is so peculiar it takes a peculiar man to deal with him in return. He feels as if the world is against him. He must not be against himself. He has not got his father now to advise him, and as far as you can, you must take his place. What we say will not appeal to him, he is so bound up in his faith, but we will not gainsay one word if it will keep him from wandering into forbidden paths. John's whole soul went out to the medium in thankfulness so many times in the darkness of the night. He said he could see her face and hear her voice, her tones of kindness when the darkness was round about him.

Krebs: Well, friend Snipes, we have got the most of them here, there are but few more of the family to come, and John has arrived. Mr. Pritchard was a good man, full

of honest purpose, but a man that was too trusting, had faith in everybody, believed that all would be right, but they came far short of the mark. He had a hard and laborious time, bearing patiently the ills of life, more patient than a thousand could have been; but he is with your father and mother, and wife and children. Now all that is wanting is for him to grow in strength, which he will do. He will outgrow all the ills and weakness of his earthly life, and walk side by side with his wife. Oh, the blessed reality has come to him at last, after all his toil and suffering, for his earth life was sad for many years, full of poverty, pain and sorrow, but he has come up out of it like a bright and shining light. I was glad to meet him as an old neighbor and old friend, and now we will have him, and when he recuperates and becomes stronger, Oh, how rejoiced he will be to be with us and to come back to you when he is able to talk, and so many things he can tell you. Now, the Captain says, all earthly things will be settled and his mind will be at rest. They cannot have any more effect upon him, nor worry him any more; he is out of it, away from it, and they will have to go on the best they can. He has not got them to worry about, and they have not got him to feel that he was a trouble. . . .

Mollie: Dear brother Joe, I had to go to the higher life. I could not see the suffering of John and know all the afflictions and infirmities of the family. But I have got my dear husband, Oh, my dear brother. He is with me, and I am so happy. I have got him, and my arms can clasp him, and after a little while he will grow in strength and be able to come back and thank you, for he says you were so kind to him. Oh, I felt in the last great struggle that it would be hard, but Pa stood with open arms ready to receive him, and Oh, how gladly we welcomed him home. He is with us now, and dear brother Joe, I thank you, I am more than thankful for all your kindness, for your goodness, for your tenderness to my poor husband. I thank you, brother Joe, I thank you. (Weeping, the tears falling freely down the face of the medium.)

Father: My boy, I can assure you that it was with great rejoicing that we received him. I was ready when the last struggle came. I was there, although invisible to them all, but I took him in my arms and bore him to our spirit home, and as he entered and saw your Ma and Mollie, Ah, he said, it is indeed true, it is all true. It is all true. I am here at last. He cannot talk much, but Oh, he said, there is one thing now that troubles me, and that is Billy. He is so afraid that he may go back and get himself in trouble, having no one now to watch over him. Such seems to be the tenor of his thoughts. Watch over him as a tender plant that needs pruning and training. It is the only way, my boy. Your Ma seems so cheerful and happy now that Mollie is back and has John with her, and her happiness seems almost complete. He was conscious until almost the end. The suffering was great, but the great relief was inexpressible. He will tell you himself when he is able.

Greeley: Well, my friend, how thankful I am that I have escaped to a higher life before I was murdered. Oh, what a shame that tribulation and affliction should come upon your ruler, your great and noble man, and how the world stands aghast, the pulses of men beat slowly, grief settles on every brain and eyes weep that are unused to tears, the strong become weak, and great sorrow rests upon the people of this lower plane. Oh, why was it, why was it? Even the spirit world is amazed at the cowardly murder. The noble and the brave met his end. We will receive him into spirit life, but the earth life needed him. He ruled the nation well. Even here in spirit life grief and sympathy are felt for the people on the earth that we have left behind us in their deep sorrow, when we see the enormity of the crime that takes him away in strong health. The world may well ask, Why was not the hand of the assassin paralyzed before he fired the fatal shot? The Great Father of Life, who gave us the whole universal world, might have stayed his hand and not have permitted him to approach so near to the President, but it was done in a moment of thoughtlessness. We have talked over this subject, we have dwelt upon it, and in great sympathy, in great sorrow we turn to her who is now alone, and hope she will have strength given her to go on and bear up bravely to the end. Good night.

Sept. 21. Father: My boy, I come to you tonight feeling very happy, and rejoice that we have John with us, and he seems to be growing in strength. He came to us very, very feeble, but he will soon be able to talk

with you. He seems anxious to draw near to you, and he still can say but little. Mollie is with him, and so happy, my boy, and she sits by his side with her arms entwined around him, talking to him, trying to strengthen him, to cheer him up and make him know that she is so glad he is with us. He suffered much in his last hours, for several days before his spirit passed out of the body. He suffered intensely, struggling to breathe, to speak and to swallow, feeble and emaciated. But, my boy, he knew he was passing out of life and entering upon another. He knew it well. He told me that when he felt the last hour was approaching he had perfect faith that he would come over to us, and Dr. Krebs and we both stood by his bed, and we received him and bore him to our spirit home. . . .

Krebs: . . . Well, I can truly say, it is with great joy that we received Mr. Pritchard into our home. Life's trials for him are over, no more worrying or fretting about what he shall eat or what he shall drink, or how he will live; all is provided for him now, everything that can make his life pleasant and happy.

Friend Snipes, we look down upon the earth and have seen the sorrow that has filled the people, and we have felt it was a work that should not have been done, but we cannot help those things. If you travel back to the source of the evil you will find there is much behind it all, and here in the spirit world we are afraid that great tribulation and darkness will come upon the people unless they put down that awful crime of killing the ruler of the nation. Oh, there should be a law enacted and enforced that these foreigners and criminals should be driven back to their own country. They should have no place nor lot on the American soil. From our view in spirit life we see so much crime and misery, I tell you it is a happy thing to be above it all, to be out of it, although I think the earth on which you live is a beautiful earth, but when you consider the sin and iniquity that abound, it is but a vast plane of wickedness and crime. I feel very deeply sensible that this thing will bring a great change upon the land. The nation feels it is not safe in any place from the assassin. No one on this lower plane can be too watchful, for he knows not what moment he may be stricken by some criminal hand.

Oct. 28. Krebs: . . . I cannot say much, only that we took Mr. Pritchard and gently bore him to the spirit world. It is not a long journey. We came quickly through the atmosphere with the poor, distressed soul that had struggled through misery and sickness and poverty. Your father received him in his arms and I helped him, and we entered spirit life with the poor emaciated spirit. Oh, friend Snipes, I wish you could meet as clear a record as Mr. Pritchard did. He was an honest man, straightforward, upright in his dealings, and if he made mistakes it was through no fault of his. Patient, Oh, how patient. He bore all like a hero, thinking he would be better soon, all the while slowly passing away. Oh, friend Snipes, my much respected friend of many years, so live that when we come for you, you may be found all right, prepared and waiting for us as he was, that you may have a happy entrance into spirit life. It was his wish for some time before he passed away that he might have a view of your father or me, to help him on his journey. We were waiting for his spirit. We are glad to know he is now free from pain and free from care, although I know that the affairs of his home life have worried him; but Oh, friend Snipes, the glories of the spirit world are so grand, so beautiful, so great, that they will make up, and he will soon be stronger and able to talk.

Paine: Well, my friend, your lower plane here has got into a good deal of a hubbub. There seems to be a terrible spirit prevailing throughout your land, and the times are worse than they were when I lived on the earth a century ago or more. It was a sin then not to believe in anything but the Bible, and not to believe the laws of narrow-minded people who did not know the difference. I know I could not say my soul was my own, I was not allowed free speech or public thought or anything. Now you have advanced in wisdom and knowledge, but I cannot see that you have advanced in goodness, when the assassin can do such terrible things. It was not done when I was here. Oh, no; such a thing was hardly known. They tell us the world is becoming better. Do you know, it is steeped in deeper wickedness and crime? Can you see that it is better for its knowledge? In my day the greatest crime I could commit was to be an infidel. Why, they would have hung me, they would have burned me alive. I suf-

fered all the indignity that could be inflicted, but look at the crimes that are committed today. Think you the world is any better?

It is a subject too great to dwell upon; even the angels of the higher life cover their faces with shame over the degradation and misery of this generation of people. You have your ministers of the gospel, as you call them, you have your churches, you have men of great learning, and what does it all amount to? The people rush in for all wickedness and crime; desperadoes driven from their homes find shelter here on the American soil, fostering misery and anarchy and crime. I cannot enter any more into the subject. I have been thinking deeply over the terrible crimes that have been committed, and I shudder when I think of the assassins of this day defying the laws of the land. I am afraid that many who make the laws are full of that spirit, in high places, among the learned as well as the ignorant, and if they take offence at one of the leaders they will tarry behind the curtain and plan his downfall. It becomes every man and every woman to set their faces against wrong, to be honest, pure-minded, above evil-speaking and evil-thinking. Such is or was my religion.

Oct. 5. Mother: Joe, I come. I have been here all day long. I came early this morning, I was so anxious to come and talk with you. Oh, dear Joe, what changes in life there are. It seems that the place you would like to call home is desolate and alone. I feel that the home life is gone. Joe, you must realize the great change, now that I have left the lower plane and entered spirit life, but you cannot tell the longing, the earnestness I have to have you with us. But I know, Joe, you love life, and you have the means to live. And Oh, what a beautiful home you have, so full of light and kind feeling. You know it is that which helps me to come to you. . . .

John said he will be glad when he is able to talk to you. He understands Mollie's feelings of love and kindness to him. She sits beside him all the time, never leaves him. Oh, I cannot tell you, Joe, how happy they are together. After all the long years of waiting and anxiety and worriment, they are at last together. I don't let the cares of home life trouble me now.

Oh, you know that Mamie is proud. She likes to be somebody in life, she would like to feel that she is something, does not want to feel poor, but she is awfully self-willed, what you call strong-minded. You see more and more the family traits are transmitted. You know the traits. Joe, I am glad I am out of it all. I lived to a good old age on the earth, and I tell you it was hard to part from you, but I was right glad to come over to your father, and Oh, how glad he was to see me. Well, Joe, I cannot explain it all to you, but when you come over here you will go through the same process of being born again. The old body will be left behind with its pain and its aches, and everything that was wrong, and you will be put into a spiritual body, a body that is fitted for you, of your size, and then you will grow stronger in that body. You will realize that you have left the old body behind you, because you are out of pain. Oh, the blessed reality of the glorious life that awaits all those that try to live right on the earth plane. Good night, Joe, good night.

Father: My boy, you were right in what you have done, and will do, and it has my approval. You are the only one that is able to do it, as the others are unfortunately poor. I do not know that they would be willing to do it if they thought they could get you to do it, but as things are, you do right to have it off your mind and settled. (Funeral expenses.)

John is gaining a little, and while he has gained strength I feel that having Mollie with him he can only fix his eyes upon her and see how beautiful she has grown in spirit life. It is more the freshness of youth, she grows younger, and her eyes are bright, and she seems such a beautiful spirit, so full of love, so full of sympathy and of kindness. She often and often speaks of the medium's watchful care over you, and says, Pa, I do not know what brother Joe would do without her continual care and kindness. So it is.

My boy, there is none of them able to pay the debt. You ought to know Mamie's disposition, and Cora's, too. They are full of temper and afraid that one will have more than the other. That spirit has already entered their heart, they are jealous of one another. . . . It is such a pleasure, my boy, to come and sit by your side and hold your hand. Oh, you did not think when I was on the earth that this should ever be. You would never believe it, though one came back from the other life and told you. But now you know it is true. I want you, my boy, to

be more spiritual-minded, that you take more interest in spiritual things. It will be to your great advantage when you enter our life. Help along the spiritual cause by your example and presence, if nothing more. Let them feel that you are a watchword, a tower of strength. You should be alive while on the earth; do not slumber and sleep away your days; take more interest in the spiritual life and it will be a comfort to you and to others, and certainly to us.

Oct. 12. Daniel Underhill: I think it is about time I should come and make a call. It has been a long, long time. . . . You cannot often have wealth and health together. If you have poverty you may have good health, or if you have wealth you may have the infirmities of life with it. While my wife and I were very comfortable, both of us were full of pain and sickness most all the time. We went out of life and gave our property to almost everyone that wanted it. It passed into the hands of the family and to strangers, the many beautiful things we had in our home, everything; and the birds that my wife had were given away to whoever would take them, not one living today, over two hundred. Some relatives still claim some of the property, but where are the family? Almost every member of it is here on this side with us. And I just tell you, after all my years of labor and experience, it is a good thing to lie down at last and pass out of life and get through with it all. I have been through it, I have paid the debt that all must pay.

My wife came first, and I soon followed. I did not grieve enough to kill me in the taking away of my companion. She was all in all to me, the love of my life, but she was worn out with rheumatism, pains in the body, pains in the head; and my great body was also full of infirmity. I went away to the hot baths (Arizona), and tried everything to get comfort and ease. It did not do me any good; but the money I paid out might just as well have gone that way as any other; I never begrudged one penny I paid. I tried to get my health, to get cured, I tried everything, but it was of no avail; the time had come when I was to lay down the burden of life and pass out of it, and what was the use of doctoring my wornout body? If doctors could overcome Nature, no one would die. But there is one thing I regret: I did not make a will satisfactory to myself. After I passed away and entered spirit life I saw those that were connected with me by ties of blood, as they call it, relatives that were here on the earth, commenced to quarrel and fight for my belongings, one and another, and some lawsuits came up over the property I had left.

(How is your daughter?) She was not our daughter, she was an adopted daughter, and by law could not hold anything, only what we gave her, because she was not a blood relative. The house in Thirty-seventh Street passed into the hands of strangers, but was sold long ago. All men must die, and some women ought to die. Look at the trouble I had with the Foxes.

Nov. 2. Father: Good evening, my boy. (Good evening, daddy.) How natural that sounds, the old familiar name of daddy. And, my boy, you are mine by right, by birth, by everything that is dear on earth and that is grand in spirit life. You have so many things given you, so many tests; and you know I come to you, my boy, you know how I long for the Saturday night, watching day after day that I may come and bring you a blessing. You have so much to encourage you, and when I see you surrounded by every blessing that anyone need have, what more can you desire?

Poor John suffered poverty; even though you assisted him so many times, still he was poor, very poor, and for many years suffered for the comforts of life, but he will never suffer for them any more. He thinks he will soon be strong enough in spirit to come and talk to you. He says, if there is anyone in earth life that he wants to reach, it is the medium and you, to thank you for all your kindness to him, and for her great kindness to him; you bearing the messages, sending them over land and water, that they might cheer him on his lonely pathway; and they did. He looked for your letters, and for the words of kindness they brought, although he had to keep them to himself. His family did not take any interest in them, from pride more than anything else. They thought his Spiritualism was a despised religion, they wanted something more toney, more churchy.

Dec. 1. John (nervously and feebly): Dear brother, you have been more than a brother to me, more than a brother, the kindest, best friend I ever had on earth. And, Joe, the love is lasting for eternity.

And my blessed medium, Oh, give her my thanks and my love for leading me into the straight and narrow way that leads up into life everlasting. (This is your first control.) Oh, I have fought my way. I wanted to come. I wanted to speak to you, Joe, and to thank you so much. Oh, my dear brother, you have been so kind, like a father to the family. I have struggled more than you can know. I want to say, Joe, guard the medium as you would your life. She led me up the mountainside and opened the gates of wisdom and happiness to me. Oh, my dear brother, I do feel as if the girls did not appreciate her as they should. But I cannot help it. Oh, no, I cannot help it. I was glad, glad to leave the body and enter upon this great plane where I could come to Mollie. Oh, my dear wife. (With great emotion.) I cannot say more. You cannot know all the vicissitudes and trials. Your Ma showed me the way, and I have struggled many days. I want the medium to be so careful of herself, of her life, her health. Oh, Joe, we cannot spare her. Oh, no. (John, you will get stronger the longer you live.) I never will die again.

Mother: Well, Joe, I am here, and I came with John, to see that he came right, and that his spirit was strong enough to throw the magnetic force upon the medium so he could talk through her a few moments. I wish you could see Mollie. She is radiantly beautiful, her eyes so bright. You know they were always bright. John longed to be with us; he felt that for the children to take care of him was too much trouble, and he was willing to come. He was a good father as far as he could be in his poor health, and we were so glad to get him. Oh, he longed and watched and waited. It seemed as if Mollie could not endure that length of time to keep her from her husband. Ma, he says, Joe was certainly good to me, he was good to mine. If they could only appreciate his goodness, it is all that I ask. I have often talked with your Pa, and he says, as I say, take your comfort. It is well enough to save, but don't save when you can use it to make yourself comfortable, for it is not appreciated. We see how it is, we talk it over, Mollie and we, and your Pa says, my boy knows enough to take care of himself and of what he has got.

Chapter XXVI.

JAN. 3, 1902. Greeley: I feel I would like to come in and bid you a Happy New Year, living right here in the very home almost where I lived in earth life, in the very street I trod so many times. Every step, every stone is familiar to me, every tree and everything is like home to me.

When I look upon the condition of the people of the present day, I feel a great sorrow of heart for those that have to leave their position and go out upon the world, so many of them poor, not knowing what to do, how to obtain their daily bread, while others will enter upon new scenes in a new life, but in a short time they, too, will have to change. This government is not lasting enough, it changes too often, it is up and it is down, it is here and it is there, it is over and it is under, and it makes a great change every few years. These great changes almost destroy the foundations of the Government. Men that are not able to hold their position as they should are raised to power, while those that were powerful and great are gone, taken away.

The cold winds of winter are sweeping over the land, and there is more misery and more sorrow in this great city than tongue can tell, or I see and know. You that have homes and home comforts, and are not dependent on change of place in life, how glad you should be, how thankful when you can sit down by your own fireside and enjoy your comforts, without feeling that you have got to be turned out of office, that you have got to be slandered and abused, and go you know not whither. Such is the fate tonight of hundreds and hundreds of men in this great city. Do you wonder that we were glad when we crossed the bridge, when we got through earth life and came over into the spirit world? Do you wonder that we leave it all behind us and feel there is no more warfare and nothing to fear? Oh, how glad I am that I never obtained that office which so many of my friends wanted me to have. I can look back now upon my life on this lower plane and feel that I did what good I could, that I tried to build up humanity, and advised the old and young to do what was right.

Wiona: I's tried to get in back door, and I couldn't. I had to come right in through the chimney-top and come down. You been waiting for me to come and see what news I could bring you. (True.) Well, I just want to tell you I started out to go on a mission. My father sent me down into Canada to see about the tribes what been sufferin' and dyin' with hunger. My father sent me down there with new Indian chief, and we had to 'press the people to carry food to the reservation, to get somethin' to eat, and some clothin' to wear, and I hadn't time to go see your place, and I had to mind my father, don't you see. My father has the orderin' of the Indian reservation all around. I was glad to get back to medy, and her so earnest, desirin' me to come so bad. I wouldn't stay, and I left Tecumseh down there to 'press the people, to help them where they was starvin'. My father said, what you wanted me to find out you know all about soon, and what he wanted was necessary, useful to the people what was starvin' to death.

I see a new baby. I told you a while ago there be more. It's a pretty baby. She had it quick, didn't she? Has her husband got better position? (Both events just occured; not known to me at the time.) Better times for them. More money comin' into the family. The boy is doin' better, not working on land, but in a store. (Third test. Not known until after inquiry.)

Jan. 11. Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. Well, I want to say to you, we are cognizant of all that takes place in the home life, but it is nothing uncommon (another birth); it is an everyday and hourly occurrence, and consequently we are not unduly moved by it, but we feel more interest in the terrible accident and affliction that came upon those people whose life was crushed out without a moment's warning. . . .

Oh, how I loved the spiritual meetings.

I would go any distance when I was on the earth to attend them. I came to New York more for the pleasure of visiting the Camps, and to hear the people give their experiences. Oh, that was a joyous visit. What a feast it was. There is nothing that can so satisfy the cravings of the human heart as a good spiritual test from our side of life. Your spirit friends have been grand and noble in their work with you. They have tried to keep you, to have you bear the ills of life, and to feel that they are ever near you. What more do you want? What greater comfort can you have than to have your own father and mother come and talk with you? Throw all idle thought and feeling to the winds. You have had too much given you, too many spiritual tests, you cannot gainsay them, you cannot go back on the last vision of your sister before she passed out of life. She held communion with the spirit world. Thousands and tens of thousands have enjoyed the same. . . .

Jan. 18. Mother: Good evening, Joe. I am going to have my say. I have been all day wanting to visit you in your home and see how you were. Sometimes I feel I may talk too long, but I feel like a new woman, and I cannot bear that one moment of time when I can come to see you should be taken up by anyone else. . . .

Well, Joe, I was thinking of the birth-night when you came into life (January 18), when I suffered the pain and agony of giving birth to a boy; and you will never reach that age in life again. Be careful that you live as long as you can. I reached a grand old age (eighty-three), and the medium will live just as long (eighty-seven). You never had a birthday. You were born in the night, two o'clock.

Jan. 25. John: Oh, let me speak a word to you. He was so kind and so good to me. Oh, how can I repay him? Long years of gratitude can never repay what he did for me. And the medium, Oh, may she be blessed. She has been a grand mother to him; the bright spiritual light that has guided him on through so many years of his life, and kept him from the pitfalls into which he would have fallen. Oh, I do wish I could talk more and get control of her better. Oh, I am so glad of the opportunity, I am so thankful. Brother Joe, I am so thankful to the dear medium. Oh, brother Joe, above all things in life be considerate of her in her old age.

Feb. 15. John: Brother Joe, I am so thankful that I am stronger, and that I am more able to talk than I have been. I am glad to visit other scenes and sights, and Mollie says she would like me to go with her to the higher life when I am able, and see the glories of spirit life as they are unfolded to view. She says we are so near the earth plane that we get much of the atmosphere of sorrow and groaning and discontent from the earth. When you go higher you get away from it and you grow in spirit and in strength. I feel so thankful to you both, to you and the medium, for all your acts of kindness, for the charitable thoughts you had for me when I was in affliction. When I was in trouble you sympathized with me, sometimes giving me a little money, helping me along from one post to another on life's highway. But now it is all over. I have left it for those that come after me to take their line of life and follow it. I have not been to Staunton in some time, because all things were right when I was there, and there is plenty of poverty and distress and troublesome times, which is unpleasant to me. They progress in some things; they progress in a wonderful manner in bringing new subjects into life to feed.

Feb. 22. Mother: Good evening, Joe. I have been here back and forth for days, and I come, although the storm is raging. John says, tell brother Joe that I am getting right smart and bright. I realize what he did for me, and what the medium did for me. I realize how he wrote out his notes for me, how he tried to enlighten my mind by sending me spiritual messages and token of love. I realize it, and thank him for it. Tell Joe I want him to go to Staunton this summer. I don't want him to break away, for he is the only one that is left, and I want him to keep up his love for the old home, and for the graves where the dead lie. We are not there, only our bones, but it is showing respect to us. Oh, how kind he was to me and above all the greatest blessing he ever did for me was to open my eyes and teach me the way to the spiritual kingdom. Will you tell him this?

Father: My boy, Mollie is so wrapped up with John that even your Ma and I see but little of her. They spend the time together and are so happy in each other's society, living over the days of their early life, before sickness and care and anxiety entered into their home. Well, my boy, things do not change much with us in the spirit world; we go on about the same, and you will eventually come to us, and we will be complete in the ties of family love. I know there are many hills, many mountains in life to climb, but you seem pretty well on the top of the heap as far as finances are concerned; you have not got to wade through the valley as I did, and drink of the waters of poverty, and you may as well take your comfort while your life lasts, for you know it does not endure forever, the end has to come, and come it will, regardless of everything that can be done to ward it off.

(Did you see me on the jury?) I did; it was like old times acted over again, the court business (he was once judge of court in Williamsburg, Va.), and when we look back, as we often do, and behold the things of earth, its strife, its struggles and contention, its murmurings and deceits and wickedness, I tell you, my boy, it is well to be out of it, and the enjoyment and happiness we have when we leave the body more than pays for all you get on earth.

Dr. Bahan says he wants to be remembered to you, and Mr. Johnson who is with him says: tell the medium her mascot is here. So many come tonight to greet her. The doctor says, we all loved her when we were on the earth. I thought there was no medium like unto her. You yourself remember the pleasant circles we had in your home. My wife and I so often came to her circles where we could talk with her son. Those were happy evenings, but now I am with my family, we are gathered together. My wife is in the West with her own people. Her grief was so great after losing our boy, and my passing away, it broke her up completely.

Greeley: I want to say to you, my friend, that so many have this day been bowing their heads in worship for the birth of Washington. Well his memory is kept alive by that act, and by the great battles that he fought and won, and his memory will be kept alive while America exists. Generation after generation will come and pass away, and still the memory of Washington and Lincoln will stand up before others that are gone. They fought the battles, they stood up bravely for the rights of the nation, and they were noble and great and God-fearing, self-sacrificing men.

Almost all the friends I had on earth are here, and we have a glorious time. I tell you there is no peace, there is no place on earth like the spiritual, where you can enjoy freedom and glory and happiness. I do not believe in war. People die off fast enough, they go without being slain, no need killing them to have them get off the earth. What right have the people of this continent to go and take the Islands far remote from here, what right had they to those Islands whose natives have inhabited them for hundreds of years? . . .

Mar. 1. John: Well, brother Joe, you know full well how Mamie opposes everything that has a spiritual name to it, or a spiritual tendency. After I became so feeble that I could not read my letters she almost refused to read them to me, because there was Spiritualism in them. She is bitterly opposed to it in every form, and even after her mother came back from the spirit world and talked with the family on her death-bed. She will not accept that; so it is useless to stir up wrath, because it will avail nothing. I was often afraid to let them know or see or hear a word that you wrote. Sometimes your letters came so full of loving kindness, so full of heavenly messages, I did want them to hear them, but with stern ridicule they did not want to hear. . . .

I hope, Joe, that you won't give up the home life and the family. You know the old place is still dear to you, because our bones are there, and it is a sacred place, and I would like to have you go there and see the home and see the family, and see how things are. You are the only one that is left that can do anything, or can talk; you are not afraid even if they don't believe in the spiritual doctrine. You do not want to give up the home place because I am gone, or because your mother has.

(You are getting stronger, John.) Oh, I am improving slowly. But, Joe, do you think in your heart that you appreciate the

medium as you ought? Oh, I never realized till I came to the spirit world what a comfort she must be to you. Her messages of love that came to me through you when I was in earth life now I know were true.

Apr. 12. John: I do wish I could be strong enough to come, but every time I want to come and see the medium I seem to throw over her the influence of my cough, and I pity her so much. Oh, how many times I have felt I would like to come and manipulate her throat, as I did myself, but I don't know that it would do her any good. I thought sometimes it helped me, but it was only my mind, it did not really benefit me in the end, because consumption was so firmly seated that nothing would cure me but to pass into another life. Oh, brother Joe (coughing), how I do wish sometimes that you were here. Don't dread to come, don't feel bad about going. I did not dread it, because I believed in Spiritualism, I had strong faith in it, I believed perfectly in the medium, and I felt that her words were true, and that I would find everything as she said, and I did, I did. And I tried to live up to the truth, to the knowledge and light I got. As you know, I did not have any one to sympathize with me, no one that I could speak to as I was drawing near to the brighter land. I thought of the great privileges that you had, you could sit down in your own home and hold communion with your friends, but I could not. It was only the blessed news you got from time to time that kept me up and comforted me.

Oh, Joe, you cannot tell how glad I was when I got a letter that was full of that spiritual love, that great joy that was held out to me, that I would meet Mollie and my family. I was so happy, and it was so, it was so. The joy was unspeakable. I tried to live an upright life. I was beset by many temptations. The cares of my family and the poverty of my own life, all together, made it very hard. You did not realize it, but I did. I suffered, and when Mollie was sick I knew that she suffered for many comforts that I could not give her. Not often do I go down to see the family; I cannot do anything for them. I see and know the conditions, and know that my son is getting uneasy. Good night, my dear brother.

Apr. 19. Father: . . . My boy, if I go to the home I cannot talk to them, and if you were to write them what I say, they would not believe it, they would hold it up to ridicule. John says, when he received letters from Joe, he wanted to read them, but they refused to hear them, they would never give him an opportunity to read your letters, or to speak to them of the spiritual cause; they were right and he was wrong, and rather than make contention and difficulty he forebore to say anything. Perhaps it was the wisest way, situated in life as he was; he could not be quarreling with his family. Your last letter to him breathed so much humanity, so much spiritual life, that he did want it read, and he was too sick to read it himself. There were no comments upon it, whether they approved it or not, but they read it because they were obliged to do so.

May 24. Phœbe: My friend and brother, I would like to say a few words to you upon a subject which is so little understood. You should know, after all the long dealing you have had with me, and with other friends of yours that come to you so often, that investigators must do something themselves to help draw the influences to them. They must not continually say they do not believe, that such things are impossible. How is the spirit going to fight its warfare, how can it enter the home with such a feeling against it? They want to be made welcome, they don't want their presence doubted. When they learn to throw out an earnest longing for loved ones it will help them to come. They have to be sought for and needed. You do not have that realizing feeling that pervades a body when it leaves the earth plane; it goes as a rule to its own. When I passed out of life, my earnest desire was to meet my sister, my father and mother, and my friends. As soon as I met them, I was received into their presence. My next earnest desire was to come back to earth and to look after those friends that I left behind me. I had many, very many, and they were anxious to hear from me. Had they repelled me, and said they did not believe that such a thing could be, they would have barred my existence, and I could not have entered into their spirit, I could not have shown them that love and affection that the spirits try to show. If you had the love of your mother, but believed she could not come, that if she did

it was a fake, that you could not receive her, that it was a lie, do you think she would have come so many times? That is the position of those people who will not open their hearts and receive the truth and try to aid the spirits to come to them.

Medium: There comes a new company that have not been in the habit of coming. They seem to be Southern people, more from the lowlands, from the valleys, and I come near a river and a bridge and a mill. And they seem orthodox, not spiritualists. I wish the vision might come nearer that I may get something. I feel I am taken to a place where there are very few houses, in a very large tract of country; and I see a church. I think your father preached there. (Micah church, Charles City, Va.) And now I feel I am in Richmond. I see Mr. Gill, Joseph Gill. Well, he says, I want to thank you for the bequest of money that you have thought of in your mind that you would leave to the boys. (A recent secret provision in my will for the Male Orphan Asylum, of which he was president.) I thank you very much. It would be a lasting remembrance, and I know that my wife, or widow, would appreciate it, and I also, and I have come tonight to tell you. (How did you find it out?) I know it, I know it.

June 14. John: I want to say one word to you, brother Joe. I want to thank you; I always want to thank you. I want to thank the medium, for she was the ladder that brought me safely along and gave me a lift into the spiritual life. Oh, Joe, I am so glad you are going home. I want you to see to Billy. I feel as if you are the only link, the bridge that he must cross in getting home. Talk to him, encourage him, and make him feel his manhood. I will not be there to see you in the body and talk with you, and you won't hear me coughing and worrying as you did. Go forth, Joe, with your heart full of loving kindness for each one of them. You are all that is left to them now.

And the dear old medium: I cannot express to you my feeling of kindness to her. I am sure she has done enough for us all. It is through her I come, and your mother and all. We are indebted to her for our happiness. Can we ever pay her? She is earnest in her work, faithful in her duties, and she is loving and kind in all her ways. When I left earth life, almost my last thoughts, when I could not express them in words, were of thankfulness to her for opening my eyes to the truth, and I was ready to go, glad to come. The doctor took me in his strong arms and brought me over safely. In the last moments of my life I saw him standing by my side, and I said, Doctor, take me gently, carry me safely.

I do not want anything to happen to you. You were kind to me, not only with spiritual advice, but with money. Joe, I do not forget it. The little money lifted me out of the valley and made me feel I was somebody, with a little in my purse. Do you know it is natural for a man to feel that way, not to be independent upon anyone? Ah, I have been there; I know it. I will not recall it, it is gone with the past, and let it go. Thanks for the last debt of nature you paid for me. I can only say, when you reach this side of life, you will receive my gratitude and thankfulness for that deed of kindness, for every act of kindness is remembered here, not one is lost. (No more sickness, John.) No; eternal happiness, brightness and joy, with Mollie by my side. You cannot define it, either in Latin, Greek, or any other language, the happiness, the everlasting love through all eternity.

Aug. 23. Wiona controlled to say that she had seen me locking up a pair of new Indian slippers in a drawer of my chiffonier, under certain other articles, and described the slippers and surroundings exactly.

Mother: Joe, I have not held your hand in a good while, and I am so glad to come again. It seemed so long and so hard to be so far away and not talk to you. (I had been to Staunton, Richmond and Saratoga.)

Your Pa says, when summer comes he does not believe in breaking up and going off as you do in this lower sphere. He did not do it when he was in earth life, everybody stayed at home and saw to his family. But everything changes in course of time. I am so glad you are home again, and I am so thankful you are in pretty good health. . . .

Mr. Pritchard was with you in Staunton and tried to come and control at one time, but could not on account of his cough.

Everything reminded him of the sadness and all the events in the life of the family. . . .

Nov. 15. Greeley: Yes, we have a glorious old time. We talk and laugh and sing and watch the elections. We watched to see how the people voted, and how angry they all got. Some were calm and voted with judgment and an honest purpose. We look down upon the earth and see the discord and the jealousy and the bitter feeling that rankled in the hearts of the different parties, and we felt how good it was to be above it. It was a fearful time, and they could have killed one another but for the law. But I think the election was all right, it was Republican to the dot, and you know I was Republican, strong in the faith, and it was a good fight well fought. We that have passed on to the higher life look down and laugh at the President of this great Republic being in the woods hunting, while another one goes hunting in another direction, to enjoy the pleasures of life. That lies nearer to their heart than the welfare of this country. They are not seeking for dignity, but seeking for bears.

Father: Your Ma is uneasy and nervous. Now that Mollie is gone, she wants to be around where she can see you, and she is in your home oftener than you think. She will not stay so contented with me as she was when Mollie was here, but she goes out for you, goes to your home and looks over everything, talking to herself, and feeling that she is communicating with you. . . . We see so much contention, fighting, suicides, everything to destroy human life, everything to break up families on this lower plane. Oh, what a world you are living in, my boy, and when you come up to our spirit life how glad you will be. You will say to yourself, as I have said so many times, how foolish I was to worry, and to want this, that, and the other thing, and not be content with what I had. But you are in far different circumstances from what I was; we see the great change between your condition and mine, and I am glad I am here, that we are all here together, loving and kind and united and happy.

(How do you differ in shape?) Well, you will find the forms and the likeness so much like what they are in earth life that you will recognize your friends at once. Were I to come back so that you could see me with your own eyes, my boy, you would see me with my bald head as when I left the earth plane, but now there is no baldness on my head. I look as I looked when young, when I had that youthful life and vigor about me. We know there is no death again, we live on through eternity, and we could not be old and decrepit; we take upon ourselves a young form, or at least it is given us. It is natural; everything in its turn. I think Dr. Krebs holds his own likeness the most of any one I have seen since I have been in the spirit world. He retains his bulk, his large size, not with the stomach full of corruption, but it shows you the largeness of the form, and you will say when you see him, how easily I recognize you. The bowels are not in the form. There is enough brain so we can use it. We are not mummies. A surgeon will never have a chance to dissect a spirit body.

It is a great subject, a great theme to talk about through the mouth of another. The form and features you will always recognize. When we are put into the spiritual body we improve and grow to a certain age, and there we remain. We do not take upon ourselves old age nor infancy, but we remain as we were in middle life or younger life, because after we are in the spiritual body and are filled out to such an extent that we can be recognized by our friends, there we remain. We never grow old in spirit life. I have never yet seen those I knew in earth life grow old. Sometimes we see those that have been here thousands of years. I cannot tell the extent of time, it is beyond my power to tell you, but they are full of wisdom, they seem to be more like gods, more like divine beings than any that ever came from earth. They were on earth once and passed into spirit life, but they have been so long in spirit that they have become ancient. Even if you live to old age in life you are but an infant. Think of the vast eternity that is before you, and think of the few short years that are given you here in earth life, and what are they, my boy? They are given you only that you may prepare yourself for spirit life, that you may be freed from iniquity of every kind, that you may be pure in heart and strive to elevate your character and be just.

Dec. 13. Greeley: Well, I would like, my friend, to say a few words. When I see the wickedness, the depravity of mankind, in wanting to make war, wanting to destroy nations and republics, I feel what a pity it is that they have not something else to do, what a pity that the money which is spent in quarreling, in bombarding and building up towns and destroying Governments, should not be made to help the poor of this world. How much better use for the money than to spend it in powder and shot and cannon-balls, how much better it could be spent in alleviating the poor and saving them from starvation and death. How many poor frost-bitten creatures will enter spirit life.

Oh, when I think of the powers that are, the great nations of the earth with all their vast revenues wanting to fight, they know not what to do, they know not how to spend the money except for battles and fights. Where is man's righteousness, if he ever had any? I sometimes think, as I look down on this lower plane, that it is all a sham, it is nothing real, no stability, fighting, murdering, committing all kinds of crimes, never thinking of the life that is beyond this, only of how to make money and to destroy. I tell you the spirits on the other side of life blush when they see the wickedness and crime upon this plane, and it is going to be worse; that is but the beginning and not the ending.

I am sure you must feel thankful that you never entered political life. You must be glad in your heart that your desires did not lie that way, that you are not mixed up in the strife of the politician. . . . We have what is called our own circles, and we talk over these things, for we see and know what is going on, and constantly. Every moment some souls come to us from this lower side of life, and while they bring such tales of sadness, we see and know before they come to us. We know what they experienced on the earth; but all our endeavors to help humanity are unavailing, we cannot bring forward enough power and strength to withstand the wickedness in the world, we cannot do it; we may try as far as we are able to save our own and to help those in whom we are interested, but that is a small matter, we cannot reach out and save the multitude. We see them rushing to and fro, rushing into danger and into death, and we are powerless. We can only say that in a little while you will be swept from this earth. Try and live so you will rejoice when you come.

Chapter XXVII.

JAN. 3, 1903. Father: Good evening, my boy. You have entered upon another year. How the long years have passed into time and oblivion, but when you think of all the wonderful things that have taken place during the past year, it seems like living a new life. And all those who are able to follow up all these things, all the new inventions that have come before the public, know how wonderful they are, and when another year rolls around many other possibilities will be brought forward. It is a wonderful age in which you live, my boy. It progresses, mechanism of every kind is brought into play, each one seems to vie with the other as to who shall accomplish the greatest thing and the most. Well, in my day but little of this kind was done. I plodded on year after year, getting a little salary, suffering poverty and sickness and everything else, and, my boy, I never had that ambition which so many have in this day, I never could do what others have done this past year.

My boy, you seem to lie still, like an oar in a boat. But why should you labor for a livelihood when you have enough? It is better to take care of your health and take what comfort you can. You know you have reached that age in life when you begin to go down hill, and you go faster than you realize. You are having severe weather and much suffering. I cannot help but notice it. It seems to me that some provision should be made for the suffering poor, both in your city and in Staunton, but there is enough of it all over the world, and there is money enough to make every man and woman on this earth comfortable, if it could be dealt out to them in a proper manner.

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I want to tell you the Captain is right glad to be with his wife. They are continually together, and I like to see them so happy in their love for each other, for I now think that the true love of man and wife shows itself with those that pass through all the trials of life and have gone through all its by-ways and entered spirit life, and I can assure you there is a great deal of joy and happiness in it. What do you think of my having two dear wives, both of them with me as one, so happy, so lovely? And I think there is nothing on this earth that would ever tempt one of us to come back again. We can see and know the sufferings that are below us; we feel for the poor; we have great sympathy for those that are hungry and cold, but we cannot impress the heart of the rich to hand out the almighty dollar and help them. They give their money, but not in a way for its entrance into the homes of the poor; it is exhausted before it reaches the fireside of the suffering. How many there are this cold and bitter night that are languishing on beds of sickness, that need nourishing food, that need warm rooms and warm clothing. How little do they care? They have all the enjoyments of life, they do not put their hands in their pockets to help them, but hug their money-bags. We see it all, and we wish that many others that are suffering tonight were here with us.

Well, I am glad you are enjoying life. I see that you are making others happy, and that makes you happy. I know you love music, and you are surrounded with it, and you enjoy it and let others enjoy it also. I only hope you will so live that you can join the heavenly choir and sing to your entire satisfaction. Your voice will be increased, made louder and stronger, and you will be able to sing the songs that will raise you out of the thoughts of earth life.

I saw the medium's father a short time ago. He has with him a large company of relatives, of his own tribe, if you can call the Jennings a tribe; they are a great company, and they are bright, active spirits. I wish the medium had lungs as strong as her faith, and then her voice would reach up to the skies. It is a poor weak voice, but she has great faith. Oh, how busy is her life, and how kindly and friendly, seeking for others' comfort. Oh, that we could raise up an army like unto her and send it through the length and breadth of the earth.

Feb. 7. Mother: Good evening, Joe. How good it is to come again around the table and talk to you face to face. Oh, Joe, you can't tell how I look for this holy scene. It is to me so sacred, and we look forward in all the days that pass until it comes. And you want me to tell you something of the High Powers, the great power of light and love we have in the spirit world. I think we promised you to do so, and I want to tell you we have that Great Being that we cannot see, no more than you can see Him on the earth. But we feel his influence, we feel the light of His countenance and that He is near us. Although we cannot see any such Being, we know there is a Power that comes to us, that teaches us the way. He has taught us how to come back, and to control the medium. You know if you put the seed in the ground and in the darkness, it grows up and comes forth into the light. So this great Power fills us with love and with a united spirit, and permits us to come forth and to talk and to help and to do all the good we can to mankind on the earth below. When we feel sad sometimes because of the loved ones that are left behind, there comes over us that spirit of love, we feel as if we could clasp each other and look up to that Being who pervades the whole realm of the spiritual life. To be in the spiritual world makes you very happy, it makes you kind and loving to one another, it draws you together. All selfishness, all wickedness, all evil thoughts and all evil speaking is done away, for fervent love, great goodness of heart swelling up, is what we have and enjoy here.

I told your Pa I had a delightful sermon to tell tonight, and he laughed. He says, are you going to take up the old business I had on the earth? Are you going to preach the gospel? And I said, No; I am going to preach good-will and love and holiness and happiness. And he said, I am sure you know how to preach it, for I think if anyone left behind a world of sorrow and trouble, you did; and when I received you I thought how glad I was to get you, to teach you, and to open your eyes to a knowledge of the spiritual life. This is what your Pa said.

We have not had any sign of Mollie and John. I thought they would have been back with us by this time, but they seem to live in joy among themselves in the brighter, nobler life to which they have gone.

Joseph R. Gill: My wife has been through a great deal of trial. The people do not come up to her help as they should; they are backward in advancing the money and in helping. But she is a good talker. She will talk her way through. . . . They had a fire, and it was a great detriment to them. (So informed by letter concerning funds and fire of the Orphan Asylum, Richmond, Va., but did not know it at the time.)

Feb. 21. John: Yes, dear brother Joe, I cannot describe the glorious beauty of what I saw, but you yourself when you come up higher will know and see there is but little on earth worth living for, that the pleasures of earth life are nothing, that they pass away in the using, and that what you attain to in spirit life abideth forever. How little I thought when I was visiting you in your home that I should so soon be away from you. I did think then that I might recover my health and live for some time, and I must say that it was with great regret that I saw the end approaching, but I knew that I must go. I had such a choking I could not breathe, and I felt the time was drawing near when I must pass out of life into the eternal home, and I felt if I could only reach the home of my beloved wife it would be all I would want or ask for. I had strong faith, but I want to tell you, Joe, that the medium strengthened me in my faith, her words, her strong confidence in spirit life, took hold on me. You know how much I thought of her, how I used to love to get your letters and read the words of love and affection from her. The advice, the counsel she gave, was true and honest and good, and I trusted them. In my last sickness, in the last days of my life, I thought of her, and my soul went out to her with a yearning, it seemed more like the love of a mother for her child, I knew that she was praying for me and earnestly wishing that my departure might be peaceful and happy, and so it was. I was received with great joy into the spirit home where I met my beloved wife. Good night, dear brother Joe, good night.

Mar. 7. Mother: Good evening, Joe. John came back to us. Mollie did not return, and he says he will soon go back to her. He says they journeyed on through

mountains, as it were, through clouds of great loveliness and beauty until they reached the higher sphere, and there all signs of earth were banished, everything vanished except what was spiritual and pure and grand. It was like the close of the setting sun, everything covered with beauty and brightness and joy; praises and songs of eternal love echoed from the lips of myriads of spirits, and Mollie seemed so happy amid the throng that were redeemed from earth and earthly care, where the cares of this life do not reach them. But he said, I felt I wanted to come back and see how my family were getting along. I have not quite become reconciled to leaving them all yet, although the love of Mollie and the companionship of the spirits have more than satisfied my soul. Still earthly love brings back a father's love for his children. I find them all comfortable and getting along far better than when I left them, and I am glad. I am glad that I am away from the petty things of life, and that they will no more trouble me.

Mar. 14. Paine: I want to say a few words to you, my friend. You think they have made great progress in Christianity; you think that the people of this age have advanced mightily in their religious ways, that they are so far ahead of the time when I was upon the earth. I can assure you I think they have gone backward instead of forward. I know they are not so bigoted as they were when I was here, but I feel that religion, as you call it, is at a very low ebb. What think you about it, my friend? . . . They persecuted me unto the end, and I have felt sometimes that I would go far away and not come back, and never again attempt to visit the earth, but still there comes a feeling for the old land, for the old home and country. You feel like one off at sea, in a distant land, you long for the ship to take you back again to your native port. And so it is with all that go to the higher life. They are glad to stay for a while, to see new things, new views and new conditions, and then again they are glad to come back where they can see how matters are on the earth plane. And so it has been with me.

I see an advancement. People will profess any 'ism and they are not persecuted as they were in my day. They can adopt almost any faith, and can think and live through it. My life was drifting, and I felt I had no home on the earth or among the people. But things in that respect are changed. And there are more that don't believe in God or anything, and they let the world go as it will. They care very little for the higher principles of life, for Spiritualism or any of the 'isms; they want to be left alone to do as they like. Such seems to be the condition of the people on the plane today.

For some time I have wanted to say a few words to you, but felt there was not magnetism enough to hold me, and so I let others come, and I have waited for this time. The medium will be better when the warm weather comes, she will have more strength and we can hold her longer. With us there is a pleasant balmy atmosphere, a radiance like the glorious sunlight, and flowers of rare beauty and fragrance, such as you never have upon the earth. The light of your sun which governs the earth never affects the light of the spirit world. We know that it is underneath us and we are above it, and our own rays of light do not penetrate the earth plane. We can come very readily and quickly into your atmosphere when conditions are right. Distance does not affect us any more than to go from our own home to the higher life. We call it home, because so many of our friends are centered here, and when we go to the higher life it is far onward and upward, and we approach that bright and glorious spiritual light which will last forever, and which affords a pleasure that nothing on earth can give; and so many go and never return. We know that man goes through the penalty and pain of death but once, and when born into the spirit life he lives on through eternity. . . .

Greeley: My friend, you have a very inquiring mind; you like to understand all the points, the principles of everything you do or hear or read about. At the same time you are methodical in all your ways, and you believe only so much, and you want to be sure and find out the exact truth of everything. You ought not to take up with the common things of earth but soar above them and make for yourself a name and a fame whereby you might be known to future generations. I had my

day. I was beginning to adopt new ideas of my own, new rules for myself, and I was planning many things which I suppose were not right, therefore my fate on earth was sealed and I took my flight; instead of going westward, I went forward. . . .

Mar. 21. John: Brother Joe, when we left our spirit home to make a journey to the higher regions we passed through realms of peace and loveliness. I cannot describe it to you, but there were glorious scenes. We saw spirits so aged they had been for centuries in spirit life, with long-flowing beards and eyes so bright, ever ready to guide and to give advice about the higher life to which we all will go. After a while, they said, all those that are so near the lower plane will be transferred to a higher plane, to make room for those who are continually coming. They will have to be removed, and they are advanced step by step until they reach the higher life from which they never return. . . . Mollie seems to be so happy. I have left her there, and will soon return with her again. I came back that I might see the Captain and your Ma and see my boy and the family, but I now feel that my mission is done, and I thank you, I thank you for all your kindness.

T. J. E. Fox: My name was enough to kill me, without a gun. I was a great lover of women, and I met my death by it. It is dangerous, dangerous business. If a man cannot agree with his own wife, he does not want any other man to agree with her. He wants the satisfaction, if it is a satisfaction, of ill-treating her all alone, and no other man to sympathize with her or to take her part. I have been all through it. I know what it is. Let the women alone. The further you keep from them, the better. They are a snare to man, for the man is tempted, easily tempted, and trouble comes. I have not been to visit any one in earth life for a long, long time. I have seen temptations that were placed in your way, and I have made an effort to come to tell you to be careful. It is well your eyes are open to the facts.

Apr. 4. Friend George H. Mellish in Polyclinic Hospital. Wiona: I feel awful sorry for the man what's sick. If he can't get managed he gets very sullen. I feel very sorry for the poor squaw. She all broke up. My father seen him, and he says he won't be well again. So many things matter with him. Shock. Didn't feel well for good long time. Kinder 'fected his brain, too. He so peculiar. Didn't listen to nussin' or anybody. Thought he knew it all, and see where he is, don't you? I tell you, white chief, it's better for people, when they gets all broke up and can't help themselves, to go where they can be helped, don't you think so? You don't get all swelled up and go groanin' around. (True of him.) His poor squaw plead with him all her mind to, but he wouldn't listen.

Apr. 11. Mother: Well, Joe, spring has come again upon your land, the grass is getting green, and in a little while the buds will come out, and everything will be beautiful. Joe, do you know this is something like the spirit world? You see the cold winter is like death, and everything goes into the roots of the earth, and then when spring comes it buds into newness of life, and this is symbolical of the life you live, because when you go into the earth it is the same as the roots of the trees, you know, and when the spring comes it is like entering spirit life with the new life that fills the soul with so much promise, so much brightness, joy and peace. I wanted to tell you this. I was thinking today of what I would say to you tonight, something different from the old songs I have been singing, and the old yarns I have been spinning, so I compared the life of this world and the going down into the grave with the newness of life in the buds that burst out in their freshness and beauty.

I feel sorry when I see people on this plane mourning because they have to die, their breath must leave the body, and that body goes into the grave, and they are afraid. Joe, when you take off your clothes at night and lie down upon your bed, you do it to refresh the body, and to sleep and rest, and so it is in going out of life. You rest, and Oh, that blessed rest, that peaceful quiet rest that comes to the waiting soul. Only think, Joe, how I suffered for years in my body and in my brain, my stomach always aching, and taking medicine of almost every kind that I could get to relieve the pain of that poor body. . . .

When you are once emancipated and set free, Joe, you will think how foolish it was to dread dying, or to think of it with distrust. You will say, how could I do it when death is so easy when it comes and the soul is set free from the old cumbersome body? I felt when I was on the earth that I must sing and pray and be prepared for it, praying continually. Perhaps those prayers may have aided me, but I don't know how. I could sing and lift up my heart, but I lift it up now in thankfulness that I am free from pain and everything that could wound me. I am here with your Pa, happy as we can be. No young and wedded life could be as happy as ours is now. We sing and talk and roam about hand in hand, and feel that life is so pleasant together. I have been here so many times. I see every little change you make. I notice everything around so nice and clean and quiet. Oh, I love a home where peace and harmony dwell. I do not like contention nor disagreeable things. I had enough of it in my earth life.

Father: Well, my boy, your Ma has talked pretty well tonight, hasn't she? She wakes up sometimes and says, I would like to visit Joe today. I will go and see him and walk through his home and see how he is. If anything is the matter with you it seems to cast a shadow over her.

You spoke of your friend (Mr. Mellish). His sufferings have been great, and when death comes to him it will be a great relief. When he enters spirit life he will see what a miserable body he has left behind him. Once his spirit is freed from the body of disease and death, Oh, what a change will be before him. How happy he will be, so free from pain. He longs for it. I have not visited his prison-house of clay, but I know his condition is very, very dangerous. . . .

You have almost wished you could escape and come over to us, but we would be very sorry to have you come to us when life's pleasant dealings are before you, in the morning of life, as you may say, for you may still call yourself comparatively young. You have not reached the age of three-score and ten. Think, my boy, how many years I suffered, and was so cross. I could not help it. I knew the day would come when you would not feel in your heart that I was to blame. I knew I was leaving your Ma helpless and poor, and it was a bitter, bitter shock to me to leave her in that condition. But you grew up into manhood, into strength of mind and body, able and willing to help her and protect her, as you did, and my soul goes out in great thankfulness to you, my boy, for your kindness to your Ma. She is living; well and sound in mind and body, she is a bright spirit, and reminds me of the married days that I liked, before the children came to bless us, and then to depart and leave us almost alone. . . . Your Ma and I have often spoken of Mamie with her increasing family. We hope the seeds of consumption will not be planted in their system. (In 1921 her daughter Mary was treated in hospital for consumption.)

May 2, Mother: Good evening, Joe. We have heard from John and Mollie. They have not returned to us, but we have heard from others that have been with them, and they are in a perfectly blissful state. They are now in the third sphere, not in the seventh sphere, and they are not so far away from us. It is indeed the Summerland, and no place is like unto it. The flowers are musical, every leaf has a musical note, welcome notes of gladness, everything is so blended together in beauty and grace; it brings such peace, such content, such joy, that nothing can describe it. You have got to live here to know it, to enjoy it, and see it as it is. And Joe, I wish you could be with us for a season, even if you return again to earth, but when you once reach here you will never want to return. There is everything here that fills your heart with gladness, with that supreme joy that you are out of the turmoil of life, its strife and contention and cares.

We were so glad to hear from Mollie and John. The friends that came from that region to us were strangers to us. Many people on the earth plane feel that after their friends depart and come to spirit life they can always have them. Now I feel just this way: If you hold communion with them constantly, you keep them near you, but if it is with long delays that you hear from them, they finally grow away from you and forget their family and friends here, and the family here feel that they have forgotten them, and they become discouraged and doubt if there is any such

thing. Oh, I tell you I am glad to come, because it keeps us near to you and you to us.

Greeley: What are your ideas of spirit life? Our atmosphere is clear, far more so than you have it here. It is the Summerland in reality, because it is a continual summer. It is a place of which you can have but little idea while you are on the earth, but it is almost a counterpart of this plane after all, only we do not have wars and rumors of wars, nor contagious diseases, nor anything to carry off people; but we are near to you, far nearer than you realize. We see and know all that passes on this plane, and we see many things that are radical, many things that we would like to see different; but it all shapes its own end, will fulfill its destiny; time will work great wonders in this land, the vast West will become civilized cities. All civilization, all Nature changes, everything is growing, and if it is increasing it is also digressing, and sometimes I think it is more wicked, as you call it, than it was long years ago, when people did not know as much, nor have as much ingenuity as they now have. The more they know, the more they want to know, and when people were ignorant, as you say, they lived up to what they knew, to the knowledge they had, and they were satisfied. They were peaceable citizens, there wasn't war and contention, people cultivated their fields and studied economy, and were a happy people to a great extent, far more so than they are today with all their wisdom, with their underground railroads and their railroads over the ground, and everything that can be done to destroy and pluck out that which is beautiful.

Just think, my friend, how short human life is. But very few now will see the end of your underground travel. Look at the vast numbers that pass out of life all the while, not by ones or twos, but by hundreds and thousands; one generation follows another, the mighty, the rich, the lowly, all have to lay their heads low. When you reach the bright spiritual land where there is no more death, no more sorrow, why, it is another estate entirely. I tell you, my friend, it is the lonesomeness, the parting, that is more the cause of grief than the real mourning for the one that is gone; it is their own self-regret. They feel the lonesomeness, their unprecedented state, and many of them marry again for companion's sake. It is not always because they have lost their friend, but selfishness has a great deal to do with it. Many grand and noble people have entered our home, and I do not believe one of them is ever willing to come back again if he could. Suicides find a very poor reception in spirit life. They are not expected, they do not come up with the feeling that they will be accepted. It is in fits of despondency it is so often done, and all those that do it in their right mind have to outgrow the great sin of taking their own life before they can be happy. I believe that but very few commit suicide in their right senses; they are temporarily insane.

. . .

May 9. Father: . . . (Do you take note of time?) We have no clocks or watches, but our time is divided, the light never goes down upon us, it is one continual day, and the time passes away so quickly, so pleasantly, you cannot realize how it flies. But to think, my boy, there is no end to the happiness that now exists with us and always, unless there should be a great change in Nature and something takes place of which you have no conception. It is said by some of the ancient sages we have met, that have been in spirit life for many hundreds—and some a thousand years—that they hope to continue on, and will do so. They say there is no ending to it, but who can tell, who can tell? I think sometimes the planets may change, the world may become as it was before it was created, all things may become void, and the sun may grow old and be blotted out. I have thought of these things, but those ancient sages say it will not be so, that we will live on, and live on through immortality, forever and forever. At least I have thought many times that our lives are blended into one, and we feel that to be together is like being born anew and living a new life. But sometimes the thought comes into my mind, it may be we might become tired of this immortality; we might feel that as the years and hundreds of years roll by there might come a change, and we might like the change. We cannot tell, it has never been revealed. I think it is not known to any sage, nor to any one on the earth plane, but according to the will of the Divine Father; for I tell you, my boy, there must be a Su-

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preme Head which must hold all this in His hands. There must be a Divine Will that keeps the planets and all things in their position. We have very delightful talks with these ancient spirits that were on earth before Christ, that have lived their time, and, as we may say, are now living on through eternity. They have long white hair, bright and shining eyes and glorious faces. Those they knew in earth life have long since passed away and are forgotten. Earth has no pleasures for them.

Aug. 8. No sitting since June 2nd, the aged medium had been ill of grip and bronchitis. Sittings now resumed.

Mother: Good evening, Joe. I want to come and say a few words. I am so glad I can have the privilege, if it is only for a few moments. I see the medium's condition, and I know she is far from feeling well, but she is so brave and so anxious to be well, and we take so much comfort in controlling her, and we feel it to be so hard when we cannot come. Oh, how long it has been since I have been permitted to sit down by your side and talk with you. I feel very sorry to think our dear medium is so afflicted and oppressed with that cough. I know how kind you were to me in my sickness, how you would wait upon me and do everything in your power for me, and now you are doing it for the medium; and, Joe, I thank you, I am glad. She is trying so hard to subdue the cough and to be smart and able to work. I see her. Well, I won't stay to talk any more, because it draws upon her, and your Pa and others say they want to say one word or more if they can.

Father: Well, my boy, I don't look upon the dark side of life. I did when I was in earth life, but since I have entered spirit life, and have seen so many changes and overturnings in every way, I say to you, keep up hope, feel encouraged, the medium will overcome it, and it will wear off after a while. It is very hard to wait for it, but it will come. We cannot spare her, she has not completed her earthly work yet.

Krebs: Friend Snipes, I have had the medium under my care all through the summer. I have watched over her, I have taken care of her, I have come to her in the silent watches of the night, and in the lone hours of the day, talked with her, encouraged her, and after a while she will come out of it. I feel thankful to you for every act of kindness that you showed her. She needs it, she is worthy of it, deserves it. Now good night.

Aug. 15. Mother: Good evening, Joe. Don't it seem good to be permitted to come into your home again in our little social meeting, with the medium in better health? I am glad to be here, and if you go away I want you to be so careful; look out that they don't rob you, so many gather to rob strangers. That is why I speak of this earthly matter, because it is a noted place for thieves. You know that Atlantic City is a grand and beautiful place, and I wish that the medium could have gone. I think it would benefit her greatly; but she hasn't any desire, she loves her home, and I will watch over her and see she is all right.

Joe, I worried and worried, and was afraid we would lose her, and then I thought, what would you do? And I prayed Dr. Krebs to go and see her and try to build her up again, and he promised me he would, and he has done so. How thankful we are to him, how good and kind it was of him to leave his lovely family, all that is so dear to him in spirit life, to seek the one he loved in earth life. Oh, I tell you, Joe, the more and more we see of him, and the longer he is with us in our spirit home, the more we trust and love him.

We soon look for John and Mollie back, we think they will come for a brief visit. I think that John must feel an anxiety about his own family, and want to see for himself how they are, but he is so carried away with the joy and loveliness of all that pertains to the spiritual life that he says the earth life is of little consequence to him. Good night, Joe, good night. Take care of yourself while you are away, and try and be a good Spiritualist.

Sept. 12. Mother: Good evening, Joe. Oh, I came here today and I looked around and I saw so many nice things. I saw your picture on the wall and remember when you looked like that, and when you had hair on your head, very thick and black, and how young you looked. But now you begin to look as if time is dealing badly with you in stripping you of your

head covering. How nice you used to look and how proud you were as a boy with the curls on the back of your neck. Well, so it is, Joe, but you are still my own darling boy. I cannot express my joy and my gratitude and thankfulness when I come into your home and see it so quiet and nice, and everything lovely and good. It brings such a comfort to me. . . .

John was to see us. He came down from the upper spheres to see how his family were getting along. He said he felt when so far away that he was separated from them, and wanted to come to us to know how they were. Mollie will come again to visit us. She will come when John returns, and after a while they will come back together, and she will be with me again, and how happy I will be. With a mother's blessing, with all good wishes for your welfare, I am forever your mother.—Good night.

Sept. 19. Greeley: I would like to say a few words, my friend. I am not medling with politics at the present time. Perhaps if I were on the earth I might be, but as it is, I am entirely out of politics and I am not trying to influence anyone to vote for any candidate whatever. I am not like your great friend by the side of the ocean, Mr. Croker. He says he is out of politics, but I think he is right in it. Although this is my home, the home of my adoption, my beloved city, I am no fighter, I am for peace every time, I wish it could triumph over the land, I wish that Washington might assist, and that everything of an unclean warlike nature were banished off the earth. Look at all the thousands who went out of this land of the free and were slaughtered in other distant lands. The nation should weep bitter tears. How is it going to pay for the slain? I tell you what it is, peace on earth, good-will to man, should be the war-cry, instead of war.

Ah, as the world said, my sympathies were with the South, and that was one reason why I would not make a good President. I hated war, and I hate it still. If there is anything in the spirit world that brings sadness over my life, it is when I look and see the young men slain in battle, and the poverty and sorrow that reign in the home. I do feel it is time the nation and the world should have peace once more. The great struggle of life, and fire and sword and flood keep the nations of the earth in turmoil all the time. I tell you, when you lay down the weapons of warfare and your spirit is emancipated, then you can see everything as it is, you can see the wickedness and the goodness, the fighting and the peace, and the soul that once escapes and reaches the land of the just is a happy soul, don't you think so? . . . You walk over the very stones that my feet pressed, but they were not digging up the foundations of the earth as they are now. It looks to me like destroying the prosperity of the city, although in time to come it may prove a great thing. Look at the expense and trouble and labor. If there is so much money, and so many men are idle, put them under ground and let them work. That is the best thing, and they may come out all right at the other end.

I see that before election comes there is going to be great strife about your President, the same old story. Every few years comes a renewal, a regeneration, an overturning, an uplifting, an upheaving of all things, and if there is a flaw as big as the point of a pin it is set forth as high as the mountain-top. Is it not so? Where can you find a perfect man? If they find one they think is on the level and place him in the executive chair, in twenty-four hours they discover some fault in his character that they never saw before. What angel would want it? Would he like to come from his spirit life and take upon himself the burden and troubles of earth life? What a fool he would be, after paying the debt of Nature and entering the life immortal where all is glorious and beautiful, to come back here. Even the spirit world would revolt.

Oct. 3. John Hall: It has been a long time since I have come to you. Many changes have taken place on the earth since I passed away, and everything is progressing wonderfully and beautifully in the spirit world. We have our peace and harmony and joy, and our friends come one after another, and we see the conditions in your city, and we are surely glad to pass into spirit life where we cannot suffer or worry any more, or feel that

our means of living or anything will come up to prevent our enjoying the glories of the life we have.

I was so glad to meet your father. I introduced myself to him and we had a pleasant talk together; and I have met your brother, also. I want you, my friend, to be very careful of your health for the coming season. I have been looking into the business of life, and I see failures and so many things that make me glad that I am out of it. There will be a season of great darkness on the earth, owing to the fall of stocks, but it will pass away and they will come up again. Do not be discouraged, even though they should go lower than they are now. These climaxes must come, they are necessary for the inhabitants of earth, because if they went on prospering all the time they would forget all the enjoyments of life and be looking for money, money. We see these conditions from our side of life, we see the failures, and we see all the mean, contemptible ways to destroy man, to destroy his confidence in his fellow-man.

(Have you met Mr. L——?) We do not have his spirit here. He could not be so arbitrary here in spirit life. (Good test.) He would have to leave all that behind him and come into newness of life; he would have to leave all coarse talk and actions with his mortal body, and be thankful that he ever came to spirit life. . . . For some time I have been waiting to come, but I knew the medium has not had good health, and the magnetism she had your family thought they wanted, so I did not like to encroach upon their privilege.

Oct. 10. Greeley: It makes me shudder to think how foolish men are to run after office, trying so hard to get a position that they may get money, dressing their families in gaudy attire, and what do they care for the condition of the country so long as they can lay their hands upon money. I never loved money very much, I had very little love for it, I do not think I really cared enough for it to save, I gave away more than I saved. I tried to benefit humanity in some way, I tried my best. . . .

The first happiness I ever had with my wife, or what you call real loving happiness, was when she passed into spirit life and became a new woman. She ministers more to my comfort now than she ever did upon the earth plane; she is more loving. I owned a rural dwelling in the woods; it was not a brown-stone house, and the barn was better than the house. I cut down many a tree and cut up many a tree. Yes; and they pointed me out as Mr. Greeley, owner at one time of the *Tribune*. I'll tell you who made the money; the stockholders. I had an extravagant family, and I had one great failing, I was good to the poor, I was generous to the Southern people that were poor and oppressed by the war. Oh, no, I am not sorry for any deed of charity that ever passed through my hands. I often thought of that saying, "the poor you have with you always," and I guess it will be so as long as the world stands.

You people on this plane think that the world, the sun, the moon and the stars, have nearly run their course, but I tell you they have hardly begun yet, as we see things here. We see so many new things coming up into life. Every day and every hour there is some new invention, advancement in civilization and advancement in the higher arts of life. The world is in its infancy. Think, my friend, how time rolls on, how we live on for the endless years to come, and how all these new inventions on the earth are progressing all the time. We will forget in the future, I think, that we were ever inhabitants of this plane, as so many improvements come up in every form. We will be forgotten and will forget ourselves. We will be far removed from the old way of living. Even in my time it seems as if we went back a great many generations, and it was only a short time ago that I left this earth life. The mind of man is changeable; he does not hold to his opinions more than twenty-four hours if someone else comes along and can add a little more money or a few more opinions.

Nov. 14. Medium's father: I would like to come for a little while, if I do not intrude, but I think I am welcome, for I know my daughter often thinks of her early days and youth. You can tell her that her husband is here, but he has not outgrown the sorrows and temptations of earth life. He has got to submit to all those trials through which he must pass to be purified and cleansed from intemperance. But he is to be pitied, poor suffering soul. I was glad that I could take him in hand and lift him

up and see to him. The love of drink pervaded his life, and ruined him almost entirely. Poor man, he fell a victim to his appetites, but there was much in his nature that was good. Even under the influence of liquor, he always respected the church, and he will yet outgrow all the evils of his life, and will become a willing spirit, and we will have him enobled and made happy as time goes on and he becomes reconciled to the new conditions that surround him. He has met his boys here, and they are grown to man's estate. He wept over them, and seemed to feel that he was not alone, that they were the offspring of his body, his boys here with their father, and I am glad, I am glad. They await the coming of their mother.

I thank you for all your kindness to my daughter. Every human heart needs some affection from somewhere, and one that has trod life's pathway so many years needs some power to sustain her, someone to watch over her as she declines in years. I can assure you, my friend, that a great reward will attend you for all the kindness you show her, for every act of kindness is registered on the bright page of life, that will come before your eyes when you come to spirit life. You will then see all the faults and failings and miscomings, and all the virtues, all the deeds of kindness, and I think they will outnumber all the wrongs.

Nov. 20. Greeley (after a glass of water): I think that water is one of the greatest gifts God ever gave to man, clear and pure and healthful. Without it you would not live long; there is nothing else on earth, no kind of drink that equals the pure drink of Nature. In my little home there was a spring under a hill, and when I was a boy I used to lie on my stomach and drink out of that spring, and I tell you nothing on earth ever tasted so good to me as that pure water out of that spring. It was stoned up like a little well, and there we would lie and drink, both girls and boys. Well, I am glad they kept the home, that it did not pass into the hands of strangers and is still in the family, and I hope they will keep it as long as the old farm stands. I am glad it is out of the city where so much contention and difficulty won't reach it. They would soon have every brick and every board and every shingle out of place and torn down if within the city limits; they would not keep it as the headquarters of Uncle Horace; like every other homestead it is sacred to memory.

Well, you have had a great time here. There has been a terrible commotion, a great deal of lying, a great deal of boasting, and you may say to yourself, how are the mighty fallen. I felt sad that your mayor should not be elected, I was sorry that rum and everything mischievous should prevail, and that grand and noble man should be set aside to make room for it. It is a great blot upon your city, and one that cannot be rubbed out very easily. In the time that is before you you will see for yourself how gambling and drinking will prosper, righteousness and truth will have to take a back seat where the rum-shop is open, where gambling will prevail, and where everything that leads to ruin and misery will abound. Such will be the history of this city. Oh, it is to be regretted, but what can you do? These things will come, but woe be unto them that bring them about. They have had an object in view, it is not for the Mayorship, but it is the Governorship, and then to rise to the highest position in the land; but everything will be watched and criticized and noted down. A man to hold a permanent position has got to have a clear record, because his life will be like an open book.

Nov. 28. Medium's husband (very contritely): I want to come and ask my wife's forgiveness for all the care and trouble that I caused her in her life. I was never worthy of her. She was good and patient with me, and bore with my wickedness and drunkenness. I hope she will forgive me, and I will be a happier spirit. Father Jennings talked to me. And tell her, Oh, tell her, that Eben comes tonight and wants her to forgive him. She was a good wife and mother, I was a bad man and father, and I did not do as fathers should. But I know her kind and gentle spirit will forgive me.

Dec. 5. Phœbe: My friend and brother, I come tonight for a short time. I am still interested in the spiritual work, but so few seem to have that real spiritual truth that revives the soul and awakens the conscience. Oh, I tell you those meetings which you had were about the best in your city. I am sorry you did not take them up again, but I suppose you feel it would be a great

drag upon you, and the people seem to be dead to every thought that quickens the influences of the spirit, they pass on in a cold indifferent way, caring but little, wanting tests, and not satisfied unless they get them. But they really pass from the mind, even after they hear from the loved ones in spirit life; they forget them in a little while, and it does not make spiritualists of them, not always. It seems to me they are lost in apathy, forgetfulness, neglect, and want of love for the spiritual cause. Oh, how I miss your meetings, how I did delight to come and stand by you and help you. It was joy to my soul and strength to my spirit, making me feel such a loving influence and desire to grasp them by the hand and draw them to me. But the conditions have changed, and I cannot bear to think, my friend, that you have changed with them. . . .

Greeley: Well, I never was so fond of old maids, although I married one, and I have got her yet, but she is better than she used to be. She was not much good in earth life, but since she entered spirit life she knows what unpleasant ways she had, and she has laid aside all her French, she does not care so much for it, she is more sociable and more pleasant, and enters into our home life with a zeal which she had not shown on the earth plane, but she lived within herself and cared only for herself, and I think she delighted in Balzac and in everything that was French. She cared very little for the American catechism or principles. She was a very peculiar woman, but she has outgrown her peculiarities, and she has become social and pleasant and spiritualized, and really her society is enjoyable. She is with me and our family, and we do not trouble ourselves very much about what goes on upon the earth. We see the condition of a lot of unhappy men and women, enduring all sorts of troubles and trials in trying to live by honest labor, or otherwise. It seems to me the people of this lower plane have become greatly demoralized, or else it is because I am high above them and can see the mistakes they have made and are making.

I see another thing that fills us with great anxiety, in Congress. We see how they are trying to stir up a stink in the politics of the nation, in the highest and all places. It is whom shall they turn out and whom take in, and you no sooner get one in than they begin to find fault with him so that were the angels of Heaven to come down and fill the House and the Senate, it would be the same thing; they would not be satisfied. What fools people are to run after men in power. What do they care, only to get a little more money? My friend, keep out of politics. If you want to live happy and die happy, wash your hands from all political interests. The object is to make the almighty dollar. It makes no difference whether in politics or any other business, keep all you can, save all you can, and as the old year goes out, with all its sins fastened upon it, with all the crime that has been committed, I ask, what kind of a life is it, what is there on this planet for people to want to live it? My friend, I tell you, do not fight for life, but for that peace which cometh after death. . . .

I counted up my stock and what it cost me to live, and what to leave my family, I made a pretty good estimate of it. I left enough, I lived very plainly. I did not have very many dinners, such as they have nowadays, my wife would not prepare a dinner, and I did not have far to go to churches where they had dinners, and where they cost several hundred dollars, and if I had a dinner I had to get up and wait upon the people. So I say it is best for every man to live well if he has enough to carry him through life with comfort.

What a good thing it was I was not made President. They thought me a copperhead. I had several sent to me in a box, and that was significant enough. They thought I was a copperhead, and that I would give all my energy to the welfare of the Southern people, and they did not like it. There was a more bitter and a far different feeling than there is today. They became suspicious of me, they felt I was not the right man for the right place. How quickly people take up a prejudice against a person, and especially one in high power; they have no respect for persons, but a desire to gratify a feeling of revenge, that meanest of all spirits—revenge. Poor Grant, with all his ambition, struggled to maintain peace and unity of spirit, and laid down the burden of life, but was glad to pass on to a higher and better state. We have met him many, very many times. . . . My daughter Ida was my comfort and my joy, but she had

an unhappy life, she laid it down in her young days, passed on, and is here with me.

Dec. 12. Medium's husband: I would like to say a word to my wife. I know that she thinks so much of the days when we were together, when I was a decent man, and when we took our little children to our home. Oh, I look back, and no wonder her heart was broken, that her steps became weary, and her hair grew gray. I brought enough upon her to make her feel that she was forgotten by God and man. I humiliated her, I made her feel that she was a drunkard's wife, and with her proud spirit it was a hard blow to her; but I am thankful to you, my friend, as I would like to call you, I am thankful that you are making her life pleasant. She seems very happy. I did not give her that happiness, although in the early days of our married life I had a plenty, but I chose to spend it in a different way. I made her life unhappy. I wrecked her life, and the whole family, by my love for drink; but I have suffered, I have suffered untold misery, I can't tell you the misery, the suffering that I have gone through. I had to return, I had to repent before I could enter spirit life and see the face of my father and all my friends, and now I know I can come and talk with my beloved wife, and I am so thankful to you for your kindness to her. I want to tell you, my friend, if I may be permitted to do so, that as a woman she has gone through troubles and sorrows and anguish of spirit; she is one of the very best of women, patient, overlooking every fault, and kind-hearted; no better woman ever lived.

Dec. 19. Greeley: My friend, I was beginning to feel that Christmas was approaching. How many such days I saw, how many gifts I made, and much money I lavished upon my friends. I well remember upon one occasion when I was on the earth plane of going out and procuring a handsome present of lace and ribbons for my wife, and the next day she went out and sold it. She said she could not afford such things, and she would not wear them. She is all right now, she is getting kind and loving, and she sees all the mistakes she made in life. She is here with her family, and she is very happy.

I think, my friend, that you are wise to avoid any entanglement with woman. I think you are better off as you are, much better. Property has very little to do with it. If you have enough to live on, if you have your bread and butter, stay as you are. You have nobody to fight with you, no one to cross you at every turn of life, no one to humiliate you; you can walk and ride and do as you please. I tell you it was a great luxury to me to get down to my office and feel that I was master there, if I was not in my own home. You may rest assured that was my palace, and my office was my throne. I did not envy any man his money or his position, nor his wife nor his family. All I wanted was my own way. Sometimes I had it, and sometimes I didn't, but I made the best of it. If I went home and wanted any mending done I often had to do it myself, more often than my wife did it, and if she didn't want me to mend for the family I was thankful. She cared very little for housekeeping, housework was something she totally neglected. But I got used to it, I fell into her ways, I didn't quarrel with her. If she wanted to set valuable paintings against the wall, and let them stand there covered with dirt, I let them stand there, I didn't fight with her. Oh, no; her house was a great curiosity shop. Sometimes it was possible to find a chair to sit in, sometimes it was just as she felt. If she wanted to get up, she did, and if she didn't, she lay in bed. She was a great woman after all; she had her good traits of character. She was no kind of a wife for me, and I was no kind of a husband for her; but we got together somehow, and stayed together as best we could. We had a family, and a good family. We have many laughs over the little trials of our life on earth. We often talk them over and laugh heartily. We see what mistakes we made, and we see how we made them. But now that is over. . . .

Chapter XXVIII.

MAR 19, 1904. Daniel Underhill: Well, my friend, this is a great world, and our home is full of glory and love, and we wade, as it were, through the mysteries of life in trying to come back and talk with friends. So many of them are here with us, and the great desire of our hearts is to approach the earth life, the earthly abode of people who are so taken up with life that they have no thought of the future existence of the soul. I did not care so much about it when I was on the earth. I only thought of getting along and making money, and letting my wife do the spiritual part of her life. In the beginning, when the subject was new, the young people took hold of it as something that was revealed from the spirit side of life, but when it began to spread through the land some people rose up *en masse* to see and know the wonderful things that were done in Spiritualism. It was also thought to be the work of the Evil One, and when many times we were almost mobbed for our desire to promote the spiritual cause, surrounded by people that would mock and deride us and say bitter things against us, it lost its popularity; it was not so popular when I passed out of life as it had been. In the beginning people took hold of it, grasped it, and felt that a new religion was revealed unto them, but when all manner of people began to use it for fraudulent purposes, it almost lost caste among the better classes of the people. I could not myself enter into it as my wife did, I could not see as she did, neither could I understand the mysterious things that came to her. But she was my loving wife. I clung to her through many years, and we were not very long apart when we joined hands again on the spirit side of life.

Apr. 9. Phœbe: My beloved brother, on Easter morning we looked down upon the earth plane and saw the people when they went to the houses of flowers, each one seeking his own. How beautiful the earth did look to us. Winter had withdrawn its mantle of ice and snow, and the flowers burst forth in bloom in all the churches. I felt glad when the children of earth were glad, when they could go up to their houses of worship, but it was more to see the flowers, to see their bedecking, than to hear the good words that the preachers spoke. We have here so many of our pastors, like Dr. Deems, radiant in health and strength, and John Hall, that great and noble divine that filled the church with so much power, and so many clergymen of every denomination, and they felt that Easter was a great day on the earth.

Well, so it is in life, year after year rolls around, and Easter comes and goes, and Oh, how many have been gathered into our fold since the last Easter morning. One who has just been born in spirit, Mrs. Eugene Underhill, has come to us like a faded flower blasted by the wind, but she will recover, she will become strong, and we will try all we can to lift her above the grief of parting so suddenly from her husband. It was indeed a sudden flight she took from earth, but she was surrounded by so many friends that stood waiting and waiting to receive her, and now her grief is for her husband who cannot be satisfied with her departure, but mourns her loss and weeps and weeps again for her society. She says, I wish he would not weep so much, but be resigned and prepare himself to follow me, for we shall not be long separated. (He died soon after.)

Krebs: . . . John Purdy is here. He says he was in the medium's family for a long time, but he lived in Milford, Conn. He was run over by cars and killed. And he wants to say that he has met the medium's husband. He saw him in spirit life, and he seems so revived and bright, but he mourns to think he lived the life he did. He said, how happy we were when you were living with us; but now the great change has come, I have passed into spiritual life, and my family are scattered

through different States in the Union, but my patient, long-suffering wife will get paid for all her care and worriment of earth life. Tell her this for me.

(How did he meet with his fatal accident?) I was on my way to be married, and I was struck by the car in the back of my head, and did not hear the cars coming. I suffered and passed away. My master said to me: John, don't go upon the railroad track, don't walk upon it, because you do not hear, and you may be injured; but I was so joyous hastening on to meet my loved one that I did not think of or hear the mighty car that came rolling on until it struck me. (What became of the girl?) I think she is married these many years.

May 14. Paine: Well, I have not been to see you, my friend, you may almost call it for an age, but I have seen that the medium was not able for me to speak through her, her magnetism was weak and her health was poor; but I felt tonight, when you spoke of the Good Book and its doctrinal points, that I should like to enter the circle once more.

How everything in Nature has changed —the world has changed, religion has changed, principles, politics, everything changed since I went out of life. You could scarcely believe so great a change could take place in this world, and I must say today, with all the knowledge and with all the wisdom that the people have got, I do consider they are very much better than they were in their ignorance, but not very much happier; yet never since the foundation of the world have there been so many suicides, so many murders, and among people of wealth and intellect. It is not the poor and the ignorant, for they cling to earth's troubles and trials and try to work their way out of them, while the rich and the prosperous, when crosses come upon them, blow out their brains. If they could only see the place where spirits are confined after doing that deed, they would not be willing to do it.

Do not forget, my friend, that I have refrained from control out of sympathy for the dear old medium, because my power is strong, and I could talk to be heard, but I cannot use up her magnetism. If you wish her to live a length of years, let her go out and enjoy Nature in all its beauty and glorious sunlight. Take a stroll up to my old home and see the trees in their verdure. The world is beautiful, and everything now is bursting forth with verdant life, and so it will be when all the saints you preach about have been gathered into the realms of light.

May 21. Medium (clairvoyant): There comes a spirit here, a man. He is tall and quite large, and he gives me the name of Franklin. He says he belongs to your family. And I get the names of John and William with it. I am not in Staunton, I go back into the South, I want to go down by the water and into a mill, and I want to see Mr. Franklin. He is quite old and gray, and I go from the side of the mill and go into a house. They are not natives of Richmond, but people from way back. I see the Captain that had to do with the river. This Franklin was engaged with the mill, and I see your father was a smaller man, and he is not a very large man now, he has rather a small body, big head. He is on a boat, and he is taking corn and other grain into the mill. I seem to go back to your childhood days, when you were a boy going barefooted; and I see so few of them now, the most of them passed into spirit life. And I see one tall woman coming up, and it is Betsy, Aunt Betsy, and she is with a man of a queer name, I think the husband of Aunt Jane. (Ammons.) He was quite a jolly kind of man, a very pleasant and agreeable spirit, but not a man that cared much for religion. I see an old-fashioned house, low roof, and quite a number of people. The old inmates are gone out of it, and other people live in it, and somebody connected with it lived in it when you were a boy. Oh, what a struggle all of you had. And I can see you with little pants on, and with your little chubby face and your eyes so bright and sparkling, and you had quite a temper as a boy. I see you breaking up, moving away, all scattered hither and thither, and I come back into a country where there is water and wood, and not many houses, where it is desolate and wants settling, and where a bargain was made with your father, with loss of money and loss of almost everything after he got into this business. Then there comes a closing scene, an empty space.

Father: My boy, I have wanted to fetch

this scene up to your memory, because in life I went through it all. It was the buying of some property in Charles City County. It was a waste of money, of patience and of time, that never amounted to anything. These things have come up before me for some time, and I felt I would like to bring them up to your mind and let you know what I went through with, how I lost my property; I could not meet the bills, and it all went. The times were so different in those days, and when I see you surrounded with comfort and means to live, it often brings a great joy to my heart to know that one of the family is free from want, that he has come up out of it and is able to enjoy life in a restful way, not suffering with the poverty of life as we did many times in your boyhood days. And I am glad that you did not choose the profession of a minister, to be knocked about from pillar to post half the time, without money enough to buy a suit of clothes, and so glad to get a little money for the good of souls. Now I am out of that life, and I am very glad that you never entered into it.

I think I have never spoken to you upon this subject before, but many talks your mother and I have had over it. You went out from your home life and entered upon a life whereby you raised yourself, and by industry, by sobriety, by cleverness you saved, and now you are enjoying the rest you earned yourself. You haven't anyone to thank for it but yourself, your own willpower, your strength of mind and firmness of purpose. (Who was the Franklin?) It was John William Franklin, who was part owner in the mill.

June 18. Mother: Oh, my Joe, I come tonight with a deep sense of my unworthiness in neglecting my duties when I was on the earth, and I tell you, as we viewed that terrible disaster from the spirit side of life (sinking of steamer *Slocum* and heavy loss of life of Sunday-school excursionists), our very souls were overwhelmed with grief and anguish for those little children, mothers and fathers, and all the families that were lost. Oh, Joe, don't go on excursions. Do avoid every kind of danger. We don't want you to come to us in that manner. When you come, we want it to be with the full light of the spirit of love and liberty, not to go through the water and suffer such agony. . . . I am glad our medium is going away, because she is feeling really poorly, and I think it will benefit her greatly. We will be glad to greet you again, Oh, my beloved Joe. Good night, good night.

Father: My boy, I am more buoyant and hopeful than your mother. I feel that you are able to take care of yourself, and that the medium will take care of herself.

(Did you note the *Slocum* tragedy?) My boy, the cry of the drowned reached our ears. We felt such sympathy, such grief and sorrow as only the bereaved can feel when we looked down from our spiritual home and saw the terrible calamity that came upon the city and its little ones. Oh, how sad, how very sad. And their little spirits came rushing into spirit life, they came in flocks. How great was the anguish, how terrible the scene. It made us truly thankful we were not on the earth and subject to those fearful things. We want you to avoid the water as much as possible, because you cannot swim.

Aug. 8. (Medium absent nearly two months in Demarest, N. J. with her son.)

Mother: John and Mollie have gone from us again, and I suppose will be gone for some time. They waited and waited, not wanting to go, but felt it was better, for John has many things yet to learn in spirit life, and with Mollie by his side they can enter the higher spheres and there enjoy the spiritual communion they cannot enjoy on the lower plane. They are then away from all its sorrow and distress, and do not see it as your Pa and I see it, but we remain on the lower sphere because you are here. Our interests are yours, and we want to be near you, Joe, where we can see and talk with you.

Your Aunt Altie is here and says, Give Joe my love. Tell him I am so glad to know he is a Spiritualist, that he can enjoy more love and more peace of mind if he lives up to that faith. I am so glad to hear from him and to know that he has arrived at that age when he is able to live above labor. It would have been a great comfort if he could have had more money in the days of his mother, but he had enough to sustain her in her last sickness. Joe, I am so glad to be with your mother. We were loving friends together.

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I took good care of the medium, and I told

you I would bring her back in good health. Didn't I make you that promise, and didn't I keep it? Now will you bring me up to the point and ask me what I did for her? Didn't she leave here a cripple, and wasn't she troubled and bent with weakness and infirmity? Didn't I strengthen her body and build up her spirit? Did she not have the conditions she found in the mountain air, perfect peace and rest, a mind at ease, and a heart full of happiness? From morning to night her heart was all full of love and affection, and looking forward to the day of her return. I left you to the tender mercies of your own family.

Sept. 10. Mother: Joe, I am so glad to come to you again. It seemed so long since I was able to talk to you. Doesn't it seem a long time to you? It is to me. I have seen you in your wanderings from place to place, and I could see you laughing and so jolly and enjoying yourself, and how glad it made me to see you so happy. You know it brings great happiness to me when you are happy and feel all right. I saw you in Saratoga, and we felt the spirit of the occasion. Your Pa said it was better than preaching, he felt cheered up, and it benefitted your health.

John and Mollie went from us some little while ago and have not yet returned from the higher spheres. They wanted us to go, but I want to live near the lower plane where I can know where my boy is. I cannot be like Mollie, go away and leave her boy, but I want to stay, don't I? and see how you get along. I don't go to the higher plane, nor go anywhere where I cannot know how you are. All mothers do not have that same love for their offspring like the mothers of old, don't you know? In the latter days worldly things come up and drive out that mother love, but never from my heart. You know I always loved my Joe too well, didn't I? Good night.

Father: Oh, what a treat it is, my boy, to be permitted to come and talk with you, if it is only for a few moments, because there is nothing as dear to us as you, my only boy, and your mother's love. Together we come near to you and try to take care of you and keep you out of harm's way. You must look out for yourself, for we cannot always be able to guard you and keep you from temptation and danger. Danger lurks in every place, seen and unseen, and I know you are very venturesome. I know you were as a boy, and I was also in my life, and in these perilous times, when there is so much mischief, it is necessary for everyone to be wide-awake and keep his eyes open. . . . Your Ma and I often speak of how much trouble we had because I had such a quick temper. When I look back and see how she bore with me, how patient many times she was, my soul goes out in great joy and love to her for her forbearance. Many, many times she was out of patience, but I was enough to drive it out. I was a terror. I know it now, but did not realize it then.

Sept. 24. Jennie Potter: Oh, I want to come, I want to come. Oh, Joseph, Jennie, Jennie Potter. Brother Joseph and Mary. Oh, I did want to see you before I passed away, but I could not. Reason became dethroned, and I could not know anything, I could not. Oh, I did not want to go, I did not want to go. It was hard to leave my daughter. Poor May, poor May. She felt so bad, but I had to go. Oh, I would have liked to have seen Mary and Joseph; I wanted to see you both; but death, cruel death, came upon me, and I didn't expect it. I know I am not forgotten. I think that you were true friends of mine. Oh, how I would have liked to have seen you once more before death came to me. They took me away. I died in a sanitarium. I did not die in my own home with my daughter with me, and it was so hard. I felt the cold hand of death stealing over me, and I was alone, alone. My husband met me, took me in his arms and bore me to his resting place in spirit life, and I am with him. I cannot talk any more. My daughter May is on her way to Europe. She has gone abroad to live. Can't send her a message now, not until I get stronger. (A well-known medium of Boston.)

Phœbe: My friend and brother, it was in great sorrow that your friend passed out of life. I have seen her, and she says she is glad that it is all over, that she is far happier than she expected to be. But she realized the beauty of the spiritual faith even when she was on the earth plane. I do not see her often, because I have so many of my own friends, so many, and they come continually, we gather them in from all parts of the earth. We have such a vast, vast number, and some day, my friend, you

will be one of us. How thankful I am, my friend and brother, that the aged medium is spared. Although she is feeble, so many times there seems to be strength given her, she is renewed in her spirit and strives to be strong. Uncle Horace was one of my family for twenty-five years, our constant friend, but we are just as happy now, and far more. My sister Alice faded with a wasting disease and I was left but a short time alone, for grief for my sister broke my heart.

Greeley: . . . You have a much happier home than I had, although I had my wife and daughter. Very few women ever equalled my wife in her peculiar ways. She had plenty of book learning. That is very good in its place. She was a school teacher, but she never could teach me. I liked to go home and find my dinner ready. I was not carried away so much by French or Latin; I wanted my dinner, I wanted my meals in the time for them, and I wanted my house neat, nice, tidy, which I never found it. My wife would never have a picture hung. Many pictures we had, and some of them very fine, but they always stood on the floor, rested against the wall. If I hung them up, she took them down, and until the day of my death the pictures in my room stood on the floor and leaned against the wall. You never would have had an influence over her. If you had put them up, when you went out of doors she would take them down; you would have to constantly put them up, and she would constantly take them down. She had everything in her own way, but I never quarreled. When I went home, if I got anything to eat I got it; if not, I went out and got it. She was quite young when she came over to this side of life, and we are very happy now; we are more considerate of each other's happiness; we are more united, much more so than when we were on the earth; we agree better, and are much happier. Phœbe Cary, the dear old soul, so full of patience, so full of love and brightness and meekness, and all the good points of life, exercises an influence over everyone that comes near her; she draws them to her with that kindness which is hardly ever equalled. We all love her and adore her as the leading spirit in our company. She has the love and affection of everyone, of a large company of the most renowned men of learning.

Nov. 5. Mrs. McCarthy: I want to come to you, Mr. Snipes, my old friend. I saw your Pa. (Who is this?) It is Mrs. McCarthy. I have met Mary, my daughter. Oh, Gracie. Poor soul. Grieved so much for me, my loving child. I see them going into the meetings, and I am not there. (Was pianist for Mrs. Brigham's meetings.) My heart is too full to talk.

Nov. 19. Greeley: Well, my friend, we are satisfied, all satisfied, not one dissenting voice is heard, but the heart almost stood still. When all through these States we heard the shouts, saw the fireworks and the great rejoicing from one end to the other, we felt it was all right. Very few Presidents have ever received so large a following. They tried to make out they would not vote for him because he associated with the Negro. Poor miserable creatures. What are they whose skin happens to be a little whiter, but whose souls are just as black? I tell you, my friend, there is a God, a Power that rules the universe, one high above all others, and we know He wields things as He likes. Sometimes the people say in regard to wars and contagions that sweep off the people by thousands if they did not prevail there would be too many people on the earth, that it must be and will be so. There is great comfort after you once get off this globe, for you have passed the boundary line, you are a new creature, everything changes and as you live on the earth so will be your enjoyment in the spirit world. But I tell you, when I first came over here I had a great deal to repent of. I was lax in many things, I was very hot-headed, but I was a friend of the South and a friend of the Negro, and I have always been glad of it. I would have made the poorest President ever put in the chair, because I would have shown mercy to the colored man and the Southern people. I would not have been bound by any unjust laws or any parties. Who owned the Negroes? They that raised the lash against them, and were fathers of children born of their slave women. Ah, these things, and the cries of the oppressed arose on high, and He who rules this mighty nation heard their cry and the oppressed were set free. No man has a right to trample upon the

rights of others, nor to use a lash, or sell into slavery his own flesh and blood.

Polly Hughes: In the long years that are past we are forgotten. When I stepped over the ocean of time and came to you once before, I told you I was your grandmother, and that I lived at Cedarville. We had a small house. I saw a great deal of trouble and sorrow, and I was glad when the time came and they called me home. I have been in spirit life a long time, and nearly all my family and those I ever knew on the earth are here, and sometimes I myself go up to the higher life, to the higher regions above. There I met Mollie and her husband, and I sometimes think I would like to go back and visit some of the old scenes of life, but everyone belonging to me has passed on, and there is no one left to tell the tale; all are gone, the old house is torn down, the last stone taken away, and the spot plowed over where once stood the homestead where the children were born; all, all is gone. Now I am glad you think of me, and I am glad I came, but I go again. A great many refuse to acknowledge anything when you are dead, dead as you call it and out of sight. They do not wish to bring back the memories of the past. Sometime, perhaps, when the season is better and I can hold my spiritual strength I may come again.

Chapter XXIX.

JAN. 7, 1905. Father: Well, my boy, I, too, must come and have my talk. . . . I know that we had many children, that my dear wife was the mother of many, and I the father, and Mollie said she saw them when she was in the higher sphere, bright and glorious as angels in spirit life. They know nothing about the earth life, its sorrows or its storms, but they died young and passed into the heavenly realms where they are radiant and beautiful as angels. We are glad they rise higher and higher in spirit life. It is a glorious truth, and it brings happiness and peace and contentment and joy. . . .

Greeley: My friend, I feel that the war with Russia will soon be over. It may linger on and the Czar, foolish boy as he is, may desire it, but he is not of much account. There are those that rule the monarchy, not the Czar of Russia, but I hope and trust that the thousands and tens of thousands that have laid down their lives on both sides will see the great folly and sin of continuing this bloody war any longer, and that peace may be restored to the afflicted nations. Oh, how sad it has been, how sad, and I can only say I think it the greatest war ever carried on upon the earth during the last thousand years. So many thousands have laid down their lives in it; life is nothing, death is abroad. And as I look over the States, the land of my birth, the land of liberty, and see that it is again placed in a position where you have a good man at the head of the Government, I rejoice with you, and I hope you will hold up his hands and help sustain him, for while all will be going on right and pleasant, there are those that will find fault and want to make trouble if they can. No better man can rule the nation than he, because he is a plain man; he is of the people; he does not care for pride or pomp or show, but is looking for the welfare of the nation. The poorest man is just as good a man as he that commands millions. We all rejoice on the spirit side of life that you have been successful in having him again as your President. The nation seems to be prospering as far as it can be, new lines are laid out, new rules are given, and all in time will be fitted together and be all right in other places.

Deacon Jennings: My friend, I thank you for all your kindness to my daughter, for the watchful care you take of her. It is very kind of you. I watch over you with a father's care, for I see you have that sympathy for her which her age demands. I hope when you enter spirit life to be able to help you onward and upward, every way that lies in my power, for your many acts of kindness. She needs constant care and attention, and she grieves so greatly over the loss of her sight, although she tries to hide it. It is indeed a sad affliction, but she bears up under it bravely. It is cataracts, a long time growing. It is a great comfort to me to know that she has one that will watch over her and cheer her in her lonely hours. Good night.

Mrs. McCarthy: Oh, my dear friend, I would like to say a few words to you. I can talk but little. I know you miss me, my friend. I entered your home with so much peace and comfort, and I looked forward with so much pleasure to the evening when I would come; but the cruel hand of death laid me low and took me away, and I had to go so unexpectedly that the thought never entered my mind that I would so soon go out of life.

Oh, how I loved music! By it I sustained my life; it was a great blessing to me. I have met my husband; we are together. I want my daughter to be satisfied that it is all right; I want her to bear up and do as her mother would like to have her. Poor Grace is almost overcome. And I did like you, my friend, because you loved music, and my sympathy went out to the medium, because she could not enjoy that music which so filled our souls, but she had other gifts than what we had, because she could converse with the spirit

world, while we could only sing and make melody.

Jan. 28. Mother: . . . What you stated in the paper has made a great time. It opened their eyes to the fact that there is another life, and that they can come back again. It was wise and quite an undertaking, but your principles are well known. It has gone broadcast and so many have read it.

(Reception in home of friends in West 73rd Street.) Oh yes; I saw the home and all its beautiful surroundings and elegance. How people do like to have it and shine before the world, and rejoice in their wealth, while so many have scarcely enough to put bread in their mouths. We never had that desire, Joe, did we? We were glad if we had enough to be comfortable, but riches and honors we never coveted. We did not see the follies of life as you see them now. I am glad you are not carried away with it, that you do not wish to make an impression and squander what you have got. Your father says I need not be worried about you—you could have it if you wanted to. What pleasure would it be to look upon all these things and know you will leave them for somebody else to enjoy? . . . John and Mollie are with me, and they send greeting and love. They cannot come to you to live on the earth again, neither do they wish to, but they look forward to the time when you will enter the home of light and pleasure, which has a sure foundation made strong by kind words and good deeds. Oh, Joe, this is a cold, hard winter for the poor. Do not withhold your mite, but do try and benefit humanity a little.

Father: My boy, I am glad you can withstand the wiles of the evil one, that you are steadfast and strong and will not give way to seductive fashion or folly or drink, but maintain yourself as my son, born of William P. Snipes. I saw the pleasant company, flattering, persuasive, full of laughter and fun, waiting for some man with money to ask them for their hand and help them bear the burdens of life. Be not influenced by them; there is nothing in it but the pleasure that perishes at noonday, and when the night comes is covered with shadow and sorrow. Oh, if people would be more careful of their means, without such love of show. My boy, when you think of it, you see it is labor lost, time spent in vain. I want to say to you, my boy, beware of the seductive influences of drink, especially when offered by a fair hand and with a winning smile. Be wise for yourself.

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I am very glad that your eyes are opened to the influence of women. A good, sober, steadfast woman is rarely found; the majority are poor and wanting money, and they use their endeavors to get it, not always caring where or how. I must truly say that was my knowledge in earth life, and what I have seen during my sojourn here in spirit life. . . . I saw today your father and mother and family, and they seemed so happy and content, and looking forward to the time when you will come to us. I am sure you will find such a happy welcome that you might say the very bells of heaven will ring for joy. But we do not have bells here, it is only a figure of speech. It is a great rejoicing and a happiness that pervades every heart when our friends come over and join our company.

Mrs. McCarthy: . . . My family are getting more and more reconciled to my departure. I fought long in the struggle of life and it was very hard for me to lay down the burden, but I have become reconciled to it, and now I am glad it is all over. I know I am not forgotten by my friends, they think of me with sorrow and with pleasure, because in the days that are passed I spent many hours with them. But the struggle was a hard one, the journeys in the cold winds back and forth from my home were more than I could endure. I hated to give up the battle of life on account of my family, but each one is able to care for himself, and does not need my assistance so much. I saw Mrs. Potter at one time, but only for a few moments, with a multitude, and I think she is with some of her friends and family. Poor woman, she suffered more than any one knew. No one struggled harder to keep up and show that she had all the world's comforts. I have never seen Mr. Mellish, and cannot tell what part of the spirit world he is in. He has never come within my reach or observation.

Oh, I am so taken up with Charles. (Her

husband.) We are so happy together. Oh, the joy, the unspeakable joy! And I am so glad I was permitted to use my fingers for our maintenance. How many times does he speak of those days of sickness when he was not able to help himself, and I could minister to his wants through my instrumentality. What joy and peace and comfort we have had together! . . . I want to say to you, my friend, be very careful of the medium. I can see your kindness. It affords me great pleasure, more than I can express, when I see your kindly care and attention. I must bid you good night.

Deacon Jennings: My kind friend, I feel as if I want to come. I must come, for I want to speak to my daughter. I want to tell her of the great pleasure I have in seeing her as comfortable as she is in her life. Oh, how I thank you, my friend, and when you enter spirit life I will try to show you the way, to give you that wisdom that you will need. I will try in some manner to repay the great kindness and attention that you show my daughter. Humbly and patiently she walks the weary round of life, trying to fulfill her duty. Her life for many years was one of sorrow, but I think in the later years of her life she has been more joyous, more hopeful, and seems to reach out for that spirit of patience and love, in which her soul delights. I see her husband often and he is improving. He has grown in strength, and the habits of earth life have passed away, and he has become more spiritualized. He sees the great wrong he did in bringing sorrow and trouble upon her whom he had sworn to protect and cherish and love and honor. Well, such is life. My daughter fulfilled her part of the duty that fell upon her as wife and mother; and now I am so thankful to you. Oh, my friend, I cannot tell you how glad I am. One of these days we shall come for her. I bid you good night.

Feb. 25. Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I have been much exercised over the relations between the Society and Mrs. Pepper. I do think, my friend, that great injustice has been done to that woman whose spiritual gifts are above par. Oh, how can people be so worldly-minded as to trample on one who brings to them such a great spiritual company? But so it is, and it seems as if people like to destroy the good things that bring them nearer to the spirit world. Let them be given tests after tests and they do not avail themselves of them, and how hard it is for the medium, for those that are good and earnest in their work and are really gifted with spiritual light and trying to assist the people of earth. When I was on the earth I remember some of the seances where I went, and where the medium gave me such wonderful, wonderful tests, while others laughed and upbraided. And you know full well I had some private sittings with our dear medium now by your side, when we were alone in the park, and had many bright and spiritual thoughts and evidences. How I would have liked to live that time over again, and I intended to, but death came upon me and called me away. Oh, my friend, you are certainly exalted above many; you have so many privileges, so many chances of enjoying the spiritual life and light. Life is short, even if you live to be three-score and ten, compared with the years that come after you. What a big, strong man I looked to be when I was on the earth; I did not look like I would pass out of life in a few days. Didn't I look as if I could stand the storms of life for many years when I was suddenly called away after four days' sickness?

Greeley: Let them go it. (Referring to Trusts.) That seems to be the most important thing in this great city. There is to be a great awakening here, and it will end in smoke. That Trust (S. O.) is mighty, and grows mightier every day. The foundation is in wealth and it takes many men of many fights and great power in money. It will settle back again into its nest and wrap itself up and go on about the same. . . . You will soon have your President crowned; you will soon have a man who is full of determination to show he is a man among men, and that will do what is right in the sight of God and man. He feels that he has nothing to hide, that he must do something by which he will be remembered when he leaves the executive chair, don't you see, my friend? It is not given to every man as it has been given to him from his birth, to reap where he has sown. As I look upon his life, I feel that in every effort he made he succeeded and prospered. He is one of those men who by force of will and by strong force of character will stand by his own sentiments. He is not a weak-

ling as I was. Do you know, I was too easily influenced, I could not fight, I wanted peace for the North and South, and peace for all mankind.

Mar. 3. Greeley: Yes, I have been to Washington, and I am going to tell you of the great day, of the great booming of cannon, and of the great lights. The people have got their idol, for he is an idol unto many people. This has been a great day in these United States, the people have got together from all parts of the country to see the sights, to hear the voice of the President, to be present at the Inauguration. What a great day it is when a Government like this selects its President and the people meet together from every State and section of this country to crown the man of their choice. Once in four years they rush to and fro, ready to take up a new ruler, a new king over them. Well, it is better so than to be under the Czar of all the Russias, and to have people's heads cut off, or fiery bullets shot through their bodies. We have seen many men of great intellectual power go down into the dust and disappear from the face of the earth. A few short years and the power of man is gone. Then they come to us broken in spirit and crushed.

We love to see such days as these, when the heart of man is glad, when joy reigns supreme throughout the land. I have been more interested in this day's proceedings than many of those that surround me, because I came so near myself to being made a tool of, for I would have been nothing but a tool. I have not that force of character which would have carried me through such trying times as your President has got; so it was all right. We have seen it all today, and with great cheering and flag-flying, and hearts beating, the day has passed and the night has come, and your new President we hope will rest satisfied with this honor which has been conferred upon him.

(Will he be dictatorial?) I hardly think, my friend, that he may be a Czar, because his heart is towards the poor people, and the Czar is lofty and proud, and desires only honor and high power. Russia is trembling at its very center. It is afraid that the powers will finally surrender and become more Republican. In its feelings, it is a great nation and one to be pitied, because the people are ignorant, and they have never known what it is to be free and to enjoy their liberty like any other nation on the earth. They have had to be humiliated and kept in subjection, and made to worship at the feet of their rulers.

May 20. Rev. Dr. Deems: I never had much acquaintance with you, but I do feel like saying a few words, for we are such a happy company, a society made up of the friends of earth life—old acquaintances that have passed from earth to life—and I want to say I am very glad I have left the old world behind me and entered upon another field of action. Most of my old friends are here, many of my old communicants who assisted me in the church. I feel that there is no place like the spiritual life that we live after death. Do not doubt it for one moment, my friend, but be prepared for the great change that awaits you. Do not feel that it is all of life to live, because after this life that you are enjoying, with what you call its blessings and its privileges, with the many sorrows and trials attending it all the journey through, you never will know what happiness is, what supreme joy it is, until you lay down the burden of life and reach our shore. Were I to come back to earth again, how differently I would lift up my voice before the people and tell them of our wondrous and glorious spiritual life. So many clergymen, so many that we honored on the earth, are here. This is our abiding place, this is our spiritual home. I see the medium by your side and see that her steps begin to falter, and she needs the kind hand and the generous sympathy of one who has been her friend for many long years. Still continue it, my friend, and you will be blest.

June 3. George H. Mellish (first time): Oh, Oh Joseph, Oh Joseph, Oh Joseph! (Always called me Joseph in life.) I can only say, she is sad and lonely. She could be happy if she would (referring to his wife.) But she looks upon the dark side of life, without one light to penetrate its gloom. Tell her, tell her I am sorry she went so far away from her old friends. She had better have remained in the city. But she would have her way. She had it and she is not happy. She mourns and mourns, never seeking to be cheerful and happy, which would help me. I am not there in the graveyard, in the old carcass of dis-

ease. If she would seek for the glorious truth and try to have faith in the Power that is able to reveal the light in the heart, she would be so much happier. But she will not, and it keeps me down to the lower sphere. I cannot rise above it. She holds me down by her mourning and complaining. (Pleading loudly): Oh, give me freedom! I want freedom. She must not mourn so much all the time. It keeps me down, down to earth. I want more spiritual life beyond. (Medium, earnestly): Oh, relieve me quick, release me. (Rubbing her chest and almost vomiting. He died in New York hospital of ruptured duodenum.)

June 10. Mother: Good evening, Joe. I was here a short time ago, but I startled the medium, so I went right away. But I stayed there by you, hearing the song. Oh, it seemed like old times as I saw how lovely everything looked. I felt somehow I could take her unawares. I know she hears my voice, and is used to seeing me, and I did not think it would give her such a shock. I am glad to come, dear Joe. I know you will soon break up camp and be at home among your own people. It will bring me nearer the earth plane to watch your wanderings and to see you among the children. Be careful in your journey. It needs watchful care every moment to go through this wilderness of wickedness. I see very little good in it, although there are some who live good lives, but Oh, if they could realize and understand the truth, the spiritual truth, and know the beauty of it, I am sure they would follow it and walk in the path that leads to eternal life. Joe, I wish you would follow the precepts you were taught in your childhood days. Of course we did not believe in Spiritualism, but we tried to train you to be honest and just and right, and what a comfort you have been to us, such a comfort. Could the other boys have lived and been like you, what a blessing it would have been; but they are now so happy in spirit life, they are angels. We seldom see them, they are far beyond us.

Father: . . . We have been beholding the bloody war, the great slaughter of human life, the fields of the dead and wounded. Oh, my boy, the sight was appalling—to see the dead stretched out by the hundreds on the battlefield and shoveled into the ground without ceremony. How terrible is the slaughter! None can realize it except those that see it, that are in it. It is a terrific thing, human souls sent into eternity without one moment's warning. Oh, I am glad there is peace in the land where you dwell, that the sound of battle is not heard here, but is off in foreign lands. And now we hope that the terrible carnage which has been spread before us like a great slaughter-field is over. Sitting in your home you cannot realize what it is to view a battlefield full of the slain, of the dead and the dying. We turn from such fearful sights to scenes that are more pleasant to our eyes, that we may enjoy those pleasures which will bring us nearer to our friends. Now, my boy, I bid you good night.

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. I hope you have got through talking about the war, for I think it is a sad subject for a seance, and the medium is in no condition to be used for any purpose like that. I want to tell you one thing, friend Snipes, the quicker she gets away from this city the better her health will be. I see that she is failing, getting more feeble, and it is necessary she should have a change as soon as possible. I shall go with her, my dear old friend, and you know very well I will do all I can for her.

Phœbe: My beloved brother, brave man that you are, you did a work that few would like to undertake. You try your best to instill into the minds of your friends that true principle which is such a comfort to the soul. You do your duty, but if they will not take your advice they must go their own length. Give the medium all the rest you can. She is broken down and feeble, but she strives very hard against it and to be faithful to her duties.

June 17. Mother: Good evening, Joe. The atmosphere is all right for me to come, but I feel a sadness creeping over my spirit. I feel sorry to have you alone (medium to visit her daughter in Holyoke, Mass.), but I hope you will avoid temptation and keep out of danger. Remember we will try to so order all your doings that you may have great pleasure in your journey home. I know the pleasure you will give them by your presence among them, as almost the only one left to them. Be not in a hurry to go and run away, but

stay as long as you can. And you will see our poor Billy Buttons. (His nickname when small.)

Father: Well, my boy, I want to say a few words. I never had that trouble with you. You were a good boy and helped your father and mother, and you have been blest even now in your home with every comfort necessary for man to have, and every blessing, and I hope you will enjoy yourself on your journey and return in health and good spirits. I will not talk long, for the medium's strength is limited, very much so. She is not aware of it, but I know it.

Krebs: Good evening, friend Snipes. When I look upon the medium I admire her courage and desire her to save herself that she may make that long journey. It is her noble nature struggling and hoping to regain her health. Oh, my friend, with what care and anxiety will I watch over her. The good spirits are with her and round about her. I will guard her with all the sacred feelings of love and great kindness for her.

Father (resuming): You will be taken care of, my boy. You have been so far through the journey of life, you have helped yourself all you could, and I think you will be helped until your final race is run. You, too, will finish up life's earthly course, and while you do live on the earth enjoy yourself, take what pleasure you can, and make the most of life while you have it to enjoy.

Greeley: Well, sufficient unto the night is the strength thereof. I think she can hold out for a little while. It will be sometime before we will have another gathering of the saints here, and they like to have a good jovial time now. . . . I used to walk these streets; I lived just over your Avenue, and I passed out of life there. Here I feel quite at home. It was my earthly home, and great and noble men have passed to the higher life from this street. . . . Oh, the cruelty of war, the wickedest thing that ever happened upon this glorious earth, which should be a land of peace and freedom and love. Men fight to kill their fellow-men, to gain a little territory, so soon to leave life and pass into futurity, to go down into darkness and gloom for their cruelty. Hell is not deep enough nor broad enough nor wide enough for such men. The day that future generations will look back to as the greatest day the world ever saw will be when a declaration of peace is signed and war is no more. Among the nations, the Russians, my friend, are not civilized; they are rough and stern, they have no kindly feeling for their fellow-men. The people endure poverty, suffering, starvation, everything, while those that are over them roll in wealth and power.

From this date, June 17, 1905, and for about two years, the dear old medium gradually declined, and beyond the power of entrancement. Occasionally, however, she was enabled to see, describe and name a few spirit people for visiting friends.

During her last illness, Mr. C. G. Boenau, a cashier of the New York Central Railroad, called, and when leaving said: Good night, Mrs. Wakeman. I will see you again on Thursday. No, she gently replied, you will not see me then; I will not be here. On Thursday, in the presence of some of her family and neighbors and myself, she quietly joined her devoted spirit friends—September 26, 1907, aged eighty-seven.

The funeral service was conducted by Mrs. Nellie Brigham, pastor of the Spiritual and Ethical Society, and her beautiful address I reported verbatim, published in book-form, and presented to our numerous friends.

Many letters were received from persons in public and private life, expressing deep sympathy for the survivors, and sincere appreciation of the medium's wonderful life and gifts, her natural gentleness and refinement, her soothing kindly speech, and her winning personal magnetism.

From childhood she possessed a strong spiritual nature, but her uncommon gifts were not very apparent until the death of a woman friend who, in gratitude for many acts of kindness, and in agreement with a dying promise, anxiously returned in spirit and developed her powers; and this original influence continued at intervals for thirty-two years.

It is hardly necessary to add that my constant record of the remarkable evidences through her and other subjects of spirit mesmerization in New York and other cities, during all these years, as

partly noted in this publication, to all reasonable readers and thinkers should be comforting testimony in proof of progressive life and interest in the realms beyond.

Mrs. Wakeman's son and daughter, long resident with her, finally married, after which the mother, under spiritual guidance of devoted mutual kin and friends, became my home oracle, and it is no wonder that since her departure I craved the privilege of knowing that she, too, had safely joined the great majority, and could return with vivid and satisfying proofs of her survival.

As she desired, her remains were cremated at Fresh Pond, Long Island, and with family concurrence I received her ashes, furnished a large bronze urn and put them in my home safe for later disposal. To do so, I had to break an upper shelf and tightly adjust some books. This I did when entirely alone at night just after receipt of the urn, and I earnestly besought her, if present, to follow me and mention her observation of the fact on the following day.

The next afternoon (Sunday), sacredly guarding the unspoken secret, I visited the meeting of the First Society of Spiritualists at Elks' Hall, Columbus Circle. Entering the door before the time for opening, its pastor and psychic, Margaret Gaul, suddenly sprang from the pulpit, approached me rapidly and warmly exclaimed: A spirit, named Mother Wakeman, came in with you, and wants me to tell you that she was with you last night when you placed her ashes in your safe; and you had to remove some things to make room for them. She also says your mother and the doctor are here. (Dr. Krebs, of Virginia.) . . .

A few days later I slipped on the street, was slightly bruised, and nearly lost a two-karat diamond from a finger-ring. A few hours afterward I called on Josephine, daughter of Mrs. W., down-town, also psychic by inheritance, who immediately asked if anything had happened, because Wiona had been present and said that her medy (Mrs. W.) wanted her to tell the white squaw to tell the white chief to be very careful and not have another fall. . . . I next visited Mrs. J. H. Judge, a prominent society lady and psychic, who repeated many test matters known only to Mrs. W. and myself.

Nov. 1. I attended a public seance at the home of Miss Gaul, about thirty persons present. I placed on the receiving table an envelope sealed and containing a bit of the hair of Mother Wakeman, mingled with many other letters and articles. Before leaving home I stood before the safe and mentally asked if Mrs. W. would tell me through the medium whether she was satisfied with her new life. After psychometrizing other sealed papers, Miss Gaul turned to me and said that Mrs. Wakeman was present and wanted to tell me that she was entirely satisfied with her new conditions. Taking up my sealed envelope from among the many she inquired: Why am I obliged to put my hand on my head? Is this her hair?

Nov. 5. Mrs. Judge wrote me she had just heard of a fine visiting psychic, Mrs. Lydia Manks, from Philadelphia, then stopping in 57th Street. I called on this lady at once, for the first time, and as soon as I saw her she said in a quaint Quaker fashion: How does thee do? Will thee mind if I tell thee something? Thy mother is here, and a little Indian guide. The lady holds her hands palms up, and they seem full of sand or something, and she lets it sift through her fingers. (I had wondered if I should keep her ashes any longer.) With this encouragement I made an appointment for the next morning.

Nov. 6. I called on Mrs. Manks and had my first sitting with her, as a stranger, without a hint, with the following remarkable results, bristling with pertinent tests. She said:

I see an elderly lady, a little lame, who came with thee. (Mrs. W. had a lame foot for years.) Thy papa is here. With him is a dear little lady, with broken-down nervous force. I see the name of Mary while you are writing. Oh, I feel so tired, my limbs so weary. I was glad to welcome the change from the one life to the other. A spirit here calls Uncle John. He comes with thy mother. (Her father.) Did thee ever know any one by the name of Sarah? (Mother's mother.) Now I can see with thee a man, a darker man, who in every way is taking hold of thy interests. (Dr. Krebs, possibly.) You seem like a tree with its branches pulled off, standing alone. And

now strong branches appear on the top and bottom, and change all this. There is a beautiful spiritual growth also which they will create and hold. They have already started the change. The material conditions have been rent, and through no fault of thine. I see a beautiful lady who comes to thee, with large, bright, intelligent eyes, but she seems tired here (chest), and she realizes that now she understands the deeper spiritual things that surrounded thee and that surrounded her material atmosphere.

A young man I see, someone you have helped. Whether you are an uncle to him I do not know. He has not drifted into the proper atmosphere. Thy spiritual friends are holding on to him, but he mentally surrounds himself with a different influence, changing about and yet he has much cause for spiritual depression. (My nephew exactly.) . . . I see the name of William. Every spirit that comes places a different spiritual condition before thee, and they say there shall be light and the power of progress that shall make better and stronger thy plans. Thee is not standing alone. Everything that is coming from the psychical world seems to have a new meaning. The medium then lapsed into deep trance, and in a gentle, weak, measured voice, with many pauses, gave the following most evidential test details, in the very tones and manner of Mother Wakeman herself:

I want to look into your face . . . I am so glad you are here. . . . I am so glad I am with you. . . . I am never, never from you. . . . The soul of love never knows any parting. . . . Not yet recovered my strength. But so happy to hold your hand, as you held mine. How your warm hand used to soothe me. (Said this in earth life.) God is good, because He gives my soul back to you. We came into each other's life through sorrow. But we will not talk about that. Oh, Oh, it has given me new life to be with you. You were so kind and devoted. It gave me everything I had in earth life, your love and your protection. . . . And I did not want to go. No, I did not want to leave you. Oh, I wanted to feel always your dear, devoted tenderness. You were my life, more than you realized. Oh, yes, yes, yes. You seem so wakeful. (Sleepless at night.) But all is well. . . . You know how I wanted to walk. I wanted to help myself. Oh, Oh, Oh! I realized my time was coming. But I wanted to push it back.

(Who was with you in the last hour?) Your mother was there, and the doctor lifted me over. (Dr. Krebs.) He came to me, and I had to say, God's will be done. . . . The little cold drink I used to want when I was tired. (Always after her entrancement.) . . . Everything was nice that you did for me. There was not one thing you neglected. You were God's messenger to me. I am so weak. But after a while I shall be strong. . . . The doctor has been good to me, and does not want to rob us of our warm affection. (He also was very fond of her and her mediumship in earth.) . . . My old legs will walk. . . . You are almost alone now, but we are going to bring others after a while. I never believed you would stand still, with your life and power. . . . Henry Ward Beecher is in my circle. He liked my outspoken way of saying and doing things. . . . I just liked to see myself walk to my little table. (Which table?) Where I used to sit. It had a spiritual history. (Folding table used in her circles.) (Who is with you now?) John is here, and the Captain. (Brother-in-law, and father, called Captain in life; both usually together.) . . . Where is my little fan? (While ill she often asked me for the fan, too weak to handle it herself.) . . . The Indian squaw is with me. You know she always kept me up when I was waiting for you to come home. (Often told me that Wiona told her not to worry; white chief almost here.) . . . I made quick work to get away. Didn't wait long. (Was sitting up in chair a few hours before she expired.) I was not conscious. . . . (What about your burial?) Let them have the old ashes. (Where are they?) You have them. I see them with you. Let them bury them. It is only the old coat turned into ashes. . . . The little back window. (Where she used to sew.) . . . I didn't want the medium's Indian to talk for me. I wanted to speak with you myself.

Medium (recovering), said: Oh, I have been way off in the spirit world. I have been through beautiful lanes and flowers. I went through one lane after another, and every part seemed so bright, so cheery, and I was resting so happily in the garden. They were so spiritual, the flowers and the trees that I saw. And I could see old In-

dians passing in and out among the trees. She has been gone but a little while. (Smiling.) I hear the words: I have poor Julia with me. There is a woman connected with the family who is queer, and you cannot affiliate with her. (Any relation of the spirit?) Daughter-in-law. (Correct.) (Who is Tom?) Son-in-law. (Correct.)

Nov. 16. Mrs. Manks: Whoever your nephew is, he does not seem very strong, but is of rather a retiring nature. (True.) She (Mrs. W.) wishes me to say her own daughter is full of art. It was one of the great pleasures she had. (True of the daughter Julia.) She had one foot that hurt her at times. (Right foot, burned by a heating iron in childhood.) She had a jar, a fall of some kind, and had to wear a belt. (Fell in bathroom and sprained her spine.) She is laughing, and says, the willow chair was her spook chair. Ain't that funny? (Used to give her sittings in a willow rocker.) Her papa is here, and she was very fond of him. He is one to help her come this time. A beautiful, quiet soul he is. He seems so grateful to thee, and feels that he could not say enough to express his love and gratitude. He says: Mary had many friends, but she had only one that knew her soul, and that is yourself. All the bad taste in the mouth gone now. (In her illness she had used hundreds of paper handkerchiefs.) She can walk around now; entirely out of the old pain and all suffering. She says she has a host of friends there. She calls the name of Myra. (Wife of General W. H. Parsons, Washington, D. C., who used to come to him through her.) (Why was she cremated?) She says, you know I never had much use for tombstones. Cremation is so much cleaner, no germs. Didn't like the idea of food for worms. Abbie. Sounds like Abbie Judson. (Friend and writer. Used to attend my meetings.) Thomas Layton. (Her daughter's husband, Holyoke, Mass.) I have met old Mr. and Mrs. Skinner. (After inquiry, found they were friends of hers in Bridgeport, Conn.) I knew lots of friends who lived in the East. There is a spirit here by the name of Caroline. (She used to tell me about her sister Caroline Sherwood, in Connecticut.) Now she has an Indian, who is having great fun, great laughing time. She never leaves you. (Wiona.)

Mrs. Manks entranced: I am overjoyed. (Do you know how much I miss you?) Oh, yes, your heart has missed me. I loved my home. We let all the world go by; we had our own world. I will try to help you. But I don't like to see you so much alone. I don't need any more pills now. (Took a great many.) Dr. Krebs promised to take care of me. (Told me in her last hours that he said he would "pull her through.") My heart was very weak. I wanted to be propped up and live. It is so much better to come through a stranger. (I think the medium is much like you.) Twin souls. And I think we look alike. (My nephew is with me.) John is so grateful. (His father.) He has not been understood. And Mollie is pleased, and the Captain is pleased. (His mother and my father.) Did you find those old glasses. (Had lost them before her illness.) My eyes are so strong now. (Where is your new umbrella?) In the hiding-place in the corner at home. (Correct.) I was so happy with you. I did not want to complain. I am going to stand by you. The Captain says he will be pleased to help me in everything. (Spirit Captain George Wilson.) And after a while I am going across the water. I am going to England. I want to go to India. I was always ambitious. Your father wants you to enjoy yourself. (He often said that through her lips.) (Were you with me last Wednesday night?) I tried to write. (True.) (What was really written?) The Indian said I would be stronger, and that Julia and Josie are good friends now. (Miss Ella Walcott's Indian spirit had written that the Mary squaw would be much stronger many moons to come, and that the two sisters, Mary's daughters, formerly indifferent, were now corresponding. Entirely unknown to either medium.) My father told me you did so nobly with Seth. (Her son in New Jersey. I paid his share of the funeral expense.) (Have you met our friend Phœbe?) Yes; and Alice. (The Cary sisters. Last name I purposely omitted. Both controlled Mrs. W. in life.) (Have you met our friend George?) He took my hand so heartily. You were good friends; you were brothers. (George Mellish. We were often asked if we were brothers. He was official stenographer for the New York Police Headquarters for many years.) You know that when I was

here they thought I stole you from all the family. They said many unkind things, and some good things. (My mother always thought I was stolen from Methodism.) (Have you seen Sister Underhill?) The same old friend. Her husband seems to be progressing from his grief. (He had been grieving excessively.) I saw Mr. Fowler. (Judge Fowler, who used to come to her weekly circles.) Chrissie Stanford is here, father's grandchild. (I used to hear her speak of the Stanfords of Connecticut.) The old shoe was so easy. (Often changed shoe for lame foot.) (What were your first thoughts when you awoke in spirit life?) I thought of you. I wanted you to share it with me. You know I never wanted anything unless you could share it, even sweet potatoes. I did not cut them in half. (Noted for quiet humor and fondness for potatoes.) . . . Kidney trouble is a nasty thing, ain't it? I had it. That is the way my sickness commenced. (Very true, and unknown to the medium, like all the other statements.) If you go out, I can go along in my new bonnet. (She was rather proud of a new bonnet in her last days.) I lost my glasses, didn't I? (Yes.) You know I had a little bag. (What color?) A brown one. (Correct.) Josie and Julia are good friends now. Keep my old scrap-book. (I have it yet.) I am so happy I want to stay. I don't want to go. (This spoken pathetically.)

Nov. 30. Mrs. Manks: There is some one here by the name of Sutton. (A friend of that name in Richmond, Va., when I was eighteen.) Oh, there is the dearest little lady here with thy friend Mother Wakeman. I feel as if the heart was contracted, drawn. I think it must be her mother. (I was mentally asking if she had met her mother.) There is a very old colored woman here who has been very good to Mother Wakeman since she was in this life. A rather large Southern woman. Beckie. (How did she die?) I feel as if I were rolled back, in a way. (Aunt Beckie, a faithful family servant in Richmond when I was a boy. Trod on a nail and died of lockjaw; her head and heels joined in a circle.) Oh dear, I know I am very happy in the spirit world. I am really happy. (Because you are not alone, like me.) You are surrounded by friends. You must not grieve. I have not gone away. I am full of life. Your best coat. (When here she always liked to see me in my Prince Albert.) I was very happy with you and contented. I think the time will come when you will have another medium. You will always be my boy.

Tommy (medium's Indian control): White chief, her no more sick in the hunting ground. (Is she too weak to talk much?) Very much anxious. Her grow great much stronger and make her own preach. Her was so much anxious. Pretty white squaw, her be with you all the time. Her right over your head. (Has she anything to say to Mrs. Judge?) You know white squaw has come to her and her talk to you. (True.) (Any word for our friend Mrs. Willard?) I have talked with her chief up in the old hunting ground. (Husband in spirit life.) Her will come live with him before long. (She died in following August.) I see your pretty squaw has so many souls from the old canoe (earth life.) Her wants you to know the old Captain is here, your Pa. He is Captain of his own ship now. (Was Captain of a steamer on James River, Va.) (Any word for Mrs. Manning?) Her go with the white squaw when her go to her papooses' wigwam. Her got a John. (Afterward learned her spirit husband's name was John.) (Anything for Mary's Julia?) (The mother resuming): All the love of my heart (earnestly). She understands now why my life was chosen, and the time will come when she will understand it better. . . . The bed clothes should not have been burned. (The clothing, bed, couch and carpets were burned by order of Board of Health.) (Any word for Seth?) He takes small interest in Spiritualism. He had himself to love. I will get so strong after a while. I was so anxious tonight I could not hold on. Heaven is such a nice place. I took my heaven with me. That is the reason I found it so. (Is your scenery different?) The things we have in our spirit life are sensitive to our touch, like the flowers and the birds. They are as full of freedom as the air. (Were you surprised when you woke up in spirit life?) I realized I had to take the journey before I passed away. I wanted to know where you were, and how you were. Everybody had a message for me. Your Pa

and your mother told me your life was full of loneliness. (Have you met your own mother?) Oh, yes; she is a grand, good mother. She understood my life long ago. You know I was left all alone. (Have you seen your husband?) He looked quietly into my eyes, and said: There was no love between us. (He drank deeply and died in a Soldiers' Home.) (What about the boy with me?) John says he must learn the world in his own way. We learned our lives. (What kind of music did you like best?) I liked the soul kind, I liked the organ. (True.) I cannot use another's brain as well as my own.

George Wilson, the medium's nautical and principal control for nearly fifty years, then entranced her, and with a deep masculine voice and breezy original manner, addressed me for the first time, as follows:

Captain, I stand in the same relation to this little girl as your little mammy stood in relation to you in her psychical circle. I want to talk to you on some spiritual things. I want to tell you about the little lady that we call mammy on our side of life. Now you were a little disappointed when she first came. We gave her all the vibrations to make her own spiritual self felt and recognized, and that was in keeping and in tune with your own surroundings; and we want more time for the little mother woman to grow stronger. Now it is hard work, and she has to take hold of the old gal's brain, and she has to use, as we say, double shot, double force. I am a rough fellow, Captain, but I've got no scales on me. (Are you a Scotchman?) I had an Irish papa and a Scotch mammy, a kind of conglomeration. And I am glad to make you welcome. You know how we take in more passengers, and we carry a lady sort o' London fashion. I tell you that little mammy gal's as proud as she can be. Aye, because she can come back here. And she has got no heavy old limbs and old body, and she don't have two or three old physicians guessing and predicting on it. She has a little girl with her, not her own Baby, called Bessie. (A child, I learned, she took care of in Connecticut.) Captain, that little mother gal always had grown-up folks to come into her atmosphere, and she gave it to them right straight from the shoulder. Captain, you know that old Johnson? (Yes.) Well, he's here. He was a friend of the little old mother. (Nathaniel Johnson, aged eighty-three. Called himself Mrs. W.'s mascot in her circles.) She has got the same kind heart, Captain, that she was born with, and it never was rolled out like the sea rolls over the ship, Captain. I want to tell you of Mr. Hastings. (I had just received a letter from him, but said nothing about him.) You know when the little lady went down into his cabin? (Yes, she did visit him and his wife.) She used to travel around a good deal when nobody came to her. Had a sight of good nature. (A great help to me, also, Captain George.) She helps me, too, Captain.

There's old Mr. Fenimore here with the little mother. (Never knew him, but heard Mrs. W. speak of him.) I want to come in for one purpose, to say that when the little mammy wants to use her own way she has got to gather a double canvas, my sailor way of putting it, Captain. After a while her tongue will chatter just like a little baby's. She is making a brave effort anyway. Well, Captain, you kept her alive. We want to thank you. She has been on my lake where all my little crafts lie. The two Miss Carys are some of your honorable guests tonight. Those two little ladies are both happy. One had a little more soul than the other. Phœbe was the stouter. (What was their profession?) Mammy says I am wrong about calling them schoolmarms; that they were brain-workers, making others think. Captain, to have a real soul, filled with benevolence in your physical world, I tell you is a gem set in the crown, because there is so much selfishness and coldness down on your old material world, in which we are helpers, thinkers, workers and planners. Captain, there is no force so potent as love. And when a man takes up his selfish ends of life and comes over on our side, and forgets the little ones, I tell you, Captain, he wants to come back and be molded over again. (How did you get hold of this medium?) I saw this little gal and another little lady together. I guess they had about six Indians with them, and I thought I would follow them and get acquainted. And, Captain, my mammy gave me fine good material. My life would be quite a chopped-up affair. You will get used to my

style. I want you to understand your little mammy gal here is the first strange one that has controlled the medium personally for twenty-five years. (Why not let all control in person?) It would never do, Captain. You cannot understand, Captain, that when controlled by so many different forces, each force drops an influence, and you would have to change the little lady's coat to wings. (My friend and your medium have a similar nature.) The whole soul life of the two blends together, and it was not the least trouble to let your little mammy step in on deck, Captain. I take off my old tarpaulin to you, Captain. You know your lady mother's whole spiritual ambition is just to live right in your atmosphere, and as she shows herself to you it seems to me at times she is going to take a little nap in the big chair from which she tried so hard to lift herself. (George, do not this life and yours show the power and goodness of a Supreme Being?) It is the only solution that we have in our world, and it is the only one we had here, a Supreme Being, a supreme and divine and all-loving Power, Captain.

Oh, Captain, you have found the path to power in Spiritualism. Aye, there is all there is in life, this little first life, Captain. We may be born in our birth clothes, but it is not worth its fighting. We know it creates another life, full of all life, full of all sterling value, Captain. Some souls never creep out of their purses. . . . There were all sorts and kinds, black and white, that greeted the little mammy. (Do we see our reward there?) The things we do for the good of others, that is what we find when we go from one world to the other. No use calling them spheres, because it is bounding with life and strength and beauty. (Our friend found hers?) Yes, she is an exception. And she was glad to make everyone welcome. And, Captain, she has got a grand, good old place, flowers and birds all scattered around. Aye, but not a bird in a cage, but free as the winds that blow north and south, Captain. They live in her atmosphere absolutely. . . . You just go into the vibrations that your soul loves, and live in it. Life is progression, and progression means onward and upward. I am not much of a spokesman, Captain. Words never made me a superior path; we never worded it out; but if it comes from the soul, why we give it to you straight. (Mother Mary did not say much tonight.) She only wants to just listen and think. Why, Captain, if she hadn't an inch in the bunk, there was always room in the hammock for somebody else; aye, aye, in her home and heart. She has had several little laughs. She didn't quite know that the home place had been plastered all over anew, had a new coat on it. (True.) She looked all around and saw crockery and dishes and her old nut-pan with which she used to season up everything. (A large nut-grater lately bought.) . . . It is harder to master a new body, a new brain, than to take a new ship out in a storm when you don't know your coast. But give her time, Captain. (Are you bound to use the medium in order to see us?) Not a bit. What good if we always had to go on somebody's lamp-post to find the corner? Captain, she is sterling good. She never boasted about her powers, but her guides are the ones that came in and controlled, those we call on our side the spirit artists, the spirit builders. They surround a psychic, Captain, and only let such forces control as will not be harmful to the medium. It was all new until you came into her life. Then everything began to open with newness and grew on the lines of higher spiritual things. Aye, aye. In her very childhood it belonged to her, as her life belonged to that old coat.

Dec. 29. George Wilson: Oh, Captain, put down your log (note-book) until I talk to you. . . . Your little mammy wants to remember all the old things. We will have the flag on deck if possible. The safeguards around you do not represent a change of fortune, and mammy seems happy. She is a privileged character. She had a soul, and that was made pure by suffering. Well, Captain, your little mammy is sailing along through space, and she has found the things that were not lost, jewels that belonged in her crown. But she is kind o' all turned around in her little home circle. She cares very little to go into her own ships. She lived in her own kingdom when she lived in earth, Captain. She has got hold of me. Tells me she has found her old gingham apron and is ready to cook your

meals. Can't you pull the scales off your eyes and see the mammy right here? Her head was clear to the last, and she could hear a mouse whisper. (Had very acute hearing.) (Was she with me in last few days?) She don't go with you when you go flirting. (Just visited a mother and two daughters in New Jersey, pranky and materialistic.) There are some folks that rather forget the little mammy. Everybody thought they loved her, but some folks, when the old body is only a carcass, show that fine thoughts and feelings fly to the winds. Mammy is very precise in her pronunciation. (True.) I wonder what mammy's boy was thinking about on Christmas Day. She is trying to have him drilled up in a more thoughtful line of life. (What was he doing on that day?) Smoking and fibbing. (Smokes all the time.) How different things would have been had they run your ship and sailed it for you. (How is his wife?) Oh, Julia-Ann Pinky-Punkin? Well, you are not going to take them into your atmosphere, not a bit. Mammy had only one, her ship, her mast, her propeller, and that was yourself. Didn't you feel her atmosphere settling around your head? (Frequent touches on forehead.) She had her own way of doing things. She is with all the folks that blend in sympathy and harmony with your life, but she did not like to get into a controversy with anyone. (Have you noticed my nephew?) Well, Captain, in two ways we answer that question. You have touched a tender spot. His mammy had just a crying time when you mentioned that boy. He is not going to be as thoughtful a chap as you would like to have him. He wants to fly his own ship, and is not grateful a bit, Captain. He hasn't any of the spirit of gratitude in his blood. He will be bringing his little companion into a cabin after a while. (Does he expect to marry?) Oh, he has planned it now. Kind o' thinks he has got the whole run of the ship. That thing has been hanging fire for some time. It was a quick blaze and had to come. If he was a little more balanced, it would be the making of him. He is not balanced, Captain. He is a bit selfish. (He did marry a little later.) Captain, you always made everything square and right for the little mammy, and made her life a garden, and there was not a move of hers that was not genuine from top to bottom. (Does she know my present physical condition?) Does not find you very well about your stomach lines. The old red chiefs have been around you for some little time, Captain, to help you.

White Feather has been one that has been a sentinel in the camp. (Did she see her own cremation?) Captain, think only of carting away the old coat. The spirit went into the higher loft. (Is spirit birth like the earth birth?) Well, Captain, we do not have to, as you sometimes do, use fish-hooks and tongs, like grappling irons, to bring a half-fledged body into this material world of ours. The whole spiritual atmosphere is ready for the new birth. When you go from the physical body, it may be months before you go, but not long at last. No, no, you don't need sewing on of wings. (Is Mother Mary any plumper than she was?) She is getting as plump as a young girl. I don't mean a bonnie girl out of school, but I mean a young woman. We are always adding something. There is always fresh bloom, because our life means one of progression. She can walk straighter now. Aye, aye. (Who was "velvet skin?") I think it must have been Mammy. (Was so called in earth life.) (George, she was full of magnetism.) It was the soul, and her soul was a sunburst all the while. And a very good psychic should be the same. (What does she think of C——?) You could blow her sincerity away with a breath; scheming from top to centre, back to the top again. (Correct.) There were few folks brought right down into mammy's love-book. She respected and honored many, but she didn't want too many around her log. But they liked to come and see the little mammy. If it had not been for you she would not have had her soul vibrations, because you helped to bring into her spiritual atmosphere all her spiritual guides. (Is she a medium still?) Aye, aye. Oh, Captain, there are lots of folks on our side of life that like to know what kind of things are going on down on the material side of life. You don't suppose that every one knows just where he has gone. Sometimes they get in such a rut they cannot move out of it. Then there are lots of timid folks on our side of life. Captain, there has always been a psychic chain around the whole realm

of life. You have never had an invention of anything that has been handed down into your material world, that has been of any value and service, but what it has been handed down many times over your heads. (Is Mars inhabited?) Yes; we spirits have been told so. (Is Wiona old now?) Captain, that is a beautiful spirit that never lived in the old musty lines of life. (When a child, was frozen to death in snow.) She lived all the time in your cabin. (Has a spirit teeth, stomach, lungs, brain?) What! a man of your sense, wit and humor, could ever think of such a thing? The spiritual body is a refined fluid, you might call it fluid, veins, anything you like, but a fluid. It keeps the spirit body as warm as the old red and white corpusles keep your material body warm. Everything is multiplied, like a multiplication table, added thereto, not taken from. We have the same shape of body and head. If deformed here we do not carry the deformity. That is buried with the old shell. (What of idiocy?) That is in the formation of the little baby world. That is dropped also. (Do spirits walk or glide?) They do both; glide and walk. When we get up in the stronger currents we just sort o' glide along accordingly. When down here we walk as solid and firm as you. We do not have any slumber robes twisted around our toes, neither do we come into the world with only a fig leaf. The clothes are created in the atmosphere, and when you have true spiritual demonstrations, Captain, where a spirit materializes, you have that which is natural, and not that which is a bundle of rags and togs. When it has been really genuine, there has always been a spirit artist that opens up the colorings, and shall I say, a gown, a coat? We do not have any flowing things to be caught in our toenails. It is made up, Captain; there are spiritual colorings that belong in our own atmosphere, as every man down here has his breath and air.

(Do male spirits wear white gowns like the women?) Well, I should think they will have to look again to find a man like a woman. (What is the need of sex distinction in spirit life?) Well, Captain, I have had no experience in that line. I am a man still, with a man's power and strength in this old hand of mine, Captain. But that course of Nature dropped out of my old body when my old carcass was tossed into the sea. Yet there are many, Captain, that lived kind o' down in the basement, that are rank fellows, and with a sensual feeling and desire to crush everything that comes in their way. A woman will be a woman, a man will be a man, with every outline of a man; every form of a woman will continue to keep in shape and bear the woman's image. (No multiplication?) It is that harmony of love that fills all the bill to perfection. Every soul finds its own counterpart somewhere, in some place. (Who is with you at this time?) Your same little old papa, and the same little old mamma. And John, the brother; above all the dear old doctor, Captain. (Dr. Krebs.) He was as faithful to the little mammy as you were, in every thought and feeling. Mammy never, I think, in the whole of her lifetime, Captain, had a lone moment. If it was not babies, it was young folks; if not young folks, it was the old folks that were always dancing in and out of her cabin floor. (Who was Myra?) I think some old Washingtonian. (Wife of General W. H. Parsons, a friend of Washington, D. C.) . . .

CHAPTER XXX.

JAN. 24, 1908. (Mrs. Manks entranced by Mrs. W.): I am so glad. We are all here. You wanted to know where I was born. They told me I was born in Havana. Grandma told me. I am doing wonderfully well. I have left my earthly body and developed my new experience. That makes the difference. It makes a world of a difference. I was living in my earth surroundings, but each day takes me away from them, and I have the privilege of coming to you. The law of progression took me away. I am getting stronger in spirit. I know it is new thought and new power and a new school. (Were you at my home reception in your honor?) It would not have been a reception if I had not been present. I have been with you when you have been fast asleep. I could not make my presence known to you, but I have much patience. Using another's brain is not the old brain of my own. No, no. (It has been four months since you passed away.) It grieves my soul to have you grieve. Oh, I have seen you so much. I just want to quietly rest. I have met friends and friends.

George Wilson: Well, I just want to get the balance-wheel straightened up for you. I tell you what the trouble is. You are making positive lines. Aye, aye. Now you know, Captain, that little mother lady we want to do so much for: we will come in and use the ship and every sail on it. Never mind dotting down what I am saying, Captain. You know you referred to the little lady coming in the first time, and bringing all her mental, her spiritual self. Well, Captain, she was then all her own physical self, tied up, bound up, rolled up, and still waiving all her spiritual life and courage, she was able to articulate and give expression to her sentiments. No individuality is lost; don't you know that, Captain? Don't you know that coming through an organism that is new, the cells and feelings all new, they are not the same creative brain cells, Captain? You are not acting with just the good judgment that belongs to a man that has had your experience. You know the little lady told me she often had to draw you to the line. You would want more, and she would say: Now, Mr. Snipes, that is all I can get. Then you would be wanting something more. (Frequent fact.)

Jan. 26. Medium reported spirit who died of mammal cancer, name something like Webb. (West.) Later, Mr. Barr, a Scotch psychic, called and said two of my guides would caution me of a certain party (describing), and that Mary said her ashes should be buried in that direction (indicating New Jersey.) He also mentioned a personal ailment and recommended remedy. He knew nothing of either fact.

Jan. 30. Mrs. Manks asked where I was last evening. One of her guides wanted me to come home, as I was not in my right element. (Party had trouble with landlord and wanted to borrow.)

Feb. 1. Mrs. M. in trance. Mrs. W.: I am just trying. I am trying so hard. I cannot make this brain work. It is difficult to hold another's brain. (Who is with you?) Your papa and John. (After a long silence):

George Wilson: Captain, your little mammy lady has given her best efforts to come on the bridge and pass a word or two to your loved folks. She is not going out of your sphere, but she has to take her onward and upward move. (Why silent so long just now?) She cannot use the organism; she cannot use the power of speech. Another atmosphere and another brain, Captain, and another force. Each one in our school, each one in our own way. We do our own work the way we are taught to do it, or had to do it, when the first time we came on ship. Oh, Captain, I was a year making my way along the line. It may be, Captain, that she will gradually work her way back again, but she is taking on new sails, going to float in broader waters, Captain. It is the law of demand. She had her sail around the world, and she, like all the rest, must move onward and upward. That will be the same way and in the same scale when our old gal here passes her ship

up to the loft, Captain. I am the same to this little gal as your papa was to the little mammy. Your little Indian girl is mammy's dresser. She is the one that ties up the mammy's skirts. The little lady has all the while her ghost-friends. They are going to keep her floating, Captain, in the clear blue sea. Well, you don't want to be tied down to tar and feathers all the time. She has earned the right to the broad deep blue, and the powers that are stronger than herself are placing that spirit where it belongs, as it must be, Captain. Every new ship has to be taken out and have its trial. When the lady mammy came to you the first time, we let down the bars and bolts, and we strengthened every link in the ship to give her full play. Then she was full of excitement, full of herself, full of everything that belonged to her, and every beam in the ship we parted to give her free *entreé*. (That is French, George.) The French word will do on a man-of-war, Captain. She is not unhappy because she is changing ship, because she is close enough to you to keep an eagle eye on everything that is taking place. (Does the weather affect your coming?) We are all old sailors. I hardly knew what it was to live under a roof. (Your medium here does not easily tire?) No, because there are more Indians in this band than there were in the little mammy's band. Mammy had a hard fight for it, Captain, when everyone came around. It was not easy sailing. But just think of it, Captain, when she has her new boots on and her sails, and the whole spiritual body, taking in all the beauties that belong to her spiritual life, she will advance, go on in her progression, which is only in the order of things and belongs to the dividing of time. (Will she control this medium hereafter?) If she cannot, you can find an organism that she can play quickly on, but that does not prevent the present power from creating and making happiness. (I am not asking positive questions this time.)

Tonight you gave us the floor, to all the folks that might come in. We are trying to make you understand that the little mammy went from place to place and bubbled up, just running over in her spiritual desire to just touch your hand, to say one word, just to make you know that she lived around the old ghost-table, that she is still with you. (Can you say how many miles your spirit home is from us?) No, Captain, it cannot be measured, but some homes that many spirits are in are not many inches from your toes, and some of them are beyond the sun, and lots of them where the old lady is riding near the moon. She has had a hard time of it, Captain, but it is not because she has not the same love that bubbled over with the spirit and desire to please and to give you just one touch of the hand, and she knows she had to be a soldier and keep up on the march, Captain. She tells me she helped you to sing "Face to Face." (When?) Just before you rolled away her body. (I sang it at her funeral.) Let her come in naturally; but, Captain, she has got to keep up the tide of her spiritual growth and advancement. But you know you are anxious, and she is anxious; yet, Captain, all the same there is not a vibration that goes out of your spiritual aura, and also descends from her spiritual atmosphere, that is not in tune and regulation with each thought and each feeling and everything that would harmonize to make you happy. I would keep that little mother lady who wants all the blue heavens around her, because she served you well. She was a soul within a soul, a life within a life, Captain. It is not fair to separate from one that has plowed around the world with you and been a sentinel on the march all through. You want to give her all the sunbeams, all the things that belong into her own life; that is freedom.

It is not a break in the link, Captain, not at all. It is only to be free and to move on. It is only a right that belongs to a soul, to return to you when you want her, and when she wants you. She will get stronger and happier in yielding to the influences with her. Here you have had proof, volumes of proof, tons and miles and square yards of it, Captain. Just let her have all the new blue, Captain. (Do you have a sky, too?) We have a sky above us, like yours. She has her birds and her flowers, and her little wee songs. (She could not sing when here.) Not like you, Captain. Before you drive a spike in that, let me tell you, every heart that can pulsate love for another has its own vibration of song. Not necessary to put it into words and tunes. (George, I do not always catch the meaning of your

sailor phrases.) You will get used to my nautical expressions, Captain, and some of my cuss words, perhaps. Yet it is not a refining thing to do, is it? But sometimes it is a safety valve to keep the old ship from sinking.

(Do you keep company with Mother Mary?) Every day I pay my compliments to her, Captain. Aye, aye. I greet her, and she greets me, every time. (And she likes your medium?) Oh, Captain, I think she has got the run of the gangway, and I think the plank is always down for her to come in. Captain, the little mammy always finds the latch-string out. And she likes this old rough boy. My world is full of life and spiritual work. (Are you outside the medium when controlling?) I am a man like yourself, but I tell you there is no one more in place, more in hand, more on the bridge than I, when I am right square in this room and in this body. I can get up and walk, I can walk anywhere. You will find some of the Indians who can use the head, but I can move them around. I will run and race with you any time. (Don't most spirits stand outside and mesmerize the brain?) That may be with very many, but that is not so with me. I come up from the feet, and I spring from the mast-head when I go out, Captain. Mammy likes the old redskins, the old fuss and feathers. But say, Captain, your papa and your little mammy and that little sister of yours, all of them together, and a few of her right-hand comrades, are the ones that are always in her school, always on time when school opens, just like we are. Every one of us, Captain, on time, square and orderly to the command. And, Captain, every one of them is climbing the ladder, and is glad to have the broad world of freedom with the little lady mammy. (How about her family?) You know some of them have had such golden opportunities and they just passed them by. You know mammy sent messages that have been turned down.

It was not fashionable to be a spiritualist. But it is a fad now among the folks that want to know, but not for any spiritual upliftment. Do you think mammy is going to fly around in her white wings to shell corn for them? They will all have to learn it, and I am just one like all the rest that are ringing the old bell of progression. I say to mammy, Go on, and I will hold your skirts when you want to fly. (Will you stick to her?) Give me your open hand. (Slapping it hard and loud.) I am going to give you a little truth. The first time you entered this cabin, that little lady came right in, rolled up in her spiritual power. You went off. You were not favored with eight shillings or ten shillings of food. You made a record for the next day. We put everything aside, Captain, and when you were going on the hour point, we kept that little lady mother right here. We never let her out of the influence right close to the old gal. We folded her up in the old gal's clothes and stockings, and we opened every porthole, Captain, and we fitted every timber together, that that little mammy could grasp your hand. And she went away happy, crying with joy, just as happy as a little baby that found its own mother. Because you had gone around, Captain, and sat down, and the air was chill, there was nothing that you could find. (I had tried other professors and found them sadly wanting.) And that little lady mammy slept with the little gal that night. We said, You stay here. We will bust the ship in trying. And you see, Captain, every other time after there was a weakness, because we had not the conditions. And weak as she was we put her right in the sails.

When she saw the little gal she warmed up to her, and that night we never left the cabin. We kept close, Captain, and that little lady mammy went asleep, got down into the atmosphere. And when she came we had to give the Indians a tune, to kind o' vibrate, just to flow a force, and when that little gal got her preaching cap on, Captain, she went off, she had her preaching blood up, like they do up in the North, and she went on. There is always a reason for everything. And that is the reason you think, or have thought, the other times were failures. (She talked fluently when here.) She could interest anybody. Well, you will find this little old gal just as we found her, doing her spiritual work up to the eyes and nose. That little lady mammy went the whole round of the field with you, but we let down the bars and slipped the bolts, Captain, and made the old ribs of the ship sounder for

it, and she knew we could get up all the powers she wanted and make her feel at home. We rested her until she seemed like a great baby that had been in the hammock for weeks. Oh, it was a send-off to her, because she was made to know and realize that she was not a bit of the old self but was back in the life that is the life after all. (Whom has she met recently?) An old gentleman that is often with mammy. They call him Mr. Wells. (A former visitor to her circles.) Time's up.

Feb. 12. Mrs. Manks reported a man named Green with my father. (A friend of ours in Virginia.) Also E. V. Wilson. (An old friend and test-giver.) Medium: The doctor is here, walking along. The dear old papa. Mother is here, so transparent, not the least ray of illness about her. The dear Indian girl. Has lots of flowers. Laughing. Can't shake her, she says.

Mary: Mr. Snipes, I knew you were coming. By following the general control I shall gain more strength, and have others to follow me. This will be the most lasting way for my coming and remaining as long as I wish to come and take possession, to be as near myself as possible. You must not speak too much at the beginning. Follow this plan and I shall be able to come sooner. (Five months since you left me.) I have not planned to go from you. I like this spot, and will like it when I can take full control. Of course I shall be my individual self. Just have patience. I am growing stronger. I am grateful for what I have already done. I have not gone away. I want you to be very happy. I put down the foundation stone, and you are opening the window of our souls. Let me come slowly and quietly and I can stay longer. I am centered here. I like to stay with you in this quiet way. (Are our spirit friends with you?) We are all contented and happy together. I will answer all your questions when I get stronger. I am learning my lessons with your pa and the old Indian (Wiona), and Daniel (her son), and my pa. I was his pet. You will be my reporter later on. I think I am doing well now. (The spirit world was brought to me through you.) And now the medium brings me to you. It is spring-time between us and no winter. I want to tell you, I have a sailor lover. I like him very much. He has taken me on a longer voyage than your pa. We sailed on your waters. (Where?) Across the Indian Ocean.

Feb. 25. Mr. Barr called. Described Mrs. M. and her friend Mrs. D. Said Mrs. W. wanted me to remove eventually, as I had been thinking. Gave good description of nephew and his mental condition, also his bride. Never saw nor heard of either of the four.

Feb. 26. Captain George controlled for some time for himself and the rest. Captain, you are a pretty good sort of a man. You have no fins on your back. Said he had taken Mary to India. She appreciated every wave. That ladder is getting along. . . .

Harriet Beecher Stowe, a friend and former control of Mrs. M. next spoke briefly with refined voice and manner. Was very glad to make my acquaintance. Had been to my meetings in the past. (I referred to "Uncle Tom's Cabin.") Brother Henry composed much of it, but I was given credit for it all.

Feb. 29. Mother Wakeman, slowly: I am glad to come tonight. I do not have to wait for an appointment. I come at all times to both. I am so happy to be here. I am learning to be useful in coming to the new home. I am very happy to have my new home in the heart of the medium. (Can I share it?) I would not have taken the trouble to raise a new home if half was not for you. I am going to continue. You know I have come into my new life and must come to you. Have patience. It takes time. I will succeed, because I am going away, only to visit.

George: Well, I am going to tell you just how the little mammy's nightcap fits her. Just let her have all the field she wants. She will come along. She is getting accustomed to this little old ship. The old Captain can run out in a new ship with new sails and skid around, and go into any shoal or port for tide. A new Captain cannot. Captain, I promised you and daddy and all the rest to have a kind of home welcome. We never lose a passenger. It takes time. Every one of them, Captain, ought to be able to spin out. Cannot stay as long as I. Every muscle and sinew belongs to me, Captain. And you know our little lady

mammy cannot go into this new house as into her own house. Easy to come in, but hard to use the mental. (Is it hypnotic?) That is to the outward, but this way it comes with soul, heart feeling. Pappy has got little Molly Ann with him tonight. (My sister Mary Ann. And mother?) Yes; only she didn't understand how things were going. She realized the truth when she got out of the old physical body, that you were right, with the old Virginia sail. Captain and I are messmates. The old Virginia pig-tail tobacco we have had together. (Pig-tail a Virginia brand of tobacco in my youth.) Well, Captain, we are glad to be here with the lady mammy. I have two now, one on each arm. The little mammy is just as happy as she can be, as she comes to be seen and heard. Captain, she has not lost an iota. We do not catch you with the old pain of loss, because we come back to you, Captain, and we live with you. We are hand-in-glove with you, Captain. (A great consolation, George.) It is the universal problem that is settling the immortality of the soul. Everybody that has a mind knows it, and people that haven't any mind don't think an inch beyond their nose. There are always masters and leaders in your world and ours. (Were you at the concert?) Didn't the little old gal report my presence there to you, and mother's, too? Well, Captain, when we are shoulder-workers and mental-builders with you; I think we ought to take a turn in everything that is happening, and when we have a blow-out and go off on the top-mast, we can go out in that direction, and when we have got hold of an old traveler that has plowed the land, you can trust your old bones on your back, Captain.

(I hope Mother Mary is really happy.) Well, Captain, that word "hope" is not quite put in the right place. When I made a square arm, rigged up the little vessel, and pulled down every timber to come in and shake with you, that was not a hope, it was a boy feeling for his mammy—just as he would for his own mammy. She wants to come every time, and Captain, we give her the freedom of the whole ship, and after a while she will make the wool fly. Give her time. She has come into a new ship. She cannot have all the things she wants at first, but I will give her the whole ship whenever she wants it. Never forget how the little mammy stood by you when you looked for your hat; didn't know whether to put it on; didn't know just where you were living. Why, Captain, I would have taken every beam out of this old ship and put it up on dry dock. We knew we had a mission somewhere, because it had been thrown out on the lines of vibration by the forces that were higher than myself, and we waited for orders around the ship, and somebody else waits for them, all in their order. Everything is not thrown in by chance. It would be a great mess-pot. (Are such things ordained?) Now you have got hold of the right line that will put up your flag. (What about the long silence?) While it does not impede the manner of speech from the mammy, or from yourself when she gets near to you, all she wants seems to be to twist herself right up into your atmosphere.

(Would my other friends have similar difficulty in coming hereafter?) When they begin to work right, they will come right up on deck like drilling soldiers. It won't take everyone a lifetime, but some of your folks can take up the vibrations. You see I am just as used to my old gal as you were to your papa and others who could come in the twinkling of an eye. They will all come, Captain, sometime and find just the woman they can use, that they need for stepping into the inner wall. People here often make a mistake in expecting more of us than others do of you. As you get acquainted with the Indians, you will find a place in your log for them. (Do you know Dr. Krebs?) Aye, and he likes a good great yarn (true), like that old papa Gardner that would spin yarns with mammy. (Another joking friend.) They could tell some fish stories once in a while. (Mrs. Stowe is a beautiful spirit.) She often comes to mammy and talks about her two boys. (Was she not aberrated at the end?) Aye, aye. The brain cells were overworked, kind o' held up in the vibrations, as you say, much dead-weight somewhere. (George, people with no brains never go crazy.) No, but they go a damn long way toward it. We have just got the little family here tonight, because we wanted to have a little family reunion, and the little mammy wanted to do the climbing, to get just where you are, Captain. I tell you who has got hold of the boy (nephew), and that is Captain

Jack, John you call him. If he got hold of the end of a truth, he would swallow it and keep it down, no matter what the church people thought, Captain, and the people in the little town. He was honest in his convictions.

(Dr. Krebs and he were alike.) They wore the badge of honor all through the campaign. (How is the boy now?) Well, Captain, they kind o' feel as if he is in a pretty good scale, where he will be measured and made to do what the little Missis wants him to do. She will be the rudder and the sail as well, Captain. He will listen to her because she contributes to him. She will be a benefit right along, and I think the first boy, Captain, will have the uncle's name. All the old Indians say it will be a boy. (Both predictions came true.) (Any word of our friend Mr. Portlock?) Well, there is some old Billy that wants to send his wife a message. You can tell her for Captain Wilson that he is making up new lines that will be best for her good. But I think she is going to have someone fly away, Captain. Looks like an old person not living in the family cabin. Tell her that mammy would like to have a good, round, square laugh with her. She would tell lots of things that made little mammy laugh, and she would laugh herself. (Very true.) (How about her physical?) She don't feel very well in her underneath feet. That is what mammy tells me. (Afterward confirmed by the lady. Anything about Mary's daughter?) Not much that is encouraging about her Julia. She is more on our side now than she is on your side. (Does her mother go to see her?) Well, Captain, she sees her every movement. They are more together in spirit than when here. Not many can understand your philosophy. (The husband has a good opinion of his opinion, George.) A lamp without oil, Captain. (What about the Smiths?) I think those two old and young youngsters are going to do fairly well, because they have an old spirit that is trying the spiritual forces belonging to the older one. (Told me later that her father was her guide.) They don't have so many folks, Captain. (Lived to themselves.) I would like to go up into their cabin. (Would the medium?) No; mammy is laughing a real long Yankee laugh. Too high-up in a walk-up for a stout. (True.) Well, Captain, papa and the little gals and little Josie, all of them send in a good old strong blessing for you. (What Josie is it?) I think you kind o' happy uncle to her. (Sister's child.) And the little gal there, Captain, is speaking of Cora. (Another child of sister, many years gone, both seen in her dying vision in Virginia.) Mammy remembers all the good folks that were right around the cabin here. Everybody knew our little mammy. It may take some time to run all the lines like I have got 'em, but, Captain, we never carried a foul anchor, and we will sail up and down with lady mammy, and I take off my hat to her, Captain, at all times. (George, I am still lonesome.) Why, you ought to have your jibboom when you get lonesome; you want the bonnet on the topmast.

Mar. 3. Medium, conscious: Your papa seems always in such a pleasant atmosphere to me. Morrison. A lady. (Friend of Mrs. W. years ago.) Oh, what a pretty lady is here with thy papa. Just like a sister to you. Eyes clear, wide, full. There's a lady with her, on her husband's side, quite tall, a goodly woman, but not as magnetic. She is calling her Aunt Lizzie. Thy papa is talking of old Mr. Scattergood. Did you ever know anybody by the name of Captain Weaver? (I heard of him years ago.) William W. Greene. He is a man who seems very much in the front. I see him dictating, pleased to give orders. (Full name of prominent temperance speaker in Richmond forty years ago; friend of my father.) Your father is talking about Beckie, some one with him; seems so pleased. (In our Virginia family.) His hand is busy with his hair. (In early life was particular that way.) He wants me to tell you something about old Peter. (One of our Virginia darkies in my youth.) There is a John Cunningham. Someone who knew thy papa, because they shake hands. (Another Richmond friend.) And thy papa brings an old man who is blind. Shuts his eyes as if the light might affect them. (When a boy I piloted an Uncle Gilbert to an oculist daily.)

Did you know someone by the name of Charles Snipes? Taller than thy papa. (His father.) Thy papa had a very round, clear voice. (Yes.) Dear Mother Wakeman has a little boy with her, with something like a bruise on his head; a shock.

(A son, killed by lightning.) Does thee know thy little sister went out with cancer? You know why? Because of that big boy in birth. Matilda. (Julia's sister.) I wish thee would clear the air. There's a misty atmosphere between the wall and myself. (Matilda, accidentally burnt to death in Greenville, N. J., years ago.) I think thy friend in New Jersey will pass away this week. (Mrs. Van Tassell. Died that week.) Thy papa seems so happy, and always grateful to come in and get a new grain of thought or feeling. Kate. A little oddity, old maid, small-sized comb, hair curly, rather spare. Is it Talbott, Kate Talbott? (A Richmond acquaintance.) John Taylor. Seems to me as if he was an Englishman; with a wooden leg. (An Englishman friend in Richmond in my youth, who had a wooden leg.)

Cordelia. That is twice that is given me. (Earnestly): Oh, it is my dear sister. She went out at birth. There is someone here who went to church with thee, rather tall, hair little light, flowing over the forehead; a Virginia singer. Comes in a very joyous spirit, as if very glad. He could not keep his eyes still. (Perfect description of George Allen, a fellow-singer with me in Union Station church choir in Richmond when we were young.) Our dear old doctor is here. What a trustworthy soul! I think anyone could have gone to the ends of the earth with that man. A good-living man, but somewhere, in his place, he lived unhappily. He cannot shut that out. He was easily brought to tears. For a moment his eyes are moist. His Spiritualism was greatly opposed by his family. He was so glad to come into the restful atmosphere of dear Mother Wakeman. They are making just a beautiful glow of sunlight. (Dr. Krebs, Staunton, Va. Family opposed his faith. Came to New York and enjoyed the mediumship of Mother Wakeman.) Didn't Mrs. Wakeman have something like neuralgia on the left side of her face? (Was hurt by a falling billet of wood from a housetop during my absence in Europe; left temple.)

Mar. 10. Mrs. Manks, vibrating for some time, controlled by Indian guide named Tommy (Tomahawk):

How do you do, white chief? You got all the ache on the back. (Grip.) Tommy chief come. I come with your pretty white squaw. Her be all the time round you. Her don't goes away. Ooh! Her likes you so much. All the spirits likes that pretty white squaw. I come and hear your music. And your own white squaw come, and your little Wiona. Her make dance for your pretty squaw. (Used to dance before her.) Her got no sad bad thinks. Her happy, bright. Got lots of sunshine. You help my medy heap much for the spirit power. White chief, you must be careful, because you took cold all over. It don't come on your breathe, it goes on your back. The spirits going to have a jollification in your wigwam all the time. The mother is here, and the white chief, your papa, and all is here tonight. Warsaw is here. He belong to your little squaw, the little Indian his papoose. They all have quite a time now in your wigwam. The white squaw come to my medy and make her preach in her up-top. Your old doctor is got him laugh on his face. (Krebs.) He gives you all the big breathe. He be many times happy chief because he got your pretty squaw with him now, what's got lots of shine in her path. Her got no more achers. Her be very happy when her comes to talk to you. All bodies makes it happy for your pretty little white Mary squaw.

George Wilson: How are you, Captain? (I have the grip.) Haven't got it in both hands? Our little mammy is just as spry and cheery as any of your little Indian girls born out of the forest. Yes, she will spout. Just let mammy have her own way, Captain. Sometimes it takes a long while to learn a new instrument and just how to touch the key. You can touch the heart and every vibration of the body, but sometimes when you get right up in the loft you will have to learn the brain cells, and then they are just a little hard to manipulate. Her heart is in the right place, and so is her head, so is every pose. It is you gets off the string when we want to take down the mess-pot. She don't fret because she cannot talk right away. Captain, take out that soft thing under me. (Cushion under the medium.) I am not an old woman. It takes old folks to be good folks. If we didn't make the change we wouldn't ever know it. We would all be so individualized we would clip our own feathers and fly out in our own storm.

The little mammy is doing fine. She is right here to hold the spirit workshop, and she is doing nicely. We are swinging her into her own and our own atmosphere, all one. She is the little mother of the regiment, and she likes to work her way, and we have given her free room to do what she wants. Now I think she is a very happy and a very clever old gal. Her head is not quite as clear as when in life down here. You wouldn't expect it, Captain. Her old condition has its reflection, and when she looks out of her spirit portholes she can see as well as any man who has got a wide broad spiritual sense. So, Captain. That Julia was broken square in two when she came on our side. Captain, she was a nice little gal, but she was flimsy. We had to see that she was straightened up and fixed where she could float. We have talked it all down at mess. The little mother is slipping into the loveliest blue light on top of the world. It is her spiritual aura. She has the same disposition to enjoy and appropriate. (Does she visit me at home?) Well, Captain, you don't suppose she is looking in the window at you, do you? While you cannot see her, you can feel her mighty strongly about you; puts her gentle fingers on your forehead. (Very sensibly.) We would like to just etherialize all your whole atmosphere so you could see little mother lady on deck.

(Have you seen my own mother?) Well, Captain, you don't suppose I don't take off my best tarpaulin to your own little mother who meant so well in everything she did? But she was as nervous as a kitten when she came over. Nothing slow about little mammy. She is a real span-loving bit of motherhood. Daddy has a broad sea. He goes out with his old friends. Well, they have got just a little nice home mess. (Do you spirits eat?) What would we do with steak in a spiritual stomach? How would you figure that out? We take in the essence of fruit in spirit, and we breathe in, Captain, all the fine and happy atmosphere that the birds and the waters make for us. Now do not get it into your head that we have not any waters on this side. It's just a kind o' island down here in your world. (Do you revolve with our globe?) We kind o' follow around. We get into your world when it is on the move, and we move with it. The world that is just above you hasn't any hinges on the line of life, Captain. We just make it a climbing post all the way along, Captain. We travel just as fast, don't have to pay any rate or travel on the way by express. (George, 'tis home where e'er the heart is.) The heart and stomach. A bad stomach will upset all God's purposes. Every one of God's plans would be thrown down, and the spirit of love would not be anywhere. Did it ever strike you about the man who went to church only on Sunday? If he could put in one day of church-going, he thought he mopped out all the sins of the six days. It belongs to almost all the religious creeds you have down here in your material world, and every religion that bears a new hat and floats a new coat is not the kind of religion your grandmother had, or mine.

(Is there any creed in the spirit world?) Not a bit of a creed, not the least bit. Some have a notion that they have it; some have an idea that they are all just scented up with it, Captain. Every day brings in some long-fingered chap, and he thinks he is Christianized just in one spot, Captain, and thinks he knows it. (A long pause.) Captain, I had to remain a little bit quiet while the redskins just gave you a little treatment. Whenever they get to work around you, Captain, they want to keep all the nerve centers around you quiet so that you can absorb every bit that is being poured into you. You haven't got over your bit of grip. All poke around and you have to be very careful to get it swept up and swept down. Your papa used to have lots of coughing on deck. (Had consumption.) The Captain and I are real chums in both worlds. (George, your little mammy and mine seem very much attached to each other.) I don't think there is a split in the jib-boom anywhere. And you keep them together by your thoughts and feelings. (Have you met Uncle Horace?) Captain, that is one of the first that we give a seat to in the cabin. (He was a big man here, George.) We only see the width and breadth of the spirit man when he gets over on our side. And he lived close into mammy's boots, didn't he? (One of her controls.)

(Who were usually with him then, George?) Well, Captain, those two little gals that were the song gals, the old little gals that were great writing girls. (The

Cary sisters.) (Mrs. Brigham?) She is not right strong in health. She is spiritual from stem to stern. Her friends on our side worry so much about her because she has got so much to do. But we want to just roll in every good wish and spirit love that we can give her for herself and Burgess. (Neil Burgess, helper in her Society.) (Any word for Mrs. Mitchell?) Would rather have her Gardner, without the Mitchell. (Was Gardner, married Mitchell.) She thought a great deal of mammy. Mammy put up a red flag for her, Captain, not for work, but something to please her. Aye, aye. She has a good many spirit friends around her she don't know anything about. (Can you name one?) Well, I think she will know Captain Billy Mitchell. Belongs to her husband. And there's an aunt Elizabeth that sends her love to Mrs. Gardner. Mammy likes that name better. You go see her, and she will have a good round English laugh for you. (English descent, and afterward recognized all which was unknown to me.) (A word for Ella Moore?) Mammy says she is entering a sort of a lake that will make her down in her boots. (Reported bad collections in her business.) (Anything about Mother Mary's Julia?) Captain, she is a brand-new and spick-span woman, improving in health. I think she has been away. They have swept out somewhere, but mammy doesn't follow them. They don't like to have spooks come around. They bar us out and put a spike on the door and put up a sign: No admittance. (What was the real cause of my sister's death?) Well, when one of the old babbys came into town it broke up, upset the whole foundation, Captain, and she did not have the proper attention; they didn't know; all through ignorance. But that was the cause of that little mammy gal coming over; and that produced cancer.

Mar. 14. Medium: We have so many children here tonight. Seems like a little jubilee. I can hear the Indians, as if they were having a good war dance. Here is thy papa, and beautiful Mary, and the little Indian girl, Wiona. Aunt Elizabeth Humes, or something like that. (Hughes.) Mrs. Potter, laughing and motioning a kiss. All right now, she says. She had a great way of talking and shaking her head. (True.) She brings a spirit named Sarah. (Her sister.) Beautiful spirit, Fannie, Fern. Alice and Phœbe Cary are with her. It must have been a habit with dear Mother Wakeman to take hold of thy coat. Yes; the Prince Albert she liked best. Your papa is leaning right on my shoulder. My boy, boy of my loins. (His very expression when talking through Mrs. W. in her earth life.) When we are not the least hampered, we can do better work. Don't feel worried over your lungs. You have better lungs than Daddy had. He says it is just a home-coming night, just what we all waited for. This is the first time I have heard beautiful Mary call thee Joe, as she does now. It would have been a great sorrow to have had each of us going on without finding a way for a touch of the hand and the touch of life which means so much to all of us. Your papa says, We all help to make homes for ourselves and for others. I just wish you could see all the dear faces, so clear and impressive, full of love and sympathy. There's an Abbie here. Is it Judge?) (Abbie Judson.) Who is Mr. Hallock? (Dr. Hallock.) The last time thee got the name of Church. He is here. (Judge Church, a spiritualist.) This is a better way to let us come in and have our Social, and we will all get around the family altar. Different temperaments have different ways. Another voice says, There is a beautiful broad way that leads to the chamber of counsel. There is a group standing around, each one adding a word. Mary says she is very happy tonight; very restful. Isabella Hooker and Miss Amorette Beecher must be here. Uncle Horace entered with our Mary. Who is thy brother William? Someone who comes up to you so quietly and yet lovingly. He has been to you before. (Through Dr. Slade.)

Medium then held a closed letter just received by me from Mrs. Ogg, in Staunton, Va., and said: The writer has suffered with her head, left side, teeth affected, with little bronchial trouble. Her left lung is better than the right one. (Had written that she had the grip badly.) She is nervous and fretful, and she shuts out much sunshine by her worrying, always wanting. The world seems so happy, and she has not a bit of it. Well, she lives in such a nervous, restless strain that all her illness is due to that. There is a man there, rather large and tall, apparently older, as he moves slowly and indifferently, but he is a man

that can speak his mind at times. (True of herself and husband.) There is a little girl, not very strong and rather reserved. I see three children there. (Correct.) There is one little girl, the taller of the two, I think, who has had trouble with her stomach. The mother wants something to come in for a little sunshine. Too many things about her absorb her. She wants to manage things herself. Has she a little boy? Well, he may be quiet in manner, but he has a deep, thoughtful mind, and will yet have his own way. There is an elderly gentleman in her life, and it won't be very long before some older person there will pass away; down about two squares, close to the corner. His business seems connected with a grinding vibrating noise. Much of his work indoors and then in the open. (Her husband's father, living in that very location, employed by Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. Died soon after this prophecy.)

Mar. 21. Medium: Your papa and the doctor are here. (After silently rocking, entranced by Mrs. W.): Oh, dear, I am learning. I will soon be able to play all the keys of this instrument. I was so glad to put my hand on your head. (Felt it plainly.) I am getting more strength. I will soon be in full force and power. I will be so contented. It is so natural to come to you. Your pa says he in time will come and speak. Your every thought of me is precious, but I had to go from the physical. (Were you happy in spirit life at first?) Yes, until I saw you alone. I did not want you to worry. I am so grateful to be free from pain. I want you to be happy. I have everything to make life happy, and I want everything given to you to make you happy.

(George, slapping hands): Well, Captain, little mammy can now take my seat on the first deck. I am glad to get into your cabin. (Glad to see you, George.) Feeling is next to seeing. (Mary is doing better.) There was not a vibration wanting. She came in as quietly as a ship coming into port, but one thing you must do until mammy gets a little stronger. You must keep hold of her hands. Captain, I have been looking after her. I have had her rolled up in nice easy sails, been all around, Captain, and she loves this little cabin about as well as any other place. It is nice to have a little mammy to look after. All big hearts can stand little mammies anytime they are born, can't they? When you have one, it keeps you on the dog-watch. (Keeps you busy, George?) Oh, I have plenty to do in my own spiritual chores, as we say. (Your medium thought you were neglecting her.) Captain, if I thought that she thought that of me, I would want to turn her up to the mast and give her so many orderly stripes. No, Captain, we never turn down or turn away the lines that are built for us, and which we make for ourselves. The whole cabin is full of good folks here tonight. That little Indian girl has been trying to work on that musical instrument there, but she cannot get a sound out of it. (Victrola.) And the old doctor and the papa and the little gals are right on hand. We are going to have our own family together. Captain, I want you to notice when Red Wing comes in, without saying a word to any one about the different manipulations going on when we are holding this little gal under control. Sometimes there are two or three here holding her at once. You will know it. One will step out and another step right in. But when I come in, I have full use of the toes, the body, the brain, the arms and I am full Jack Tar all the way through, Captain. I can take this little gal on the streets. I can put on my sea legs, but keep out of the hand of the law. (Will you go with us to see "The Witching Hour"?) We got ahead of you, Captain. Your little mammy and I will take front seats on the stage. Little mammy has a way of twisting her hair in her own fashion. Glad you are kind o' sailing in and out. (Time is a great physician, George.) Captain, it makes, creates and does lots of things. And then we do lots of things for ourselves. We don't like groveling anywhere. (Are you satisfied with my plans?) Captain, your little mammy and I have talked it over. It is all new coin to me. It is one of the orders of the day, one of the things that have been, shall I say, preordained, christened. When you have got the loving hand and the drinking cup that goes all around the ship's crew, and everybody says, Ha! well, Captain, it passes to the mast-head, it is a spiritual blessing. It is just making for things that God intended for you, Captain, and you have a little gal here that will always be a little gal. I have never known her as anything else. (Like Mother Mary?) They may be somewhat

different, but they are two souls cemented and welded together. Your soul ought to be pretty well filled up, for you have one in spirit and one here to give you plenty to eat and plenty to drink, not more than you deserve. She has a different love for me, Captain, like a brother. If I should say No, I think she would go down to the end of the world for me. I have stood by the little gal when she has been worn out, and she has been the little horse that has done the pulling. She has got her own avoirdupois to look after, Captain, that is all. But she is entitled to every wave of life and every roll of sunshine. Her health has been both inheritance and impartation. There was good old stock to start from; and, Captain, there is so much character, nothing slow about the little gal.

And we are going to keep you young, Captain. We are going to spur life into you. Aye, aye. Your papa and I are old ship's crew. Pappy has got an eye of wisdom for judging human nature. He is as clear as the sun is to the earth, Captain. He is a good old boy, straight through. We have drifted together just like two great magnets, your band and our band. There was no forcing of anyone, but each one affiliating and fitting into position. (Your medium is not spoilt by compliments?) Our little gals and mammies don't get spoilt with the passing word, not a bit of it. You know they are doing only the work they were called and made to do. (Do they continue their mediumship in spirit life?) To sit down on the sunny banks and sing your throats dry would not be pleasing, with no chance to wet your whistle. (You still approve my choice and purpose?) We have no word to say against it. Mammy and I have talked it all over. We know how much the little mammy lives in your thoughts and feelings. She wanted to pull my nose several times when I wanted to say a few cuss words. You cannot go out and buy love by the pint or quart, Captain.

Mar. 28. Mrs. W. (slowly entrancing the medium): I am glad to be able to talk. I like my own way of planning better than the Indians'. The Indians could help me to talk more strongly, but I like my own way the best. I want to come and break into your conversation at any time. I am a balance-wheel for the medium. She is energetic, and I am more quiet. No two persons are quite alike. (Your mediumship also was different.) I was controlled most all the time by the educated, and she is controlled more by the strong force of the Indians. (Captain George is a strong one.) He is my boy. We are planning and completing the work with time and patience. If you are too anxious, you will hinder the plans we are forming. I will grow stronger. When I am back in my spirit home I am not weak. . . .

George: Well, Captain, everybody kind o' had their own sails, and the Indians had a splurge of it. We have got into the cabin again. You must allow for this slow movement, but when they get up steam, I think they will chase you all around the streets. But the old redskin thought he could get in, hold up the force, and give them the speaking tubes. That was old Tomahawk, but I like that little gal to have the barn floor to herself, and she can have her own way of just forming up her own condition. No matter, Captain, she is my last sweetheart. I tell you that little mother was disappointed that she could not say more, but no fiddler can play when two or three others are holding the strings on the bow. Well, Captain, I have been in your cabin, right in and out. Little mammy can go out on deck, Captain, float all around. Captain, you don't know what we can do. You don't know the old gal. You think you know her, but you don't. She is as true to her work as your sun is to your earth, and as quick to a line of call from us as you would be to a wish from the little lady mother.

(It is good of you to report for others.) I will always be the spokesman. Whenever they send a name down the line I will be responsive and give it out every time. Pappy and I are having a grand old swimming time, not through a creek or river, but kind o' floating through space. (He used to be a good talker.) He always spoke for the toddy boys. (Did he tell you this?) Aye. (In my youth he was a frequent speaker for the Sons of Temperance in Virginia.) We talk, and we are happy together, Captain, as if we were out of the same home life. He thinks a heap of his boy. (Is the doctor present?) He is a real clean, square-cut boy. He is one of the ship's first crew, you know. You could

not take him away from mammy, or mammy away from him. (George, a few years more and I will be with you.) You have a longer stretch of line than a few. Captain, when that time comes when there is to be a physical change, it will be a pull-down on the spirit and the material, both on your nerves to bear the change, and on little mammy's time to know when you are going right up through the loft. Captain, we went to the play-house with you. We kept our word, and we found our corner and we had a good time together. Little mammy takes in everything. I can take a ship's crew right around the horn. (I like your originality, George.) I might not please all the folks, but I call a spade a spade, and don't call it an angel's wing. I am so much myself in the little gal because I have lived here so many years, I am just as much at home with her as she is around the old folks and the rest. You notice that when the little lady mother comes in there is no vibration, but with us we keep the steam-pump going, so the little gal will not be tired when we stay out. If we were absorbing all the time we could not do half the work.

(I will read your words to the medium.) It is a double-deck treat to the little gal to hear my voice reproduced again through your organism. (Mary was a good story-teller.) Well, she has told me some of the funniest old yarns out, in her own quiet way. I would give her anything she wants. If she wanted my old tarpaulin to keep the sun out of her face I would give it to her. (Do you have the light of the sun?) We do have light. We never have any dark; and we do not have to go to roost with the chickens, Captain. Well, Captain, we will have these little nights right straight along, only give us plenty of time. Why wouldn't little mammy give you the best? You gave her the best. But, she says, you were impatient sometimes, when she would have to say, I can't get any more. (Very true.) But, Captain, they are letting you do your own planning. Captain, you must be happy; you have got everything in the world to make you happy, and you cannot blame us if you are not. In the harmonizing between the two little mammies you will find similar expressions of speech. Captain, when you get your own nest we can talk all night if we want to, can't we? This is a nest without a straw. Good night.

Apr. 4. Medium: Wiona is here. Several little Indian girls are having a war dance. Your papa and your mamma and your beautiful little Mollie are here tonight. Uncle Peter. He is a colored man. Seems to be reaching out for something for support. (Why?) I want to close my eyes so that I cannot see a bit of light. (Peter was in our Virginia family when I was a boy, and was totally blind.) Mary says it takes both of us to make you happy; and then we keep back the tears. She has a little shawl just like mine, white, with a little pink in it. She does enjoy every moment since we were really brought together. The old flame of friendship went out to be rekindled. Don't get that sad feeling. We both feel it. Don't do it, because it comes to her and then back to me. It used to be Mr. Snipes, but I have often heard her call you Joe, and thee said Mary Ann. (A fact.) After long wait, medium entranced by

Mother Mary: This is a song without words, isn't it? Yes, you are my boy. I am getting full control of the body. I don't want the power just to speak to you; I want complete control. I want to live outside of her, and yet have control of the whole body. When I am talking to you I want to come my own way. I do not need the help of the Indians. This new body is stronger than my old body. I am not slow. I am doing well. We are learning. I am always so happy to be near home. (You were always looking out for me.) Why should I not do it now? It was one of my prayers that were answered, to make you happy. (The medium has much of your nature.) Yes, she is the very soul of sincerity and truth, and we are so much alike. I want you to love us both.

Medium, conscious: Another influence is here. I think it is your dear old mammy. Dear little mother. She loved her boy. You need not fear; she has not gone to Hell. It is so real to be here with you. It is growing clearer and brighter as time goes on. God's love is fully manifest everywhere in my life. If the people in this big world were all spiritualists, what a beautiful world it would be! The doors could stand open and we would enter. Praise the Lord, I can come. I am getting every word that is possible, I am half under somebody's influence, as if they come and speak from

the ceiling. Pa is happy, too. It is not the things we think; it is the things we do that make us happy. Pa always told you to be happy. Ever since his translation. You have always been a good boy, the boy of my love. Oh, someone says, we won't say good night or good-bye, but God bless you. I think that was Red Wing, one of my controls. That is one of his expressions. Red Wing, High Wind and Watch Eye are all here.

George (medium entranced): Well, Captain, I am down in the cabin. I think you have just had your old cabin folks of all sizes and colors tonight. (Doing well.) Well, Captain, I don't think you can make any complaint to headquarters. Captain, my little lady mammy is beginning to come out. We are going to let her do as she pleases, come in at the feet, top of the ankles, top of the head, or any way she wants. Well, you know we want it to be so she can tip-toe in motion, in voice. We are going to give her a little vacation, but we are not ready for it now. (Where to?) To Jupiter or the moon. Wherever we can get a free pass. I don't think this little old planet and that great big old planet are folded up with the young moon, hugging the old moon to death. (Is all we know of them furnished by the telescope?) That is the instrument, but when you can see one with one's own eyes, and stretch one's own legs, it is better, ain't it? Well, we have been planning out lots of nice things for the little lady mammy and that little Indian gal, and I expect I will have to take the old Captain along, won't I? I don't mean to leave little mammy on the outskirts of Venus or Jupiter or Mars, or anywhere else. I mean to take them right along. I am just mapping out a new road, Captain. Well, we want the little lady mammy to get in full ballast on this little ship. You know she has to learn and know the ways, and know the waves of thought, Captain, and get right inside. But I think you are a pretty compound mixture, and I am a kind o' mortar pounding you up together. It is not our object, Captain, to tell you one from the other. We are making a real and solid centre, no flaws. No ship ever had better steel in this compound, Captain. Sometimes you get impatient, and you count the days and the weeks and the months, but you must not do it, Captain. That is one of the lines that we must pull up. Think of what you have had, Captain, not so much in words, but just in glowing expressions and growth. (You are very instructive, George.) I can hold to the truth like a pup to a root. I believe in doing things right. We never put down a rivet but what we can clinch it on the other side. The Indians reported something good about you today. They have been working over you for a fortnight, with Watch Eye. Don't your earthly friends say you are looking like another man? Everyone helps, Captain. They have been so long in your magnetism. (Better than medicine?) Aye, aye, Captain. Better than the old saltpetre they used to give us on the ship, Captain. (You are a gold brick, George.)

Little mammy thinks I am a load of bricks. Well, Captain, don't you think you are pretty well cared for? But you want to drop that keynote of just what folks might be thinking. When your actions are voiced by the boys that are higher than yourself, no matter what other people may think. It is pretty nice to have a Captain on the lookout. The little mammy and I are on the lookout. But when you are bound by one thing, and held back by another, it does not mean that you must be half monkey, a slave to everyone else's opinions. They would not be people, they would be numskulls; they would be only wharf-rats on board a ship. Every man who thinks honestly has his place in the world. But so many people think they own you. They want you to think as they think; they want you to taste what they are eating, because they like it; you are a foolish man if you don't like it, you are not a connoisseur. (George, you are enough to enliven anybody.) I am just myself. I have not got as much hair on my head as the mammy, but bald like yourself. Captain, we want you to be happy, and if you are not happy it is your own fault.

Apr. 18. George: Your medicine Captain here has his own way of putting down things. He is a fair-fisted physician. Guess he might knock away bones or anything else if he wants to. (Dr. Krebs is interested in your medium?) All on this ground, all friends, and all in just one

kind of work. We all ought to be brothers and sisters and all sorts of playmates if we want to. (He was also fond of Mother Wakeman.) He manipulated the little mother just like our little Indians. His power was her bread and meat, Captain. (Does Mary notice the lilies?) Now, Captain, you could not bring in a paper but what the lady mammy would know it. We have all had a touch of that emblem of Easter. Whenever I swing into the cabin I can see what is going on. That is true of all things that are spiritual. Mammy knows just how slow and how tedious is the changing from one line to another, but when she can get right down and live in your atmosphere she will be just as happy as a little bird. Some of the other forces wanted her to go beyond and take up the things up there, and come back occasionally, but little mammy did not feel reconciled to do anything of the kind. The ship does not have to stop, Captain.

Very many of them want the little mammy just to drop sails here and take a good old time on our side, have a good visiting time, but not shut you out. Not a bit, Captain. You know your pa and Captain George are kind o' father and son, and I guess you are my brother. When they first took hold of the little gal I don't think they would have given a tuppence-ha'-penny for her life. She was not in good health; nervous, not strong, thin as a blade, Captain. But they stuck right by her. The redskins started in to do their work and take care of her, and they were great physical builders and great organizers. Would you believe that of the redskins? Her own good-nature belongs to herself, her natural self, with vibrating force and health and life, and without that I do not think anybody would have any good-humor, would he? (She seems strong now.) Aye, aye, with a sound body and a sound brain, Captain, and gentle as a little gal with it all, and never once breaks through the line of duty. She is an uncommon woman, not to be hampered or run off on foolish lines, sensible as well as sensitive. Sometimes when I just pass by and give my atmosphere a wave, I can change her thoughts just by making a pass, she is that sensitive to our influences. And she is just that sensitive to Mother Mary, and she responds to everything that is good and noble.

But I tell you, Captain, she is a young hell on anything that wants to be bad or her master. All the time during entrancement the vibration you see is supplied by every Indian and by myself and everyone that comes in, and we do not absorb the strength nor the magnetism. But another one might come in, like little mammy Mary, whose magnetism is not enough. You could not put yourself in a new house and feel at home. She has to come into our atmosphere, Captain, and we are not coming into hers. But we all have the same harmony, the same spirit, and ambition for peace and happiness, Captain. But when you come to take up another body and use the brain cells, it does not mean an easy bit of work. It is harder than pulling up the old cells. You have to take up the keys that have been played, and that is the reason the expressions remain much the same. You know, Captain, the brains are just like the keys of your instrument. That is the reason so many of your entranced mediums use the same expressions, and after a year or two they can play along and get tunes. You know, Captain, as the lady mother told me, you were impulsive, spoke a little quick, nervous sometimes. You came in tired and impatient, and she felt it, Captain. Oh, she has forgiven you, but she was getting old and could not do so much. We are softening you up; you will get away from it, you cannot live in it, because there is not one inharmonious condition that you have to keep. You did not mean it, but you had to scold somebody. We do not want you to put it down and think it over and be sad about it, but I wanted to tell you we were all talking things over. She is all square-rigged and cut-sails for everything that we can give. Her soul is attuned to something that is high and beautiful. And yet, Captain, when she comes back into your life she feels so full of love and harmony. If we did not know each other so well, she would not be hanging on Captain George's arm as one of her last boys. We have found her frank in every expression, we have planned over everything, and we know just what everything means to you, Captain. There is no

spirit of unkindliness, never. That little lady was baptized in a stronger and more powerful flow of spirit love, baptized and re-baptized, Captain, in every sense.

We have talked over everything, we have lived in your brain world, we have counted everything, we have weighed everything, we have measured everything, we have gone to the heights and depths of everything with you, Captain, right square along, and we know just what it means. When you get out of one side of life into another it is all different, Captain. Don't hang on to the old test lines. We want to give you, Captain, the finest bit of fruit off the spiritual tree when you are not looking for it. (Is Mother Mary looking on now?) She is there, making one round square laugh now. Your Captain Krebs and she were really old land-lovers. She just went into his arms with the Captain and your mammy. They made a cycle of love and a cycle of forces in the last hours. But, Captain, you did everything. Little lady mammy was heartily pleased with what you did, and for all the affection which you paid when she was in the physical, before she changed from one world to another.

(Any other spirit friends present?) The whole ship's crew are here with us, pappy and little mammy and Captain Jack and his little gal Dollie (Mollie). You know, Captain, the sails are new, and the ship is new, and they know, Captain, the same old love is hung up against the wall, blowing out like a red, white and blue, Captain, and they are all mighty glad to see you a changed man. Mammy tells me you are changing as fast as you can, and she is changing you for the better, all she knows how. But we are going to take the snap and the snarl out of you, Captain. That does not belong to your spiritual nature. You used to be snappy when you were a little tired. You are not resigned to anything new. Do you suppose that we are going to give you over to the dogs? Not a bit. You don't want to think of dying. You want to think of building up your spiritual forces again, and go back and take hold and be happy, especially since the little mother is the Captainess. Little mammy wants me to say that she has been listening, and nearly everything that was said has been a part of her own sentiments. She had a long head and a wise one, one that had the sense of the family, and she wants me to tell you how closely and how dearly she stands right with you in everything. You tell the old gal if she doesn't put down more coke in the furnace we will take her up on the Jersey mountain and make her stay there. That she won't want, will she? I don't think We-Us-and-Company would like her to go away. (Especially to California with her friend Eleanor Glynn.) Captain, that is out of the question. (She relies on you, George.) When I give a simple passing wish it is obeyed. We live that much in harmony, that much in love, that much in unity and trinity. We are a trinity multiplied, just as the roses are in the corner. You haven't lost, you have gained, Captain. We are all one family.

May 1. George: . . . Well, Captain, that old man Peter is here tonight. He was shut up in his sight and limped over on one side. (True.) He thinks he is quite white now. (Did Mary see me at the funeral?) Captain, just drop that whole affair in that cabin over there. They are a crazy lot. There is more than one lunatic in that family. Mammy and I have talked it over. (A New Jersey family of eccentrics.) Some people live in the world, and some in a whirl. That's a divinity of a difference. (George here reminded me that I had left my room and forgotten to fix the catch on the door; returning I had to break it open.)

May 9. Medium: I see the name of Fowler right here in front of my eyes. (Judge Fowler, in Mary's time.) Some spirit here says, Lay all written questions aside until further development. (I had a list in my pocket, unproduced and unmentioned.)

George: I have been just about three minutes getting in on the bridge tonight. I can come in quicker time than that if I have plenty of sea room. The little lady mammy and all the other folks of the family are always in your atmosphere. There is plenty of freedom room, and she has been working right along, Captain; but the whole family in the band and everybody else are just going to take that little woman, rolled up in her Sunday clothes, and have a change from the material for her whole spiritual training, the whole development she stands in need of. The plan is, that she may afterward do better. In getting in, the difficulty is both temperaments are different, and the

little lady wants everything her own way, which we are willing to grant; but they all feel as if she wants to be lifted out for a little while and take a sail around the universe. That is what has been the matter with the little gal today, and she did not know it; making a whole change in the spiritual cycle. She misses Mary, and they miss each other just as much. (Mary won't desert us?) We will try and keep you alive all around the jumps and plottings. We have just held her, because she is pleased to be here, and you know what a broad margin I made for the little gal. It went without the seven guns at sea. I made my own law, and followed it for that little mammy's sake. (Will you go with her when she leaves?) I am going, too. Everyone plays a part, and everyone is glad to have a sort o' sunny vacation. It may be a short time; it may be a little longer, but we want her eyes to take in everything new. It will do her good, Captain, because you know she has been hung down here kind o' earth-bound. Neither do they want to come back and roll up in your old material sails. Never, if we can do so much good on our side, Captain. There is no retrograding; we go out and upward, Captain. The whole spiritual world is full of good. (George, it was lucky I met your gifted medium.) If our mammy had not been controlled by the lady mammy, you would have rolled up in your sail in your bachelor quarters.

(We are all dependent on someone else.) Yes; nobody is independent. If there was, you would go naked without your coat-maker and your boot-maker. If somebody did not grow your food and make your dough, you would go hungry. Mammy is here, and is kind o' pleased she is going to take a little fly-away, because it will give her strength and added power. She has left all the family in good care, and all that are worthy will accept the truth, and all that don't understand will have to wait down at the gate. (Gate of death?) Aye, aye. Leave everybody to think as he likes, the Lockports and everyone else. (Meaning friends named Portlock.) She will come back like a little dairy maid. She understands the Indians better now, why so many Indians come instead of white folks, and now she understands their power to demonstrate and to heal and make whole. She is as fond of the old Indians as I am fond of the little Indian gal. (Wiona was very faithful.) All the Indians are faithful. She is going away with the little lady mammy; they are going to fix them all up in feathers and fusses. (Have you seen Wiona's father?) You don't suppose we don't see that old great Indian that covers the universe, whose sail is spread out like the American eagle? You know, Captain, that when they make a council-fire they mean more than looking at the flame and the smoke, Captain. They mean wisdom and power and strength. And they are glad to take the lady mammy away and show her around the country. I tell you there is not a cross in your life that little mammy and I have not talked over. (When you control, where is the medium's spirit?) Sometimes, Captain, we take the thinking, the active part, not the spirit, and bank her right in the back of the head, in the unconscious, and hundreds of times again they just form a link and take the spirit right out of the body, and away and away, Captain. You just ask some of these spirit folks that have been working over this old gal how they do it. They just keep at the electrical force, and never split the fluid line, Captain, or the soul vibration. It is not possible to leave her dead. The old chemical men of the band are white folks; they take care of that when we want—three, four, or five right after one another—to come in. After the last talker has come, these old chemists take her off. They bring up a clairvoyant vision quicker than you can snap your finger. When clairvoyant, she is as solid as a bit of rock. They don't take her away, and they don't mar the wire. The switchboard has to correspond with the forces at both ends, Captain. She is safe all the time. (What is the matter with Mother Mary?) She is getting into her timid nature after trying to make entrance. And she wants you to get out of yourself, not to be tied down to things of the past, but to behold the things around you that belong to you, and let your highest forces keep you spurred up. She don't want you to think of the skeleton. She is not a skeleton any more. You don't want to think of that. (I had been thinking of her emaciation.) You will break every bridge on which you stand. (When do you go away?) Oh, we have been circulating around the upper part of your world and

back again; but she always drops back into the old gal's cabin. Because we are so linked together, it is a hard matter to tell which is one and which the other. Well, Captain, we just want you to know and realize that she is here, working away, doing her best, but we don't want her mind kept down to little things, but to get away and be strong and be herself again. I put in my right hand, and part of my left, to do everything for that little woman. She is quiet, motherly, sometimes gets tired, sometimes begins to tell us something, and we just kind o' lift her up on our shoulders. It is not clear sailing. The spirit is bright and happy, and I tell you, Captain, it is the land of the free. She has not gained all she must gain. A baby six months old is not the baby that is a year old. There is no growth in sewing wings under your shoulders, or putting you on an express train to our world. You are in it, not on it.

There are so many you hear of, Captain, who come over as black as marsh mud, and others that come up, as they say, wearing a crown. The soul likes to go slowly on. You would not be much better than a little passenger on a slow freight if the Higher Power did not do it. Your old pappy is just as happy as they make 'em, just as nice a Captain as ever floated ship. So is little mammy. When you sit down and get your log-book open for other folks to come in, they light up their lamps and trim them down, and have a few on board that sail the ship, and you don't have much chance for anyone else. But everyone is differently constituted, Captain. We don't fly the flag at half-mast. We put it away up on the bonnet. We have just opened all the gates and the valves and everything else, Captain, and some time Red Wing and Tommy and the rest will come in when you don't know it. Every one of the ship's crew has been loyal to that little mammy. (George, it is hard to make people believe without evidence.) The orthodox don't want to know, because they are thinking all the time of the material, and when they get here and find their mistake, they are ready to pull their nose off.

(George, our mediums are very much alike.) Captain, you never had two such sensitive ones in your life, and you never will have two more like them. The slightest print of the finger makes an impression on them. That little mammy was your grand old psychic, and they just pull together. Twin souls. It was not necessary for you to dream your friends were home, but you realized it. If we were all high up above you, you could see nothing but legs through the sky, instead of stars. (Your medium is fond of shopping.) You just show me one just as young as the old gal here, and I will buy you a pipe. A proud spirit, they say, Captain, makes a proud back. She is full of magnetic life, and everyone likes that. Above all, Captain, we love her frankness and her attractiveness. It's the only ladder on which an honest soul can climb. (Mary likewise was honest and sincere.) Aye, aye. That is where they blend their lives together, not only natural-like, but in their spiritual work. We are all going to give Mary the first chance, because we made her a promise, and after her someone else will follow. The Fates have favored you. There is nothing that is going by chance, because otherwise you would have worse than a mad-dog time on your material world. All planned, shaped, rounded out, put into execution by the Great Divide, Captain.

May 29. George: The little lady mother is coming along. We have given her her own freedom, and she will have her own little way of saying things, only you must not have any set ideas. We are not giving away any of mammy's plans. You know that when you come in your little meeting time you are set, and the medium is kind o' set, and you sit down anxious, with everything fixed in your mind. She is fixing the ship for a nice long voyage. And pappy likes to get down in my old mess and have a real old time with me, Captain. And he thinks there is only one son, and that is his boy. Why, Captain, I have had daddy in and out at top-mast and down again. He has not been able to talk, but we have had him through the masts, and I think when he does succeed he will sit down and cry about it. (First control is usually difficult.) If it was not a hard job, there would be lots more physicians, mediums, and good old foundation spiritualists. You had the little lady mammy for many years, and when you look around, you see she has had a free field. Why, we just take off our old tarpaulin to that new soul.

(Did you give her a vacation?) Well, I should say we did. And we will have to take her again, until her eyes get more accustomed to see things, Captain. She is just the daughter of the regiment. Captain, when you get down in the old atmosphere so long, you get buried in it. It is like a channel in the sea; it keeps you there. (Will she run her own ship?) After a while all that will be carried on through electric force, instead of gasolene, and you will be able to see the cyclone when it is nearly a thousand miles off. We have got some folks on our side with brain, and they inspire mortals. That is the only way you get it first-hand. You get it out from the melting furnace on our side. They up there look down and see the planning on the center-table on the first deck, and they come over right close to your own land with what we call the great double force and power and knowledge.

Why, Captain, there are all sorts of inventions being made and concocted and brought out. They then come down on your plane and they sail around and find someone on whom they can just throw out their force and power, that they may do just what they want them to do down on this earth. They have to have a counterpart, and they will find the man or woman they want. Other friends come down on the first earth-deck, as we call it, and look around, and they harmonize the two natures, dispositions and temperaments, until they think they have found someone through whom the inventor can work and reproduce and map out his ideas. Ever is there a link within a link, one family, one friend, one associate, helping another. Friends we all stand by, but with strangers we are friends right from the start.

One temperament may be suited to another, and then you know they can make their impressions, just as you can make your talking machine spin out a song. And the inventor thinks he is doing it all. He is oftentimes mistaken. We just want to give that mother Mary the freedom of the cabin. (That is good of you, George.) That is good and gooder, ain't it? You don't think anybody on board would pass her by. I tell you that lady mammy has planted oceans of good seed-corn and helped the spiritual field to grow. There was no muck in it, Captain, not a bit; all pure sound work, had growing value. If you find any other two women with deeper souls than these two pieces that grow in one pod, you tell me. They are different, and yet not different; both natures are one. You must remember, Captain, that more than half the little gal's life has been shut out in the spirit of dreamland. She sleeps so much in that way that she does not want so much sleep in the natural way. (She has very ready clairvoyance.) We don't empty all the knowledge at the first meeting, Captain, when strangers come. We just consider this little bit of a gal of yours and mine the finest psychic anywhere, no exception. Why, Captain, we keep the spiritual machinery going, we oil it up, no friction. But when she says No, Captain, she means it down to her toes.

Then I put her on the shelf until she gets out of that notion. And if it is a wise one, we carry it out. There are not many No's, not many Yes's, but we just consider where they come from, and we coincide with one another. (George, she always abides by your judgment.) She is led by her forces and our opinion, not only when it is on the tool-box, but down on the yard-arm, Captain. (George, I take ship tomorrow for Virginia.) If it is possible I will come in and give you a rap in your cabin. My raps are not Fourth of July squibs. (Tomorrow is Decoration Day.) They honor only the old bones. They forget all about the mightiest bit that God Almighty created. Captain, you have got lots of Indians over there giving off little knocks. (Did they notice my ailing today?) Captain, they are not going to have you have any lameness anywhere. (I had had great numbness in left leg; said nothing about it.)

(Your medium, George, likes to shine.) Wants to look extremely neat, and I would not be glad if she didn't get fixed up like she has always been, for when I take her out and she is doing her work, she is full of force and life and everybody is attracted to her. (Is her energy natural or inspired?) That is her natural manner, and it will last as long as the little gal has her breath. No inspiration about it. We think little mammy said something nice when she said the old gal had a quality of love and goodness that was so re-

fining. And when you have love enough you are bound to meet it, and when you haven't it you can't buy it, and you can't have it coaxed into your old boots. (I like Mrs. Stowe's control very much.) She is coming in after little mammy has more of a leeway. But they are really good friends now. Well, Captain, we are going; about our closing-up time. Good-night.

June 13. (After Virginia vacation.) Mother Mary: . . . I am getting stronger, and will soon be able to talk without difficulty. I am so glad you are back home. (I found no medium in Virginia.) Unbelieving friends could not keep us away from you. I want to grow strong so I can talk as I used to. I shan't disappoint you. I am so happy to sit with you in silence if I cannot speak. We will be many times together. I do not want to go. Everybody was glad to see you. All the home folks had kisses for you. I want to be myself, talk for myself.

George: Well, Captain, you had a very nice home-coming, and everybody was just as kind to you as they could be. Everybody saluted you and everybody loved you, and everybody was really glad to see a little bit of home flesh again. The going out was a rough going. (Storm.) Northeaster show, only wanted some flakes in that to make winter. (Did you rap me up?) I did get aboard with you, but I could not get up a rap. If I could, I would have tacked you down to keep you from rolling. Well, Captain, little mammy is just as happy as if she had been out spinning and talking, because we are giving her all the leeway. She was right up on the Top Cliff (Cliff Top, W. Va.) in that little home there. They tried to do everything they could for you, didn't they? That little girl has been a kind o' rolled-out dumplin'. She has got a good soul in her. (Niece Cora.) Manie (Mamie) has not got as much. We will kind o' roll her up in the sails and will roll it into her sometime. But they mean all right, Captain, in their ways. Don't want to acknowledge the truth of what you give them. But, Captain, while they don't acknowledge, they guess right around in the pipe, and sometimes like to smoke over it in the silence. They cannot shut it out, cannot bar it away, Captain, any more than they can close out the grass from the sunshine. But didn't you feel little mammy and my big self and all the rest?

We have one little gal down in Richmond we call Kittie. (Katie Hare.) She is one of God's best. (What about her husband?) He has a weak stomach. He kind o' stuck on the barn door, means well, good to the little gal, and he likes yourself, Captain. He liked you even better this time than ever, because you made yourself more at home. Captain, he is just as good as he knows how to be, but he kind o' set down on the things he thinks belong to the glorification of somebody else; he has a funny way of looking at the religious things of life. But, Captain, he is fond of you. He is fond of everything down there, everything counts. He knows every square inch of where he stands. He has got an old daddy that is helping him. (Does mother still remember them?) Well, I should say so. And your little ma seems to have her boy, his heart and his soul. Well, Captain, you are good to the North when you are spouting. You handled us kindly, Captain. You met them at all corners. You pleased everyone down there in the grey, and you pleased the boys in the blue. That old man thought he was right, and it was a gala day all over when you were at the big jollification. (Soldiers Memorial in Richmond; heard one aged speaker; had said nothing about it.) And didn't pappy walk with you? And he wore his tarpaulin about three sheets in the wind, just full of gladness, just full of the spirit of home life, just full of love for his boy. You don't suppose, because we shift off our little winding sheet we do not know, do not care?

(Is Mother Wakeman near you now?) Why, little mammy is patting you on the shoulder. Captain, she is young again, is born again. We knew we were going to get in tonight and talk some. We haven't had a flag out half-mast anywhere since you were gone. You had no accident; you went along just like a young skipper. (How about Mrs. ——?) You just pass her on to somebody else. We understand, Captain, just where the ropes parted. She can weigh her brain, but not her heart. Brain is her leading color. Always reaching out for the best end. She wants the lion's share. (Good to others, George.) She must be good to other people, because she stands in a position where she is expected

to be kind to everybody and loyal. (The Hares are all good friends.) And they think a great deal of what you say, but they are built up in a motherly sort o' way, good to everybody. He is all right, but he wants things as he wants them, when he does happen to sit down. (Been successful?) Aye, aye. He has lots of good folks around him. (Where is his mother?) I guess she is right down around the home circle there. (True.) We would not like to live in a house that is built on stilts, would you? (Their house overhung a gully in the rear.)

(How about the widow I saw in Richmond?) About that little woman some things dropped rather unexpectedly in her life. (Had suddenly lost her son, and was almost crazed.) Captain Jack was glad you got down home. He and daddy keep very close together. (Did the medium miss me?) Captain, you just covered all the land and all the water, too. Your two little women folks are glad to have you back, that little mammy and this little old gal who is my right-hand bower at all times. They like to go around, but there is no place like home. We go through space as fast as your hand-made balloon. Aye, aye. Space nor time retards us. They are two of the blessings that you have before you. (And we cannot get away from you.) You don't want to, as long as you have a tag on your back, and the American flag on your head. That little Indian is full of fun, full of her little way of doing things. And she thinks you are her big white pappy now. She loves her Mary with the greatest affection, because now they can see and talk and handle each other and move around together. It was passed down before in piece-meals, kind o' luncheon, but now they are made into one. (What of Cora's husband?) Captain, we think he is a real kind, solid, good sort of a man. She has got more energy than her Captain has. But he thinks lots of her. He is not one of those spontaneous souls like the little gal, but he means all right, and he wants to make the best of his world. And without that little gal he would not have all the friends he has. She has the social nature of that little family. And when she wants a thing she wants it. It is not half a want with her. She is the one that makes the fire fly; I mean in social life. Not much social life up there, but she gets what she wants, and if she gets down in a town she will get more. I think she is kind o' set that way. She is a real, good, sincere, honest little woman. I don't see his father. But he was not like you and your daddy. There is a missing link somewhere. Your daddy can come to you as if he was a part of yourself. We are going to let him have a chat with you some morning when you are not looking for it. The little old gal and your mammy and daddy all commune together. The little lady mammy, when she gets right close in, shoes and stockings and all, gathers lots of life and strength from the old gal, kind o' gathers it up; both are one. I hardly know which one I have, the little mammy or the first old gal, and I would not exchange either one. When you are not looking and not thinking, that is the time when we expect to do our biggest work. (I am now getting more than I expected.) Every wave of the hand, every toss of the head, you deserve. Well, Captain, we will continue this on the morrow, after we have a little music. My light is out.

June 14. Mary: I want to take your hand. I am so glad. I am growing stronger all the time. You know that when I am controlling my other self I am getting stronger. This is like home, to be with you. It is the spirit that lives and appreciates. And we never appreciated each other until I went on. I am growing so strong and will not have to wait to express what I want to say. Oh, I am so much stronger. I am free of all the trouble in my chest and limbs. All gone. And when I control and come into my other self I get strength from her. We love each other. I am just doing it all, and so happy when I come into my old place, and I don't want to go away. Each time I shall grow stronger. We are going to keep our messages for ourselves. It is like living here again to feel your hand and touch your face, to feel that if I have gone out of the body I can still live so close to you. I can make you hear what I say, I know I will. (I am glad you are with good friends.) All good friends and kind. We want the same dear voices and forms to come to you. Do you understand what I say? (Oh, yes.) We are planning for great things in the future. We want to add to our spiritual work. We want to talk over things that interest us, that are wise for us to do. Captain George has been

so kind to me, watching, helping me in my development, and adding all the strength possible.

June 19. (After long silence). Mary: You are still impatient. I am all right. I want to be my own self, I want to come independently, so I can come all the time. This is my plan and my wish. I want to be quiet. Your impatience raises a wall between us. I am doing so well. I am getting so strong. Oh, I shall be myself. I am happy. You have not been disappointed. I shall do so well. I just want to be quiet. I am always near you. I don't want to stay anywhere else. (The medium is very willing to help you.) I love her for many reasons. We are all one. She stands more control than I did. She is younger. She has different controlling forces. (Is Wiona with you?) We are always together. We all have our mission, to look after you and make you happy. When I get over my learning I will talk stronger. (Who used to call you Mary Ann?) You used to call me that. You know I am with you, and I am going to remain with you. I know you have many thoughts about me. Many times you live close in yourself. You might build a happy future and you tear it down. . . .

George: Well, I am glad to be here, and have a shake of your 4th of July hand. (How is Mary now?) Captain, she is in the best of spirits. We think she is just climbing the old ladder, and climbing it independently, just the way we want her to do. (Glad you went South with me.) We always like to go with our friends, and when it is an old brother, why, I stick right close to him. Not old in sin, but I may say in glory. You are all first class, Captain, and you have got our seal on your back. (George, we seem to be three in one.) Where do I come in? (What do you think of Roosevelt?) He is a rooster. A little too much of self. He wants to make a new Constitution, and a new world, and he wants to put every flag together and call it the Roosevelt flag.

(Is Uncle Horace still with us?) Captain, do you think I am just keeping on deck to care for loving little lady mammy and making her my gal without knowing her right and left-hand bower and her court-guard? That is a king and a jack. Captain, we have one of the finest schools that ever a spirit entered. (Do you know each other without speech?) Those that are living in the same cycle, the same atmosphere, or the same sphere, carry their own color, their badge of honor. It is just as tangible as this hemlock table. The character just shines in the face. The face is a kind o' window of the soul, Captain. I tell you little mammy is coming along like a spring chicken. You must understand she is not only controlling the brain and the mouth and the tongue, but we are giving her full control of the body, from the start to the finish. We have just a little school of our own. I know when the roll is called, and you will know that Captain George manages the matter honorably, bravely and manfully for you; and it won't be half and half, but it will be the whole round of the circle that will be fastened at both ends. Well, Captain, we have a little quiet home-spun meeting, pappy and mammy and the little sissy gal and the old doctor, everyone, and they always send in their spiritual compliments to you, and best wishes. That little lady Underwood has taken quite an interest in your life. (Is that the name?) I guess it is Underhill. They rectified me here, Captain. Your old doctor, Captain, is a fine old man. He was one of your sort when on this world—always true to what he knew to be true, honorably and manly.

June 22. At Sparkhill medium reported several spirit friends by name, description, nature and profession of Mrs. McCarthy, friend of Mrs. W. and myself, and as with her a man of very positive manner, different business. (Her husband, a very excitable preacher.)

June 25. In medium's New York home. George: Well, Captain, there are lots of folks right on deck, waiting to be called out. Pappy was right in his cabin when he got his boy in his arms. He has been standing right alongside of you as we have been giving messages from the other folks, and when he felt his boy in his arms he had a good, old-fashioned motherly cry. He is right here, just touching the wire. (Was Mary with me yesterday?) I guess you don't go very far without her when you go on that automobile of yours. That was not rigged up for two. (Had been wheeling out of town.) The little mammy was down with her sick gal. (Is Julia sick?) Aye, there is some change in the

body. (Heard afterward she had been under an operation.) The little gal down here (Josephine) is not very happy, is not very restful. You know she makes her own heaven, and carries her own hell. Made it some time ago. That gal would do what she wanted to if the world was afire. But, Captain, you want to swing where you can have your own spiritual atmosphere, and keep the conditions that are pleasant for the nose as well as the brain. (Fine test.) But mammy was O. K. all the way through. And, Captain, she did more spiritual work than anyone knew, and on spiritual lines. That is why these two souls are kind o' cemented into one. They like you to get on that puffing machine, Captain, but you might change for a new one. (Was considering a Humber today. Think I would like an electric, George.) Seats for two and one for the cook of the engine. Well, we think you are getting along pretty nicely. (With your help.) We put in lots of gray matter. That is what you want. You are not living to be buried.

Little mammy don't want to bury you, and you can't bury this little old gal. We will keep the lid on the living. I will never forget how little mammy impressed me when I first saw her. I just saw that little mother full of tears and sobs in the spirit of loneliness, and at a glance I knew where she belonged, and I said: Just come right along. We will take this old ship apart and put in some new beams; and we made the chance for her to send a little message to you, and she and her little boy here will never be separated. She seems to hang right on, and I seemed to be the one that helped her to climb the rope. And we planned for you, Captain. We talked over things and we just tried to make you as happy as you could be. And we have made a pretty good solid beginning. And daddy wants to make you happy. Why, he is just as much in love with my little gal as I am myself. Every jack tar, every man on top of the bridge, that walks on this plane of life, takes off his old tarpaulin to the things that are good, noble and kind. If it had not been for the strong magnetism, the lovable force all the way through, on each side, we would have separated when the first message was over. We would not have put down the stakes for the new building, would we?

June 27. For a test, I laid before the medium a pine cone, under cover without any comment. This, she said, came from a graveyard, near the grave of thy mother. One stone is tilted, thy papa's. (When last in Thornrose Cemetery, Staunton, Va., I noticed my father's shaft had tilted forward, and I brought this cone from mother's grave.)

Mother Mary: I am here. I am like my old self. And you are growing, like myself. I was grieved when you were in tears. We are in the sunshine now. I am growing better, you are growing better, too, growing stronger. (Did you see my father trying to control?) He was very happy. He will be pleased to be strong enough to talk with you, just the same as I will. We will have our own little circle, our own friends. We are all one circle now. We are all master-builders, as my sailor-boy says. He says, I am a builder. (You were as a medium here.) I made the knowledge clear to every one. We have one grand spiritual work and the one mission. Oh, after a time I shall be able to talk better; I am interested in all your doings, in all your plans; you know I am. Everything is new now, but your love, your kindness is the same. It sticks to me like the old plasters. God was kind to take me out of my suffering, to make me over, so that I could rest and come back in my same old way. And I am growing stronger. I don't take on any of the old suffering, so free from it all. I had to a few times when I first came. We have so much to do, and I live in a new world, but in returning we feel the old pains again. The Indian chiefs helped me. They help me all the time. (How is Josephine?) You know she is not like what I would like her. No. no. And don't think she will have much that is elevating in this life. She thought she saw me; I made myself very positive, but she could not hear what I said. (How is Julia?) She is away. You know their home does not give me any light. I cannot go there when I am in school learning the laws of perfect control. I can walk with you, I can do so many things, and I can talk at any time,

and come without an invitation. I don't want the school to open before I can be admitted.

(Do you help the medium in her work?) You remember in my earlier efforts to speak to you that I told you we were one. You remember, don't you? (Yes.) Why should I not help her? This little woman is my other self. It seems like my own body, so strong, and she is the little woman that is bringing us all into one port, and we must not lose our anchor, must we? You know that my sailor-boy has been more instructive than any one in our time. All the Indians have helped me, but he has been the most helpful. I am glad, I have been very happy, because I don't want to go away from you, and you don't want to go away from me. Do not speak of suffering, because there is no parting. No. Don't you see so much of myself at times in my other self? We are one, we are one, and I have been so grateful, and I have been so happy. Your Pa told you to be happy, and when he said that he did not mean for you to waste your life on what you were going to do. I wish you could see all that we see. You would not be alone and wandering. We can see the hand of God and the power of the spirit world in your life. You will be here many long years, and Joe, I am going to remain with you. I gather strength from this other part of myself. Her whole life has been in this one great growing field of truth, full of staunch goodness, and the time will come when you can hardly tell which soul is speaking to you. You know we are all so united in our work. We are working for and anticipating the higher life. I want you to make your soul and your heart happy. You don't stop to agree with what others around you think. I think it has been the work of God and been fully ordained. I saved you before, I am making you happy now. I don't want to go. The Indians are giving me strength. I want to talk a long time. I don't like these little snatches. And you know it has been a passion with me to make you certain in your feelings and in your plans.

June 29. Received a letter from Josie Clark, Richmond, Va., acknowledging correctness of all particulars as given by the medium regarding herself and family, living and departed.

June 30. George: Well, I'm kind o' son-in-law to the old boy. I have been around, thought I would come along and smoke away the evening with you. (George, I never smoke or chew.) No, Captain, you don't use the Virginia pig-tail. Pappy knows what that is. He gave me that term. This is just an evening call to let you know that we are all about, and we take off our old tarpaulin to you. (Do you feel the heat as a spirit?) No, Captain; but if we remained for days at a time we would be exhausted. We are subject to the weather in coming or remaining. This is kind o' bow in and bow out. (Mother Mary did better the last time.) Just you have the patience that will stretch a little bit, and you will get all you want, because we let the Indians come along and kind o' build up steam. That is a good deal better than dropping down and coming up without syllables. It is only giving her added strength so she can hold on longer and talk longer. Afterward she can do without the aid of anybody else. Mammy knows I have taken her up right from the start, that I stood right by her, and we have been planning, Captain, for your spiritual happiness in this world. Every one of your little family is here. That little sissy gal (Mollie) thinks I am a clown circus. Little lady mammy thinks she can never walk unless I am right nigh. Daddy is just waiting for his passport to come in, Captain. He could cry, and so could little mammy. Your Indian girl is here, spry as any young lassie. Lots of Captains all around the cabin here when you open the door and want to know who is coming in. You like their cards, even if you have to write them down yourself. And, Captain, I want to do all I can for that boy, young Captain Bill. (Nephew.) Well, he is not very well, not a strong boy, you know. But after they get along we will put a capstan around him, and he ought to be able to pull his way up. But they are kind o' set up in their own little world. They think it is time to learn about the dead when they are dead. Too many like that. If they would take a little bit of spiritual food here, they would not have such a hard time and would not have to stand so long at the gate before it is opened. Why, Captain, it is just the same as sending a boy to school, and when they polish him up and teach him to be a gentleman in appear-

ance, when he has any brain, he is a gentleman all through. Then he is like a sailor who wants his whiskey; he wants a tumbler full without any bottom.

July 2. Tommie: (Who will go with us to the ocean?) Squaw of many moons. I shall be with you. They all with you on the big water. The old Krebs chief. Him got laugh on him. Said much about pretty little white squaw of many suns. Will come and be so happy, and I will be happy when I get in my new wigwam, and will bring all the old friends. The little lady of many suns has a number of humming-birds in her spirit wigwam. You be her big white chief. Her and mother put their fingers in your hair. (I feel them often.)

Mary: I am not staying far away from you. No. It is so natural to be where you are. And I shall always be the same. We are two in one, and a trinity. We are going to be separated, but not going away. No, we will hold you in spirit and in thought. Will not be many days apart. You would not want the band disorganized that we are cementing for good, for spiritual joy, for continual meeting and greeting. We are going to continue our work. I shall be myself. I have been going to my spirit home; Pa took me home, and Ma and all took me home, and I took them into my home. They knew short cuts to our spirit home. (We go on a trip tomorrow.) Yes, and I am going, too. Will have all the inspiring ones with you. You are making me happy, and I am making you happy. I enjoy everything that comes to you, Joe, I do enjoy everything that is given to you. The world did not create us or give us our being. We are an individualized world in ourselves. I have more strength now, and am holding to you without any help. I will come in whenever I can and not be forced back when I am advancing.

July 5. Mary: I have not gone away. (The medium goes away tomorrow.) We are not going to be separated. No, no. (You are speaking better.) Oh, I feel strong enough. I will soon talk like I used to. I want you to know that I am with you, walking without weakness and without pain. I was with you when you went to the Coney place. I wanted to tell you I was there, too. It is a place full of conditions; it is a queer place; no one could live there that has feeling. It is all a mad rush. (Did not lose us in the crowd?) No, I could not lose you, and you could not lose me. We cannot be lost. You will know me in my other self, in my peculiar way of doing things. The 4th of July has too many outside vibrations, too much clatter. We all had a good old scream of merriment last night, my boy and all the other friends in our spirit band. (Why?) Because our medium thought nobody loved her but her other self. She thought all the others of the band were making their plans without regard to her. No, Joe, it is not one-sided. It is not our plan to make our happiness and forget all others. We will bring our bands together. Ours are two bands now. Oh, we are making a double life of happiness. Don't you feel some of my old touches now and at other times? (Is it you?) And your ma, too. And she will be herself again. But I am going to teach Ma and Pa how to control. My other self is so sincere and honest, different from other folks we know, so different, and we know her better than you do, Joe, and we know the love that has come into your life is wholly pure and God-like, and that you will love and honor it. Nothing but the best would ever satisfy you.

You know that boy, that sailor-boy of mine, is such a strong power in my life. He has given me so much; he has helped me to every spiritual growth and everything that is for my development and control. I think he is a real Yankee boy, and I am going to make him happy. (And help his medium?) Oh, Joe, you know she never gives a communication but what she waits for me to come. Joe, it is not the love that one woman usually gives to another woman, but an affection that is rare and beautiful. (She is vainer than you were.) She has been out in this great world of yours, and lived with busy people, and lived an active life. It is not because my other self feels a haughtiness in the way of pride, it is all natural. You know all those redskins like the glitter. There will come a change; so much will be added to your life and to my life. So much is already added, and you won't mind when all your home blessings are added to everything else. Your people will come. Your Papa wants you to enjoy your life and be happy. We follow out the law that is made

for us, and we all follow out the law of inspiration.

That old redskin (Tommie) thinks much of your little Mary because he sees my spiritual life; and he admires all those colors, just like the other Indians admired all the jewels and the beads and bracelets. It is not vanity on the part of the medium. I must tell you, I have a new sister, Mrs. Beecher Stowe. She is a leading force in my other self. Red Wing is the one that carries my other self all around. I want you to know him. He calls me The Little Mother. Tommie calls me the little mother of many suns. You know why he calls me so? Because we brought so many souls to the spiritual knowledge. You will be happy, won't you? You are getting away from your nervousness, and I am working so hard to have you get away from it. Captain George must come. His light has been waiting on your knee for a long time, and I will just step out while he steps in. Then he will take me to my spirit home. When I have been away, the Indians have been with you and with me, both. We are a big band now, twenty-two in all.

George: I am glad to come here on your deck and send off a word or two on your log. I kind o' kept my old time-piece out for lady mother, that when she got through I would come in. (George, she is doing better.) Let her have the breezes, and she will blow. She wouldn't be a woman if she didn't. We had a good old time with you at Coney. Those old redskins went all around the Sound everywhere, and I went in to see the wobblers. Well, those little get-up things kind o' make a new thought for you, but I don't associate anything with you without the old gal is the centerboard. We call the little lady mother the wings of the ship, and the other the centerboard. I think you ought to be kind o' proud of the things we are fixing up, planning fruit, spiritual fruit. It is all made and tied up and shaped, and you are placed in the hands of the God that creates everything. (Do you go with your medium tomorrow?) Captain, I will just see that she is put down on that iron horse, as the Indians say, and everything goes well.

(What do the people at Sparkill think of me now?) They are beginning to understand you, and you are just as welcome as the morning sunshine. You are not the kind of a line to impose, and you are not going into that family as a sail with a hole cut in it. You know you will not be happy anywhere without little lady mammy. Don't you think I ought to have a chance for a floor dance in the fondness of each, a kind o' swing-corner affair? Don't you know the old round dance that used to have swing-corners, and the old Virginia reel? I guess you can go that on tip-toe. Captain, I have been too brave a boy, I mean in both lives, not to know what I do. I never go blind with any one question, or half a Yankee at anything, and don't you think we are just as happy as a jug full of beer? (And, George, we don't forget lady Mary.)

Captain, you could not have a ghost of a chance to say your soul was your own, we would not let you breathe, if you were to shut that little lady mother out. But you can't do it. She is the door and the hinges, and she is just the soul that has entered another life and we shook hands all around. Why, that little mammy will do everything for me, and I would do everything for her. That is what we call affection on our side, Captain. She is not a wishy-washy soul, Captain, and she was a loyal, true, loving spirit, in all sincerity, and she has come out and found her other self, and you do not suppose we are going to shut that little mammy out from any place she wishes in the old cabin. That is not the kind of thing you want, but the kind of thing they are building. And I am just as much around the old gal. I have helped her right square along, and made her the little gal her friends looked up to, and that is why they cannot afford to play hide-and-seek behind the door. You are a man, you are my Captain, and when I talk about you I always say, my Captain boy Snipes, and Captain Senior.

Everybody will be pleased with your change, everybody will say you were wise, and you are just the sort of chap that ought to have had a real settling down where that little mammy can come in. But you do not want to put out to the world everything that belongs to We-Us-and-Co. Well, Captain, keep the wires warm. Captain, we had a pretty good laugh last night when the medium thought I had forgotten her altogether and thought only of your

happiness. Why, it would be worse than a set of bloodhounds, wouldn't it, Captain? Captain, you can't take one spar out of her life in her spiritual thought. I have known the little gal from the seed-corn, you may say, and I tell you she has just been truthful and loyal to her womanhood, to herself and to her work for all that are centered on our side of life. And, Captain, you know we just bring in all the electrical life. We never take out anything from her life, never bar it, only send it farther, and we leave her strong and willing. (George, she is younger than her age.) I want you to know it is a power we are keeping up. You want to see her keep as young as she is, with a real girl-life, Captain. But, Captain, we know the great Over-Father makes all plans and new opportunity for affection. When there is no line of selfishness or greed, and it grows and keeps on growing and sprouting everywhere, why, you know it comes right down from the loft.

Captain, there is one beauty you are going to know, and the more you know, the more you will see love and honor, the sterling points you have not yet reached, just as you found them in the little Mary. You know the women folks have been your saviours. Captain, I tell you I want you to feel it dropping from the wings, just as when you were a broken up boy, and you thought you had everything centered there. It was just what you wanted, as it helped tie your lines together. But that little mammy, the daughter of the regiment and of the navy and the army, she just came right in the centerboard and all the way through. She clinched on to me and held on to me, and we have been holding on to each other. I wanted every white face and red face to stand aside when I brought this little woman in here. I am going to let her say what she likes, and in good things we never fail. She has got used to my gal and is coming as near to me as your little lady mammy was to you. But, Captain, we are not breaking up the old ship, we are making it stronger. We are putting in new beams, keeping the old centerboard alive, Captain, putting in new spars. We will bring the old ship into port every time with the old capstan. If you were to build on other lines and wanted another life, and wanted the world to have your ship to sail around whenever you wanted, we would have said, here is all the rope. But when you are centered for good, for everything you want, for only the thing which kept your soul and body together, the only thing that made you the man again, we said Spirit, and nothing else but Spirit. I have kept watering your plant, keeping it in the sun where it would grow and have all the blessings that could come around it, and I have been a part of the good work. My light is out, and I must go.

July 12. Mary: I promised to come to you; I have come to you so much that I know you will be happy. You know I went to Mrs. Judge, I made you go to see her, and I talked with you there. I told you I was happy, and I was very glad that I could be with you, and there we were planning to do so much for you. She didn't tell you all I told her. (Have you seen her since?) I have been right with you, because I wanted to live in the world that was being made for you and your own magnetism and power. I wanted it so I could speak at all times. She will tell you herself that I and all the band worked and planned for your happiness. And it is just right, just what you want, and what you are going to have, we are giving it to you. She knows that I come through my other self, and she was not surprised. She had received the impression long ago. She has been a good friend, and will always be the same good friend. (Did you go to see her sick mother?) I did not. When I am learning and gathering strength, I do not want to go where there is any illness. The Indians told me she cannot remain here long, that she is going away very shortly. Old age is not the question with her. The change has been expected since last March. Her Indian girl and her Indian guide Skiwaukee say she is more in the spirit than she is in your world. And she has so many Oriental guides. Bright Eyes is another one. The higher part of her spirit lives away from her material body. (Is Mrs. Judge a good psychic?) You will understand her great force when you have opportunity of knowing the power she possesses. She divides her life between the two worlds, but she does not get out into either one that belongs to her. I am telling you what her old pappy tells me.

George: I am glad to come. Kind o'

scorching under the blazing sun. You know when we make an appointment to go out at any one time we all come on deck, and we are all dressed up in our Sunday dress. (What of our future arrangements?) Well, I don't think there are many expressions that mammy and I have not talked over, and you have no need to put a pair of spiritual specks on your eyes, Captain. It was not for material growth, but we have gone into the spiritual field, and we want a harvest worth the working and the bearing, Captain. (And we shall be happy?) If I did not know, I would not be driving any spikes in the old bits of lumber. Captain, you would not want young sprigs. You want a piece of well-seasoned oak, both of you. There is nothing like an open spiritual book for just the road you can walk and climb in, because you cannot always stay here, but when you get on the other side you are bound to stay, Captain. That is the home of the eternal, and what we are making here is for the home over there. It is not only keeping shop for the day, but it is putting up the old standard full time and all time to come. Never mind, Captain, there are homes and mansions over there, and where the souls are united there is no petty little jealousy, and wondering how much one thinks of another, or how much we hate another, but it is just one continuous growing into higher and better lines of life, and when you understand all these things, Captain, you have got a definition of the word spiritual, spiritual things and spiritual places. No jealousies, Captain, when the soul is right and the eye sees right, and there is no mistake in the measuring of time or distance.

(What about a trip to the ocean?) We think it is just the place for you. You have been kind o' eating in a hurry, and sleeping in a hurry, and breathing in a hurry, and that is not good for your stomach. I think that when that little lady mammy Beecher comes in with some of her friends who want to know the whys and wherefores of different touches, I think she can explain it a little better than I can, or the little mammy. She has waving vibrations, the gray matter, or the soul matter, and she can explain it much better, and if it was not getting to mess time she might come in, but we never like to meddle with that. We are not going to hurry our lessons through life, Captain. We give mammy every opportunity for enjoyment and every chance for progression. I think we are first-rate sweethearts. I would have liked to have taken my own little mammy when she came over, as I did that little quaking mother when she first dropped in, but my folks had to trot on alone. They hadn't any medium, no psychical force or wave of spirit, or anything else. (A good medium, George, is a great advantage.) It is not only a great advantage, but the plowshare to plow up the waves of eternal life, for the power of the spiritual life, and the beauty of coming back. Last night we had all the family here. Even while they had not a chance to send in their messages, they were just delighted to come, and when we take them down on your deck and ask each fellow to come up and take his part, it will make a kind o' spiritual home-coming.

(Are there twenty-two in the two bands, George?) That is correct, Captain. That's the whole ministry, isn't it? (How many before this?) Altogether there were at least eleven or twelve that took active part, and then there were about twenty that used to send out to somebody wanting a chat, and some spirit friends that were not present. I would say, Get out your old ferrets, as we call them; send them out. We work systematically all the way through. If you haven't system you haven't anything to go by; everything is in disorder and chaos, isn't it? We are not getting all this God's blessing on a cold proposition, but for love, unity, power and wisdom. Otherwise I would tear down any old bar of anyone who was going to take a sail around the horn of life; I would be the first, Captain, to tear the old beams apart if necessary, because they would have to come apart some time; and then there is no consideration of a lot of babbies in the case. If we put in the spars all right, we will sail all right, only sometimes when a man gets full, a real case of rottenness, and loves to take his own ship, or a woman that is full of filth (that is about the only nice word to say) they have to sail on their own course; they start out without compass or honor. You have to put that down and carry it around like your medal. But we are always near, always on deck, watching out for the best and doing the best to make the best for you. (You go away sometimes?) And when we are

returning the medium knows it, and when we are leaving she knows it, and when we are called on deck to watch after some other interests, we put another Captain in our place.

This medium has been a broad-sider all the way through, Captain. And do you wonder that everyone on the old love deck loves to come up and wave his hand? But these old Indians are getting hold of the chatterboxes, and they are going to have a good old time. They are never bound down to etiquette; natural as the winds that blow, and the old waves that dash against the beaten rock. They go around from one tribe to another and shake hands. They are glad to welcome any new one into the band that they like. There is nothing too high in their nature, they live right square out, they are not polished like the white man and the society dudes that have to keep polished all the while. They sense a wrong about as quick as a ferret can sense a rat. I want to explain something scientific. This little gal is magnetic, and would take up everything, every passing influence, if she were as warm externally as internally. You know that with the little lady mammy she was often exhausted, and that is the reason.

Warmth and heat and glow attract, and a chill atmosphere repels. Everybody coming along would leave some influence. In this way it is not absorbed. We can always explain from the Indian side, on a scientific basis, the cause and effect. We take away the weakness from the medium, but don't feel it ourselves afterward. Many spirits come around and would exhaust all the strength and vitality of the old gal. The laws of spirit control are greater than any man knows, and there are no two spirits that control alike the same brain, as well as the body, with the same expression of speech. They are all different. Don't you know, I think if I had two men here, I could square off with both and keep them at arm's length when we tighten up the tissues and muscles.

Harriet Beecher Stowe: My good friend and brother: I hope I am not intruding. (No, indeed.) I am very pleased to see you, to hold your hand, and I am always gratified to meet your companion, who is also my sister in the great spiritual field. When she comes back into your atmosphere, holding and controlling my mouthpiece, she just wants to absorb your whole love-life, and when the opportunity comes I shall always be pleased to take hold of the line and make my presence known to you. You know you can expect too much from the bright and beautiful arisen soul. Sometimes we think only a short talk, a few words will do, and then another day a few words more, and still another day a few words more, and that is the way we have planned, to make things perfect in your new home circle. I am congratulating your beautiful companion, and the same feeling of love and kindness I am extending to you, my good brother. After a while, not so long away, your faithful friend will talk. As I am speaking, so shall she speak. You have many friends, and I am very pleased to tell you I have been introduced to each one of your many workers who have been the guests of your home, and I am pleased to greet them whenever it is my pleasure to meet you. I have already been your sister worker, your friend, and your adviser, if need be.

We think that little counsel is needed. All has been worked out on the highest silent lines. All is meeting the approval of all your many dear friends who speak volumes for your incoming happiness. You have had the experience without having the shelter. In your highest spiritual power your soul has been advancing, and your spiritual interests have been made more clear and more decided since your friend has crossed to the other shore. (It has softened me.) Mellowed. And you are only holding blessings that belong to you, the powers that are all yours. You are only holding them in reserve for something higher, brighter and fuller. And you will remember that your dear friend remarked a moment before my coming that she was going to be the little teacher in your home circle, and as the mother of your life, not the mother of your birth, she needs all that is now growing and ripening in your very soul. I am sure you will quite agree with all, that our morning service will appropriately follow our Saturday night meeting.

We will have a longer period of time for each one to demonstrate his thought and power with the freshness of the morning, the light of day, the new strength that

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comes after a night of rest. (You know our intention?) We have talked it all over, and with loving and kindly thoughts. Let us say all. There is not one dissenting voice, not one hand lifted against you. It is the life that you must have. It is your life first, your home afterward. There are many homes without life. Your life wants a home, and your home wants the life. (You are controlling very easily.) I am so at ease in my mouthpiece, I need not tell you I leave no ill-feeling upon her. You must know we do not have any ill-feeling on our side. We come to you when you are ready to hear from us. Each is seeking the pleasure, because it is spiritually interesting, happily interesting in the new growth that lies therein.

George: We are all here, pappy and mammy, that Mollie sister gal, all yours, and Captain Jack. And they went down to the ocean front with you. It is good to wander around, to get your thoughts and feelings together, but it was not home, was it? Captain, you can't put a ship out in port if it has no spiritual anchor. You cannot feel at home, but where the spiritual anchor is dropped there is the home, isn't it? It was a change, but you were mighty glad when you felt you were drawing away and coming back. Say, Captain, you can't get on a go-cart by yourself. You are not built that way, Captain, and I just tell you, from way down the cellar up to the top of the old garret, we are trying to plant spiritual seed. Oh, Captain, you know daddy had a pretty good, level, square-thinking head, and he kind o' weighed what the little mammy wanted. He wanted to put down just the foundation that meant a staying foundation, and a smoking of the pipe of peace.

So, Captain, I just held counsel and we said: You always wanted your boy to have a place to enjoy himself, and we will put him where you want him, even if there is no fish to be found in the pond. Pappy understood and understands you well enough. You want spiritual freedom and freedom of action. We will blow the neighbors away at any time. Well, you see that is something that pappy weighed over. He was kind o' looking around after we had given you the line as to what would be the lighter expense. When Captain says it is all right, we take off our tarpaulin to him and to little mammy. You can pitch your feet up in any place you want, can't you? And we want you to celebrate it for the spiritual band, from your own brain that vibrates right square around, that everyone may have a smile and touch and a happy tear. You know some hearts cry when they are happy, and some when they are sad, and when you look around thoughtfully over the whole field, it is the only thing that would have made you happy.

(Will daddy control after a while?) We will let him try. He is like that other little mammy, when he commences to talk, he commences to cry. He is a tender-hearted Captain. He likes the old gal for your sake, and for his sake. He is as far from the other spiritual folks as that little mammy was. They both have their own spiritual ideas and spiritual clover, and they do not like everybody; they feel the influence of others so much. You cannot force a psychic. You cannot overcome or change all the bars of the mental constitution. Captain, love is all you have in this life to make you kind o' happy. If you have enough to buy your bread and meat and have no love, you are not happy; and you are being too closely looked after not to want your own cabin. That little mammy don't bother much with her family circle, she don't get much around into their corners. She knew the world so much on this side, and she loved her home the best of all.

July 26. Mary: I am strong, and growing stronger every time I come. I can breathe stronger. Pa tried to make his way before I came in just now. He cannot fully control. He wants to come and have his talk with you. He must learn the way to control before he can do any speaking. You know I am going to be the teacher of the band. I guess I am doing well. (How is Captain George?) Oh, he is a strong boy, and he is always at home you know with my other self. I am so strong and well, and I will be able to speak in my same old way. Usually I am my spirit self, but now I am controlling another spirit. When I am my spirit self in my spirit home, I can talk and be free. You were my big boy. And we are going to have two homes. I want you to be just as happy as I shall be. We were always happy in the old home, and we will

be happy in the new home. (The medium differs from you.) You know I told you once before she had lived in a wider and fuller life than I had lived, and her life is as natural to her as my simpler life was natural to me. We cannot have things made to order. You will like your new life just as much as I shall like it. You know that when we get out of the material and get up higher, we appreciate the higher things, and when we come back we understand the higher things, and so will you appreciate the difference, as I shall. Pa made you alter your plans. You know he can see what is best for you. You want that which will make you happy. Look at me; how much larger and fuller I am. (I remember your poor skeleton frame near the end.) You cried, and prayed, and cried. (While you were so patient.) I was helped. Each one of our friends helped me, and the old doctor and the Captain and Ma carried me away. The world could not understand. I wanted to come so close to you. And you know my boy (George) has been so good to me, and he said he would make you happy. We will always love each other, all three. (Here father embraced and slapped my back most earnestly, but could not control to speak.)

George (slapping hands four times): That is four old links for pappy. Every time he makes a move inward it is a gain. He came in to turn the crank. I am part man and part woman now, ain't I, Captain? Got all my sense, all my individuality, all my strength and all my brain, but not all my body. No, I don't feel the limitations of a woman's body. Yet when I come right down, I know I have left another pair of legs and another body, and when I come in I know I have a little less understanding, Captain, other feet and some other skin. Daddy wanted to twist his boy in his arms, like a bit of oakum. He has been living in your upper deck, in this sky-parlor, pounding you, squaring the old ship around, making everything for his happiness and yours. He can do that without a whisper. The things that are mine are the things you don't see, Captain, and you don't know just when the tiny babby feet are jumping up into manhood. He is full of good deeds, one of those boys that takes everybody by the hand, always ready to help somebody, and he is always right along on the dog-watch with his boy. (Can you as spirits sit on nothing?) We have the power to sit down on nothing, nothing to you, but a force to us. That is a part of our own magnetic, spiritual force that propels, and it is through that we sail when we get on the other side. When I am out, Captain, and go out to get orders, to refresh and strengthen, and come down with a new coat on, then I am right here with you, Captain. (It does not take you long to travel?) Quick as thought we find our place. (Was mother Mary's spirit home ready-made?) You do not think we are making here a respectable tramp from one cabin to another? Everyone has played on her instrument, sounding every keyboard. They just took all the good that mammy sent out, and they had a cabin good enough for a king to live in, built up by her deeds here, just as your cabin will be built by your deeds. You cannot buy it at the last call. It is not something you can fill with your hands and kick with your feet. It is not a force that comes along and plants the road with flowers and posies and all other things that women folks like. Put on your thinking jacket, Captain, and you will realize it.

You don't think we are kind o' floating along and struggling against each other, running in the way like so many sheep in the field? Not a bit, Captain. We can pass so close in the atmosphere of others, the spiritual aura, that you would think we had gone right square through. But every man on our side, Captain, has an open book, his aura, his spiritual covering, and everything that stands out just as clear and pronounced as the rays of your sun stand out and warm your old mother earth. And you cannot get away from the coat that has been hanging up on the spiritual wall. You will have to put it on when you get over there, whether it has got a color the worst, or whether it is some old gray, muddy color, foggy color, red color, and all others that are dividing the light. But let a man go there who has been a square man—and the same is on the record for the woman—why, Captain, he or she goes right into his or into her atmosphere, and they wear that coat, and no matter where they go in spirit life they are honored or dishonored. (Did you influence the medium to sense correctly the letter of Mrs. Siegel, of Richmond?) When the old gal has taken up the psychical com-

pass, there is another family of spirits that shape these things, what they call the old scientific boys, that blend all things together and make them as they want them. It is a new power to the old gal, but one which can broaden out and grow like weeds overnight. Fill her full, Captain, and she'll never bust. As a receiver of wireless messages there is none better. The old gal never sticks any feathers in her bonnet. Vanity kills every time, Captain; it saps the real substance in the body. You know there is a difference between having a real line of decent pride and a great many barrels of vanity. She is but a natural bit of an old gal. That is worth making a new ship for, isn't it, Captain? I am proud of her wherever she goes. She has never failed in our spiritual work. When there was something about that was not worthy to receive, and it would not have done them any good, we don't empty our pearls into any swine pail. But where they are ready and should receive, the board is out and we open fire.

Now, Captain, I want to tell you about that little mammy. You know that when we get out of the material, after the old pain and aches, and just kind o' live in one atmosphere, when we get out and the spirit is broad and high and full of everything that is spiritual, like your little mammy's, and like thousands of others—am I spinning too fast for your notes, Captain? (Oh, no), and they come into new scenes of life, they have got to grow. When you step from old mother earth into our higher side, we that have just been plodding on your earth hang our hammock on our side, and we could not be happy with the old tramps that do not want other spiritual food. Think you I could not have taken up that work? I am still the same old boy, to express the same old thoughts and sentiments. And when we go over, Captain, our spiritual body is our spiritual surroundings. It is what our spirit appreciates, not what our conditions allow. I want to be where my own spiritual self belongs, Captain. Each soul has an inner habit, the old way of phrasing it, and that which belongs to our own spiritual self we will carry out, and grow into that inspiration, because it was the thing that belonged to the body.

Little mammy is going into your new cabin, and she is going to put things into a new ship, just as much as it always belonged to her, because her spirit calls for higher things all the time. You will always find the man that wants to keep right up to spiritual things, wants to feel as if he belonged to somebody. I want you to feel that you belong where you belong. We want you to get over your old funeral way of thinking and planning. Sometimes you think it is a funeral, sometimes you think it is a sunset. But, Captain, set down your standard for one thing, and keep yourself there. You are way up and way down, weighed down today and resting up tomorrow. You want, and you do not want. It is for your own self to be right square in your own lines, to have the things which you want, and the things which you can enjoy. You do not want to go anywhere not good enough for you and your influences. Pappy says the best belongs to you.

July 29. Medium reported presence of Abbie Hutchinson; and of Sarah A. Gardner, from a very flat town (Norfolk, Va.), described her features and voice and profession as a musician; also manner of her decided husband. (How did she die?) She tells me she passed away with cancer. (My music teacher when I was a boy in their choir; and she died of cancer of the throat.)

Aug. 3. Mary: I am stronger. (You used to talk more plainly.) I was then myself. Now I am my double self. I live with the medium. You could not have a home without me, and I could not have the spirit without you and my other self. You cannot be alone. The whole world could not have given you better opportunity for what you wanted when I had to go from you. You are not buying your happiness; you are making it. It is not an ordeal you are going through, but it is the life that belongs to you. We notice how many times you turn it over in your mind, but you always come back to the bright side of it. You have one that everybody loves, and who will make you happy. Were you to go into another's life where I could not be, I would not be happy. We are all going to please each other. I laid the foundation, and left her to do the rest. We shall live with her as long as she lives. We can talk through her at all times. We will have her band and our band control her

in our new life. Joe, I have many old and new friends to surprise you yet. My boy will live with you, my sailor boy. He is the teacher of his band, and I am teacher of our band. But he knows more and does more than I do. And I want you to be as happy as we shall be. You will not surprise your old friends. They knew after I went away you would be lonesome, and they know you have found another, and a beautiful soul, and you are not going to surprise them; they will be pleased. We will want our own receptions more than anyone else. It is a new life, and you cannot yet appreciate its fullness. Mrs. Stowe says it is just closing the old volume and opening a new one.

George: Don't you think I am holding up little mammy here, to have her own little quiet way of saying things? Everyone is thinking she is controlling the ship in a first-class way. She is full of real good stuff, Captain. You are pretty well seasoned to have one on each side, and have all the other folks kind o' staple right around you. We think you are well looked after. They are all staple articles. We are not just saying who is coming, but we are going to give you the most happiness all over the line. We are not pushing anyone out or putting anyone under the hatches. The best thing of all is to know that what we do is for the best. We put into your mind what we want, Captain. Don't think you are not medium enough for that. You are doing right all the way through, and we are going just to tramp along with you. I would make a pretty heavy fellow to trot along with my big sea-legs, but I think I can keep up with you. Daddy likes freedom most, freedom of speech, and he would like the freedom of the old ship. And, Captain, we just want you to feel that you are going out with the Stars and Stripes, not under the grays and blues that are to make you heavy.

(What think the country folks now?) They all like you, but that Captain Billy is one of those nervous chaps you don't know just where to find him at times. (Do they know our purpose?) They kind o' sense it in the air, ever since your first visit out there. They saw an attachment, not by action, but out of each other's eyes. All your friends here, and everybody, have kind o' smelt a rat, or think you may be spliced already. You have a right to do it; you know your own ship. It is not entirely a plan that has been growing on your side, but just what was intended; and I told you woman was your saviour. You have been passed through the chain. From your first, what could you have done without that little mother of mine, what could you do now? (Do I need a wife, or a nurse?) Well, Captain, you are not cheating the grave, nor robbing the cradle. You are just running on the old line that is meant for you. It is more soul and heart, Captain, than body. Age has nothing to do with it, time has nothing to do with it when everything is right and the spirit is right. But if you are buying a love, let it go. Drop it, Captain, if it has only one flower, that is, self-gratification or pride. But when it is the whole berth, full of fragrance, kindliness, love and gentleness, you are a wise man to hold it, Captain. And when you get a full round vine that is budding into everything that makes your life, I tell you, you are going to have a new life made for you, Captain. Little mammy and I have talked it all over. She is just interested for your happiness, and I am interested for the old gal's happiness.

(Will you live with us?) Live with you? I expect to be day and night watchman. Captain, I have never done anything of which I have been ashamed. You tell her, when she wants to know where she comes in, just to watch the bulletin board. Just tell her that when you put down that little worm-talk. (Short-hand.) Looks like the pig-end of the nose. Captain, I think you know you are going to be happy. You do not know Father Grimes' death, as we call it, until it strikes you, taking one from this world and planting it over on our side. I will not take anything from you. It is all new coin to me, but if you can be happy, and I can make you happy, stop your fears. Why, Captain, we were right around you just as soon as that little gal had been in this old gal of ours. And when you are happy, and the whole ship's crew happy, and the little gal is happy, just as happy as I want to make her, then you have got no word of complaint, and when your happiness is growing, not only in your spiritual development, but when everything has grown, expanded, to give

you a fuller, freer life, and the spiritual things come in, with God's blessing, why, you can afford to take off your cap to your old Captain every time. It is a starting out, it is giving you your own home, it is giving you your own spiritual life, that you and the little gal may live it together. (It was lucky I heard of her.)

That was the keynote that made the first lick, and if it had not been that you were seeking after spiritual things, you would still have gone on with your old bachelor calling and your bachelor cap on the top of your head. Not much happiness in that, after we had pulled up the blind, and that dear old mother of mine could come back. (George, we are brothers.) We are brothers to the end, and the end will never come. (You mean until death.) It is only the shutting of the eyes and opening them on the other side. It is only sleeping for a few moments, and coming out into the real thing that is life. You don't suffer as much as you imagine. Well, Captain, we are going to make a whole sweep-out and get into the new cabin, and have a kind o' spiritual dance time. If you are ever to have a home on this earth, on this side of the great Creator, you want it. You don't want to feel you are buying an elephant. Your daddy wants you to have a place where you will have no commands or demands. Little mammy and I, and some of the ship's crew, are right together. Pappy and the old doctor, little mammy and I, have been your companions today.

Aug. 6. Mary: I am so happy. It is young Mary now. We will have our old times made new again. We are never going away from each other. Pa wants you to have all freedom, and Pa knows. In our new home we will have our Saturday service (as in her lifetime), and a service on Sunday, but no collection. I know now, if you were impatient sometimes, how kind you were, and I don't want to leave you.

George (lightning out-doors): When there is any electric force, Captain, we withdraw our spiritual sails. It always affects the control. (Are you above it?) Aye, aye. Then we get beyond the noise and the flame and the crash, Captain. At the moment, the line of harmony is all broken. That little mammy knows what it is to be right back and supply every spiritual want, to make the details of her spiritual life and ours combine in one perfect whole.

Medium said that after retiring last night she prayed to know whether her affection was merely a transfer, or her own. Saw Mother Mary standing by her, holding her little boy by the hand. I asked how he died, and the medium replied: By a thunder-bolt. (Correct.)

Aug. 9. (Mary, have you come back?) No; I did not go away. I was with you all day, going with you where you go, I and my boy, too. You know he carries me to so many places, just like you did when I was with you. And we are all so happy to have our church-home. And Pa is always with you. His boy is his center-light. You will be made to feel and know what is best. We want a separate spirit corner in the new home. The medium can do more planning for me than I can do for her. She has planned more for my band than for her own. Pa says it is going to be a spiritual home, and Pa knows. Joe, we are all spirit, all one. In material things we are different. You would not want my other self to be all like myself. She would lose her personality, and she would be weak and tired. I hadn't all these Indians. Look, Joe, they are going to have you much better. Oh, they are nice big fellows. They are all good to me, want to bless me, and all want to carry me. They see you have fever in your blood which they want to take from you, and they will do it, Joe. We are all happy, and we want Pa and my boy and all just to think the same. We are all so strong together.

George: That little mammy has been here, but you know we do not break into any law that mammy wants. She will cling to you like the old peach with the cling-stone. We are simply putting in some new stuff and ribs to the ship. You could not have any other life after so long a time of spiritual influence. And then when you have got little mammy and the other friends and co-workers, why, Captain, it is going to be a nest lined with spiritual food. We have a grand old centerboard; that is my little Mary mammy, Captain Joe, that is yourself, and Captain Billy Snipes, daddy and I. That is the centerboard of the North, South, East and West pole, and the compass, and the old sun-dial is the love-feast. Every one has a hand, Captain. We have the little Mammy Stowe here, her sister, and the little

gal. She is at the spiritual loom where it makes pure cloth without a hole in it. She has not opened her little Sunday School yet. We are waiting to get into the new cabin. We are all one, don't see the two bands any more, because it is all one centre, and each one is part of the whole, and the whole is the part that makes the whole each one. You don't suppose we are a lot of elongated faces down to the floor. No, Captain, every boy in the ship's crew, I don't mean my working boys, eighty-seven in all, I mean all that are amalgamated, grown, strengthened, all made into one purpose, are all willing to make their spiritual checks, and the little spiritual centre marches ahead with its little leader, that little mammy, for she had the first right. And, Captain, we are not taking any of her rights from her. That is just one of her spiritual ambitions, to lead. You know she was a kind o' silent thinking mammy when she wanted to be. They are all here, the doctor Captain, that is, Krebs isn't it? with his laughing eyes. He is full of fun and of little stories.

Aug. 15. George: . . . We are just waking you up to let you know what you want. You don't know yourself. You don't know the kind o' little spots burning bright that you have got all over you. Captain, you are the very boy to eat your own soup and drink your own pap every time. I am just as proud myself of your getting your own cabin as if I were buying it for myself. We will have Mary Ferguson Wakeman Snipes, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mary Ann Hughes Snipes (Mother's full name.) That is another ring all around. Then come pappy and Captain Jack and little sister Mollie and all. Why, every one of them has put his hand on the wheel, a round, square wheel, and in the centre of that wheel is your sweetheart Mary-Lyddy. Captain, sails are one, both interests are one, and both hearts are one for you. There is no division, as the last is first, and the first last, and you are going to get a big spiritual gift. Now, Captain, this is a spiritual home dedicated to your first band and to mine. (I had just bought a house in West 103rd Street, near West End Avenue, to be improved and furnished anew.) But as I told you, there was but one anchor, one light, and only one dome to the old cabin, and that was ours. And, Captain, pappy and I have not only been re-arranging for the brick and the timber, but we have been planning from the very foundation of your spiritual growth. And why need you want some of those people where you were today, that never wanted to say goo-goo, and will never sup at your own spiritual coop? Mother Wakeman is just as near to you as those other gals who call you uncle or pop or grandpa. Mother will live in this home with the little gal, and this for all time and after. Captain, I think pappy said a good thing the other day: He said he wanted his boy to feel as if he is the receiver and not the gift-maker. (A rap on the door)—It was a voice from heaven, and not from the tomb. The Indians are waiting to get down into the cabin. You don't want to tell the little girl, we want it to be a surprise. It is your gift, and it is our gift, and I am your spokesman. And, Captain, that Julia is not the fire and brimstone now, boiling over, full of fire one time, full of spirit and weakness the next. She told me this. She said she was full of fight and ginger, and was unkind. (Mother Wakeman's first control in 1873. Her disposition exactly.) The dear old Captain is just as sympathetic as a babby; I mean Dr. Krebs. Captain Jack is a good soul fellow, but was more like a little woman, Captain. He is not that way now. He has just a little more of manly force when he comes on deck, but he smiles just as much as he ever did.

Aug. 25. Mary: Oh, Joe, I am so happy. I am so glad you have found our home. We will be so happy, and I will be so contented, and all of us in our new home. (Anybody else?) That is enough. You are a Mormon. Joe, we directed you to the new home. Pa and my boy and the doctor are as pleased as we are. (I got it for you, too.) That will not do. You can never say you give a gift to a spirit. It is my home, but I am not having control of it in the body. But it is your home. And wherever your home is, Joe, it is my home, too. It would not do to say you gave it to a ghost. They would not understand it. Get me some water. (As in earth life when controlled.) Now I can speak stronger. I am going to be the first spirit in our new home, the little mother and the little teacher. We are all one now. Oh, Joe, I want to tell you about my sailor boy. He was my boy because he let me come, and he let me remain, and said I need never leave, that I could

stay all the time and talk to you. And, Joe, I would give everything to my other self, because she has given me everything that is making us so happy. Honor the little woman, Joe, with all the intensity of your own nature. Your feelings, your obligations and your knowledge, keep to yourself. You know I am going to be the little mother of the band. The medium loves you and she loves me, and we are going to make her happy, and we are to keep all our little home to ourselves. You have got two mothers and two Pa's, because my boy and Pa are always together.

George: It seems as long as a goose's neck since we have had a chat together. Well, Captain, we are glad Pa is here, mammy is here, your first little Mary Ann mammy, and little Mollie girl and Captain Jack; they are all here, and not the last or least, Captain Krebs, and the whole back part of the cabin is full of the Indians. We take off our old tarpaulin, and I will take down the stars and stripes, because we think you have got the cabin where we can get all we want from our side of life. We not only approve, but we ring a bell. Kind o' jolly spell of freedom. You kept right straight along, brains and body going together. There was no half-way in the matter. But we went into a good many places that were a mixture of something or nothing. Pa and I kept right along; we hugged the shore. Captain, don't think you are alone, for we put our hand on that seal, the same as the rest of them did. (Deed.) They all met you honorably. Captain, I am giving you something I thought I never would part with. No parting, but you know it will be Captain Joe now instead of Captain George. (Both.)

Oh, I know, and I am happy, Captain; it is a real spiritual headquarters for our band. It is not headquarters for every spirit, but we will have many a good one that will come in and want to throw off a word right down into your old log-book, standing on the bridge, you know, and we are going to have a real nice growing time, Captain. You are going to be as happy as you can be in that little nest. (Twelve rooms, George.) We have got enough birds to fill them all. We want your friends to feel the Snipes' Nest is for them. You are going to feel like another new Captain. You are as much a boy entering into it as my old gal is a girl. Your papa is just as much pleased over your new march to the sea as on his wedding day.

Aug. 27. George: I am always around the flagstone. We take our little lady mammy out of this atmosphere for a day or two, for we are giving her a real nice trip on our side. Every turn of her spiritual skirts she enjoys. We are always happy when we are happy together. Captain Pa and Captain Jack and your sister keep close to you, and we make every turn and move for your best good.

(George, we have appointed Sept. 30 for the marriage.) That is all as it should be. You know, dear old pappy was close into your anchor line here, and we are seldom apart, not only in this movement, but in all our other spiritual work. We work together, do the best for everybody, and we sail along the stream together, Captain. I think we are much the same boys; we think alike, we plan alike. Pappy plans for his boy, and I plan for my brother. I have a brother here, but he is very slow to talk, and little mother will get out ten words to his one. But he is the same watchful old dog before the mast. (Is the medium happy?) I guess she is full of new bristles, Captain, just as happy as she can be, and we are all happy; we are, Captain. We won't have to sit in any corner, nor have to get in shot and shell out of the sail. (Is Mary here?) Captain, we have just kept her right up in the sun. She will be here and have her talk in a few days. I have been winding up this little gal, setting the old spiritual clock in motion.

(You will bring in others?) Yes, we have the privilege of asking our spiritual friends all around. I expect to invite all the ship's crew, the younger and the older folks. We will polish up the knocker on the big front door and make it ring. Your whole movement suits every one on our side, and it will please every one that is worth pleasing on your side. Some will want to offer suggestions, and wonder why, Captain, but we know why, and it is for them to judge it out. We are not sending out any letters of explanation. You know the spiritual growth of everything, and if they don't, let them sit in the

corner until they do know. They can eat honey or sugar and it don't matter, does it? All life has its growth in spiritual things. There is no stand-still in the material or the spiritual life. The man that is standing still is stepping backward, Captain, you are going to be a boy again. We will have a real spiritual truth all the way along, nothing to come in but what means good and help to somebody else. We don't want any lazy chaps to come into the meeting-house, go out, and be no good afterward. A good many will be jealous of the old gal, not only a few, but many. I tell you who comes in next to yourself. He is a good old bit of a Southron, Captain. Pappy's eye is as keen as a perfect search-light. He has no skin on his eye now. (He had a cataract on his right eye.)

Aug. 31, a. m. Medium: Your papa and mamma and George all seem waiting to come in. Caroline is here. Is it beautiful Mary's sister? My boy, we have got on our wedding clothes, too. The lateness of the day brings a youthful blessing. There's a Mr. Coleman here. (Roomer friend in Mrs. W.'s house years ago.) Bless my soul here is George's brother Bob. My nephew Frank. He tells me not to forget Ida. William Powers. (A Richmond friend.) Mrs. West is here with beautiful Mary. She is laughing; has a jolly, kindly face. I am helping Harry to carry his burden. (A sickly second wife.) Oh, Wiona is here. She is dressed in shiney red, and it is flounced up to the top. (Years ago her dress was flounced in her spirit picture on my own plate and development.) Oh, she seems so bonny, bubbling over with spiritual life and goodness, and she has got lots of flowers for thee.

Medium entranced. Mary: You are more spontaneous than you were. We are all so happy, and you are doing everything to make your own spirit happy, and you are adding happiness to my other self. I never shall leave you. (Have you seen the new home?) We have gone all through it. Pa says it is the very best steamer out at sea. We will all be first-class passengers. And I have so many more to bring after a while. We are going to have so many spiritual visiting cards. I am sending them out everywhere. Joe, can't you see in my other self so much that is like me? Can't you see now how much we are alike? We shall have our meeting-house crowded, with no fee or Sunday collections. We shall have everything beautiful and bright. My other self says we are not going to have a dark corner.

Pa knows you have done all for the best, and he is so pleased. We want all our friends to come to our little meeting. I mean our spiritual friends, Joe. We are not asking the others. They would be crowding, and you would not have any time for yourselves. Joe, we have fixed everything so minutely, and you will be pleased with some of them. Will tell you after a while. (Can you tell me something of your spirit home?) When I get stronger, I want to tell you all about it. My spiritual body is not as strong as it will be. We will have so many delightful talks together, Joe. My other self is myself, and you are myself, and we are blended in one trinity together, and in unity of soul, as my other sister tells me. (Mrs. Stowe.) I always liked good company. We all admire the plans you have formed to come into each other's life. We have to have a minister of the day, but if your souls are not united, wouldn't it be a farce? It is all spirit with my other self, Joe. She has all faith in you, does not ask, but waits for things to come. This life is so new to you. You are just growing into your affection.

We found the soil, Joe, and we planted the affection that will never change. And, Joe, don't always think of me, but think of my other self, because it is love without duty. You know, Joe, when we are both psychics, we are blessed or wounded in the same moment. If there had been no Lyddy, there could not have been any Mary. We shall never forget the spring of love and affection that is bringing us life, your new material and spiritual life, and my own spiritual growth and happiness. The old Indians and all will have a dear old wigwam together. They clean out your blood, which has much fever in it, and you have a slight rheumatic and neuralgic trouble. (Correct.) If you had taken any other into your life, I would have gone far, far away. I guess I would have gone into a grave. (Tenderly weeping.) I would have tried to have you not do so in your loneliness, when you wanted

companionship, and you could not be happy without your spiritual life. It belongs to ourselves, Joe, and not to those that call themselves our friends. We respect and honor the feelings of my other self. We do not want to speak of our plans to any that are jealous. Little Lyddy is our gift to you for life.

George: That little mother mammy is just one that can do well. She is getting strong, more natural, and remains longer. Captain, I think we are sending you up the ladder pretty fast. Well, we are always glad to make the little mother happy. We are just beginning to do it. You cannot get into a new ship and take it all in at once. You have to sail around and get into midstream and sail along, and then you will know just what it means. You don't suppose we twist the crank the wrong way? We drop the anchor just where we can drop the sails. Well, Captain, I think you are going along as a novice in this sphere, going right up to the front in your best clothes, what you are loving to do. You are going to have a real nice crew in the ship, and as lady mammy said, we will have first-class passengers. I am glad you threw out the idea that the little gal has a little property. They think money grabs money, and evil creates evil. Well, Captain, you don't care a darn. It is just what God wanted, and we all take off our caps to the good Old Man above us. God's plans are not out on this side, but they have a centre-board which nothing can tear apart. To build a nest that has love and warmth and sunshine in it, you don't want any storms or winds and blizzards. And your pa is just as pleased as if he had gone all over the world. You could have found no spot that he likes better. Well, you have plenty of time to entertain the friends you like.

Aug. 31, p. m. George: When you were down in the mess, we made up our minds that the old Indians would make the little gal so full of magnetism as to fill you up. The old redskins think they can relieve all those little spots until they are all gone, because you want to be as free from pain as we are free from responsibility. When you are on our side you can see their goodness and their work, and while you are here you can only know what you hear and your eyes take in. Captain, they will build slowly and work steadily. (What are their names?) Red Wing, Watch-Eye, Rising Cloud, Morning Sun, and the little Indian and her stately daddy of the forest (Wiona and Warsaw), are more or less all the time in your atmosphere, because they want to know just how much you can hold of their magnetic forces without being tired, in order to give you as much tonic as they can to rest you. But Watch-Eye and Red Wing are two prominent and pronounced workers of the band; and that old spirit High Wind helps them also. They work as much as your toes bend as you walk. Every one fills his place and knows the harmony each one produces. One spirit is wanted in one physical part of the body, and another spirit for some other part, all according to his work. We come right down from the spiritual headquarters, and that is the kind of medicine that sticks to you, bone and body. Chemicals applied to the body are never a healing force. Your mother earth can get more out of one field than some of these old folks can do in their way of making up things. Some old medicine would knock the life and breath out of you. We can look at you in the dark. Now I am not a physician, and know not a medical term, but these old redskins just know. If I found a man with a broken leg I would have to ask him to stand on his well one while I found an Indian. Every one to his own calling, and there is no mistake made. (Have you noticed the repair to the new house?) We have been around everywhere, square upward and downward, we have measured all the ground. Little mother Mary and pappy are here. Pappy knows how to make an augur-hole about as well as any man I know. They can impress you to make any change that is necessary, and the other part of yourself here is a kind o' doubled-up affair, multiplication table, adding thereto but taking nothing therefrom. Captain, there is not a dairymaid in all the least of your friends. They are all strong, substantial, thinking, working forces, not only for the good of themselves, but everybody else they reach, and must reach. (Apparently addressing the Indians): Go on now. You can all go out in the open. We want you to know we have had a counsel-fire of the three Marys. (Who else?) Captain William, Captain Jack, Captain George, Jr., that is myself. I think we are going to follow out what we all took

counsel for, I guess about four days back on the log-book. We have just been holding a consultation. The redskins came in just to pass these waves. Every one that comes in to hear gets a dose of health, spiritually, mentally and physically. Don't care how learned they are, they sometimes want their old brain cells worked up into a spirit of kindliness. I want you to think I am spokesman. If Pa could speak, I think he could talk better than I can, because pappy you know is kind o' second-hand lover to the little gal. But you know, Captain, he has never had a daughter-in-law before. You never were spliced before. In your childhood who ever thought you would ever get out of your long baby clothes? (Not expected to live, and hid in a coffee-pot.)

Sept. 30. Married at Sparkill, N. Y., by Rev. John Wilson, of Philadelphia. About one hundred and fifty guests. Just before the ceremony, I asked Lydia to get on her knees and pray for our future happiness. Followed me in an eloquent, heart-felt petition, far exceeding mine. Two days' entertainment, with dinners, toasts and congratulations.

After supper on this date a remarkable demonstration occurred. While the entire remaining guests sat around the long table, in full light, the bride was entranced by Captain George, who inquired if we would like to have a "physical-spiritual" manifestation? Certainly, we replied. Then, said he, I will ask the redskins to go over to the table in the corner and bring it here to the medium. Watching the table, we all very soon saw it struggling to lift one leg, then another, as it began to move from the corner, thirty feet away, with several pieces of tall and slender bric-a-brac upon it. Like a thing of intelligent life, it slowly slid and walked over the carpet to the medium's lap and bowed to her, the tilted articles seemingly glued to the table; then it righted itself and slowly returned to its corner. To most of the company this was a surprising demonstration of independent spirit force over ponderable matter.

Oct. 7. Stopping at Hotel Wellington, New York City, while home was preparing, medium reported presence of Marion Colbert, a friend of Hampton, Va., Captain Lakey (whom I knew as a talented speaker years before), good laughing face Mrs. McCarthy (previously named), with description and profession, Julia, with many foreign influences, one a man who dissipated, making a break in her life. She drifted into loose lines, didn't have enough will force, but plenty of nervous temper and agitation. She could not help it. I am going across the water, where the people are dark-looking, of quick nervous nature. (All correct.)

Beautiful Mary brings lovely friends with her. It is their evening. Did you ever know any one by the name of Hahn? (Yes.) The room is just filled with spirit faces. I wish you could see them. A little spirit Cora is here. (My sister's child.) Wiona and her papa are here. (What was her father's name?) Warsaw. (Correct.) She says she does not control her medy any more, but the medy's controls take her everywhere. Mr. Sears. He is with your papa. I see a large mill and lumber, not far from water. (Sears' Mill in Virginia, in my youth.) Old Mr. Whitehead. From Norfolk. A large man. (Correct. Knew him well.) Mrs. West. Cancer. There is a beautiful eagle in the corner. (She had a large stuffed white eagle in corner of her parlor, killed by her husband.)

Chapter XXXI.

JAN. 1, 1909. Medium: I hear the name of Albert Ogg. Is it an uncle? (Yes; Staunton, Va.) There's a lady here named Jillson. (Attended my meetings years ago.) Susan. On your mother's side. (Yes.) Julia Morrison. (A boarder with Mrs. Wakeman.) Dr. Krebs. Has a thinner gentleman with him. (Describing Capt. Butts, of Staunton.) He didn't want to believe. Mr. Davies. A laughing face, as if he is very glad. An elderly, kindly man, ready to laugh at anything that comes along, full of good sense and humor. (Very correct: J. W. Davies, Richmond, Va., in time of the Civil War.) There's another broad, thick-set gentleman, high forehead, much like thyself, named Abner. (Described Abner Richardson, Richmond, a friend of 55 years ago.) He is speaking of a Hughes, reaches out his hand and says: Hello, Jack. (John Hughes, friend of Abner and myself.) Dr. Krebs should not have gone away; so much for him to do here. Went away suddenly. He did not care for everybody. His spiritual life was the only thing that made his life worth the living. (Who was his next best friend?) Your brother. Joe, did you ever know anyone by the name of Dixon? (Yes.) Talked with a nervous voice, looked sort o' jerky. (Dixon Poitiaux, of Richmond. Talked loudly and quickly. Attended his funeral years before this report.)

Medium entranced. George Wilson. (George, who has been alarming the medium at night?) He is just one of the hangers-on, waiting for his woman to come back. He has not finished his work, and he is afraid he will lose her in the mad'ning rush, and is waiting around your cabin for that lady to come back so he can finish his communication. And he won't do it correctly when he does come again, because he will only lie. He wants to continue on with the same old story to his wife, to make her easier in mind, but not enrich her in pocket. (Mrs. ——, of Staten Island. See before. Here the original Julia appeared and translated through the medium some Polish she spoke in life.) What a queer nature. Full of nervousness, then of brightness, then could cry easily, with a feeling of depression. Potter. Jennie Potter. Must have had a great habit of stroking her hair over her forehead as if waiting for change of influence. (Correct.) Could tell stories as broad as your grandfather's boots. Had fun with Mary. Did not want to leave her, even in an automobile. She had one ride; that was enough. (All true of Jennie and Mary. Had one ride in a friend's car, was jolted and soon taken home. Where did Mary take her next outing?) I see such a green park. (Taken by me in invalid chair into Central Park.)

Completing many repairs and furnishings of new house, resumed sittings three months later.

Jan. 9. (In home West 103rd Street). George: I am glad to get on deck tonight, Captain. I have just been hanging around awaiting my time. I told you, Captain, we have been busier than a fisherman out on a little dory, trying to get in all the folks who wanted to come in and say how'dy to you. We first take off our cap to Captain William P. Snipes, to let him come in with all his old friends and citizens and his old companions. Not one has been absent, and we have kept all the guns warm. We want just to get them acclimated to your home so they can come in at any time. You know the second visit is always better than the first one, because they can find a part of themselves that they left before. Oh, Captain, we want to congratulate you on your cabin. Spiritual progress, mental, a kind o' financial drawback for the time, Captain, but you will climb the steps again. You are not going to stand still and be squeezed like a lemon. That's a figure of speech; but we are going to look after you. Yet the best thing of all is to know that you are going to be happy; that is a through ticket. You have got a pretty sick friend, Captain. (Lawyer Judge.) Now, you know I am not a physician, but when the redskins use their old eagle-eye and go

around smelling through their feathers, the pot is going to boil over somewhere in the mess, Captain. Every thought pains him when he thinks he is going to run in the dry dock. We don't want to put him up for repairs. The wife realizes it. (How is her own health?) She gets nervous; should tie the ends of her oakum together.

(Is she mediumistic?) And more so when she thinks she is not. (How is my spirit mother?) She goes around singing Salvation. (I am still busy with the house.) You cannot help but take up the material conditions and hasten them up, point them out, and put them where you can handle them. Why, they are the only tools you have got to take care of your brain world and shape it up. You have made everything as pretty as it could be made; pretty and handsome and grand, and it is good enough for any one from our side to come down with his old feet strung up with gold shoe strings. Why, Captain, you have about twenty friends from our side to one you have here. If you have a hundred here, Captain, you can expect to have fifty times that many more to each one, Captain, that will come right square in, because every friend brings a friend, and somebody else brings a friend. (Wish I could see them.) That is one of the links that is missing. When they come in just from a wireless, and you don't take hold of it, the old coffee-mill might stop grinding. Captain, your cabin is warm from the lowest deck up to the bonnet. That is the sky-scraper on the ship. Well, Captain, you have invited the best from the spiritual side; they will all come in, and they will fill up the old log-book with the old home sayings and their blessings and the jest and the yarn. In the changing of the old coat and coming back they need no long worn-out sanctimonious face, standing up like an old tombstone. I get down and work up and do the work the Old Man gives me.

You like to walk through your cabin, from the first deck up, don't you? You have lots of fine spots around you, Captain. You can get a snap-shot in one place and a snap-shot in another, just as you can turn your face around to look where the sun is. (How is the medium's sister Julia?) Captain, the Indians have lifted her out by this time. I think so. There was a phase of a dropsical condition there. (They want the medium to go on.) She is the spiritual spot for every one in that family, and when they get down in trouble they want to play with the spark as you play with the wires here. They say there is no other sister like this sister ever put in boots. But they don't like me. They think I am a kind o' cussin' fellow. Do they think I come back and say a great long prayer, and a great long hymn, and then set up a halleluhia? But you know that would not be any assistance to them to help push them along, would it, Captain?

They want more spiritual dough into their own blood, so it can be dissolved, you know, and when they become more spiritual, why, Captain, it is the easiest thing out, like getting down a ladder. You know you can go down a great deal quicker than you can go up. Well, Captain, we are all happy to get into your cabin. I am master of ceremonies, with the little gal here and the redskins, and when I cannot do better, I come in and look on and into the lines, and look after things instead of the redskins. But we are going to have old Red Wing talk to you. He has been off on a spiritual vacation. When you do hear him, you will feel as if he was a white man made into two Indians. (I will take down his full message for the medium.) That is a kind o' double deck, to hear her words over the telephone when they have never been heard before. (George, it is nice to have so many friends return.) That was the greatest compliment to all your friends, that every one who wanted to might hold on to the spiritual compass and come into Captain Snipes' cabin and leave a message. And they will come in with their own expression, instead of hanging out on another line.

(Do you visit Sparkill?) Why, Captain, I go over and hunt around that old cabin, looking around. They are always like a country wagon going along the road, they have always got a swing in them. (What of the husband?) He is fighting his way up the line. They want to place him in a good position. He is a well-enough fellow, Captain, but half the time he don't know how he is sending out his messages. He can be as forgetful of his expressions

as an old man can forget his spanks. But we are always welcome, whether we meet a little scrap or not. They miss the little mammy up there, Captain, because when they wanted a message they only had to send for the boys. When right down under their own sail-cloth they like a chat, just as you do, then they are all off. (How is the wife?) Captain, two or three influences have tried to get hold of her every time she gets where there are any forces. That is not the first time those forces have come in, especially when the little gal is around.

We do not want any one that is obstreperous. She is afraid of the Indians; she would not like them packed into her physical make-up as into some one else. We brush them out, and they promise to be more quiet. (The medium calls the roll nearly every night, with names, descriptions and messages, from friends of my youth and family over forty years ago.) I come in just when the little gal is dropping into sleep, but my line is right around my searchlight. I let my boys, my devoted spiritual fellows, lie right around the little old gal, especially the twin sister, the twin soul, the little mother lady. They kind o' divide up each other. The little mother will take up a little more energy and moving force, and the little gal will become more quiet. They are both two united souls, Captain, both hand-and-touch with one another. Sometimes we find them pretty well mixed, more when you are absent, when there is nothing to intervene, and they are just drifting, one thinking of the other. Then we find them absorbed in one another. You know you are the little mother's biggest baby, and she nestles right down here in your nest. Don't suppose we take her any time up to see ——. He is so afraid that somebody thinks he may think something of spirits, that the word spirits to him is like a bear with a thousand tails and each tail is on fire. That little wife keeps things to herself, and she feels kindly towards you, but she don't talk it. We are trying to make some lights in their home, but he only throws out shot and shell.

Well, Captain, every man has a will, but when he mentally tries to harm, that is another question. If things are going to be done his way, why, it will be all right. They have all kind o' buried the past, and yet, if they saw you they would want to feel they live in polite society. But, Captain, there is no place like the little nest home where the little mammy likes to come. You have not got away from her, not a bit, and she has not got away from you. That man is an old rooster with no feathers. He governs the house all the way through; his word is law. Why, Captain, he doesn't know how to write a decent letter—spells badly. But, Captain, you did the fair thing, you could not do better anywhere. So you just let them run along and live their own life. They sort o' imagine from your location that you have spread all the wind you had on your sail. They don't know you. That little gal is the best of them all. When we want the little mammy we just let her look at the folks that are coming down to take the other folks by the hand. It is a sight before our eyes, just like the masts of ships out at sea, you see them anywhere.

You know, Captain, I could use the old gal for hours without tiring her. Captain, you have a fine little crew in this ship, and sometimes you won't know one little woman from the other one, Captain; and your little old gal that has gone and come back, she don't want any other cabin, so she can live with my old gal and my old gal with her, and I with the two of them. Why, Captain, I never let them have a little talk unless I am about; and I let her stay as long as she wants. We never want to break sails. Do you know you are going to have a little dedication here? The little mother conceived it, and the other little sister, mother Beecher. Spiritually they band in the same atmosphere.

Jan. 23. Medium: Joe, Dr. Krebs is putting a row of new shoes on the table; brings some one with him who was a shoemaker. Good natured, and a queer nose at the end. Boone. (Mr. Amos, shoemaker, lived next to house in Virginia which I bought for mother from a Mr. Boone. Can you give me the name of the florist on other side?) William P. Fallon. (Correct.) The doctor lived two blocks off. (True.) Mr. Manning is here. He seems to be stronger than the woman was, better educated man than the people he lived with. (Newark, N. J.) Dear sister Phœbe is here. Comes to leave her loving and best

wishes. (Phœbe Cary.) She likes the change. The spiritual is crystalized with the best. And Mary. She was not made for the hard stones of life, a mother, gentle as an infant. Mr. Johnson. They are all in your new home, and in the blessings that they see and know are given to you. You must take it for granted that we are always with you, for we have united our spirit work, and our blessings will bring you the happiness you so much need. A new performance does not always make pleasant music, but we shall be able to give you the full names of our friends and workers, and all the things which will make up the meetings you will note down, even if disjointed.

Jan. 24. Medium: Mrs. Somerville. (A medium I met in New York.) Hughes. Your mamma's maiden name. (Correct.) There is some illness in Mr. Hare's house. Don't know whether it is the mother or not. Everything there is in a line of care. Their house looks to me like a frame house. (Mother and house correct.) Jennie Potter is here tonight. She has the loveliest canary. (Had a pet canary in life.) Oh, here is Miss Beecher, Amoretta. You darling old girl. I am so glad you are here. No, we did not elope. Did George put an anchor to the chain? Says she has found him a worker, and he is one of the best and bravest. I will keep you seesawing for a while, but I will bring you where you belong. Says she is very glad to be a guest of your home. She is so happy to be here, looks so well. (Will Henry Ward come to us sometime?) Yes, he will be glad to come. He was always fond of things that were spooky in this life, and he is still fond of them in spirit life. There are so many friends here, and they are all pleased with you. I think Mr. Judge's mother is here tonight. I am quite sure. Oh, yes, it is she. Her face is clear and her complexion is clear. She is sitting in the big rocker.

Miss Beecher says Mrs. Billing is one of the last infants to come over. It is a moving picture all the time. She says: Lydia, your powers remain true to the needle. The educated and the classical do their work well. (Also the Indians?) We love and honor them, and very often obey their wishes. When unrolled from the blanket of the Indians, we have been charged with magnetic forces, and our bodies are renewed and made strong and healthy. If you could see the heads of some of our old friends that are now walking down the old hills of life, you would think the Indians had pow-wowed all their brains and let the feathers grow out of their old skulls. Bushnell. I hear somebody talking of Mrs. Bushnell. (Friend of Mrs. Wakeman some years before.) Taller than I am, long face, full forehead, blue-gray eyes. (Correct.)

Jan. 30. (Presenting a sealed letter from Mrs. —— of Virginia): My, isn't she of a nervous temperament? Talk about energy. She seems brimming full of it. I think she has a little neuralgia or weakness of one eye. It waters, and with sharp pain, not lasting. (Fact.) There is a tall gentleman, with high forehead. He is a very bright force. I like him very much; but I think he passed on with lung trouble; quite feeble some time before. He comes as if he is very much interested in her. If it is her husband, he is older than she. Has a generous face. He would let her do whatever he thought was wise. Don't think he was a severe man. (Correct.) I see a stout man now, full face, rather young face. Don't know whether it is a brother. Has she had any one in her family so much troubled as if he would like to commit suicide? Her mother has gone, too, hasn't she? She is more quiet than any of them. They take that more from another side of the family. I don't see her father as close to her as her husband. I see the writer of this letter is very much interested now, and some others, in a sum of money they are trying to solve. She does not seem to get as much of it as someone else. Something about enlarging the place where this letter was written. She has the loveliest girl about her, rather short and stout, eyes pretty, sort of bluish-gray, one that loves her very much, one above the average girl. She goes to the girl's home more than the girl goes to her place. Has she a brother that is not very well? Some one who in time might develop trouble in his throat? Her own health is better, but she has a slight catarrhal trouble. Her husband is a kindly man. I think he was married before he married her. She did everything she could for him in their

short, married life. (Mrs. —— advised me later that she fully recognized the truth of all the foregoing statements.)

George: . . . She is well-meaning and well-doing. She never was better placed in all her life. She always wanted to be head of the fife and drum corps, to lead every move they make. She was knocked over like blue blazes. She never thought you would be spliced, she thought she was to be the one. Captain, with her you never would have had any spookland. She would not have had any sympathy with the things you like, only to be interested for the time. She would have had a house full of company, and the family would have moved right around her.

Feb. 5. Medium, seeing and hearing: Brooks. William Hall. (Both formerly with J. H. Lane & Co., 110 Worth St.) Phœbe Cary. The name is right over your head. (You have not forgotten me?) My beloved friend and brother, No. The winter's snows and the summer's suns have not kept us apart. Wiona says, medy and I brought her. She says she is anticipating the re-union of our old-time meetings.

Harriet Beecher Stowe next controlled at some length, discoursing about mother Mary, other spirit friends present, and the home; referred most accurately to my mental moods at times, and to material conditions and necessities.

Mary: Joe, I am strong tonight. The old Indians have been very kind, and I am learning to be more myself, Joe. I am so very happy to have so many good friends. We are going to have our old meetings again. This is a bigger room than our little room where we used to sit. I love our new home. I can walk and look and enjoy. This is my boy's headquarters (the library), and it is home to us. The red room my boy says is the receiving-station. I want to talk in every room. I am going to go in the company's room after a while and talk to you, Joe. It makes no difference where it is, it is all nice, and it is our new home, and we are quality folks. (Do you go with Lyddy tomorrow?) I am going to stay with you while Lyddy is away. You know we have been together only a year. You must not wonder that Lyddy and hers want to see each other. Our house is full of strangers tonight, in every room. This is the dedication night. They belong to the medium's two bands. You look so well and natural, and I want you to be happy. I am getting so strong. Red Wing helped Lyddy and myself. Pa is here, and Ma. We are going to have many nice meetings, Joe. (Do you know sister Harriet Beecher?) She is an exalted spirit, and I know she loves Mother Wakeman. All the Indians love you, Joe; absorb all the bad blood; you were just full of it, Joe, not so much now. I am laughing at the Indian placing some feathers on your baldness to cover the top of your head. This is a new life, for one woman to see so many chiefs and braves and squaws. It is a new life for me, Joe. Wiona says she wants them to make your hair grow like theirs. She is full of life now going away for the different tribes. When we see one we look for the other, Tommie and Wiona. . . .

Feb. 14. Father (embracing): I am with my boy at all times. I have been waiting for this opportunity to come and talk with you, my boy. Yes, I am going to love you for old Ma's sake and mine, too. After a while Ma will come and have her little talk with you, like I do. I have brought all the new and old souls to see my boy's residence, and my boy. I invited them, many from our other home, our home in God's land (the South), some that never wanted to get away from their old schools. I want to come and have a good old meeting time with this little woman, and I want everybody to come to the preach-house. And we want better conditions. The old ship must be turned up the stream. I don't want you to think you can make these two little women folks just in the same mold. You cannot do it, my boy. And then you crush the spiritual fragrance out of your rose. I never could come and hold your wife if your old friend did not help me to control. He is holding and I am taking, and we are both working together. I want you to be just as happy as you have power to be, my boy. And I do not want you all your life-long to have my temper in your blood, my nervous disposition, my body. I want you to make your life happy, because you have everything to give you all the happiness you can enjoy. I always told you I wanted you to have a home where you could enjoy

yourself, but you cannot unless you can hear from your Pa and Ma and all the old folks at home. We want you to have a revelation that belongs to our side of life.

My boy, you must not try to make two women live alike. That is your mistake. Old father Adam could not do that. You are not just to yourself nor just to Lyddy when you want one mold to fit two bodies. You cannot do it. (Referring to magnetism and temperament.) We had a long time to make perfect our work. We all feel that all my old friends can come into your home and control, and be themselves. There is not another woman in the world now that is adapted to me like your Lyddy. We all see she is full of love and affection. I love her more, I think, than my boy does. You have an opportunity to enjoy the spirit, and you understand only partially Lyddy's nature.

Medium (recovering): Do you know who I think is here, Joe? Miss Osgood. (Did she suffer much?) No, the fright was more than the suffering. She has a handful of flowers, the beautiful daffodils. She seems to be so sorry that her brother did not send a picture of her from her home to Madam. And will you write and tell my old friend I am still working to have them send some of my little cherished home pieces? Dear Emma understands. You must know I shall be often with you. I did not dream that the next time I met you I should see you in your beautiful bridal home. (Met her in Chelsea Hotel; soon after killed by automobile.)

There is an Indian here who says his name is Falling Timber. Says he has just examined the parlor chandelier and found the gas leaking above the electric, at the top, opposite the fire-place. (On investigation, found to be a fact.)

Feb. 18. Mother: First time through Lydia. Few words only. Glad to come. We all love you. Must go. Will stay longer next time. Pa is coming.

Father: The old Virginians would think . . . dollars a fortune. (Naming cost of house.) They would want to buy the town. If you do not mind, I will come in and make love to the medium. (Glad you like the house.) There is no use in coming so near to you if we did not appropriate and appreciate it. . . .

Amorette Beecher: (Long time trying to control.) I shall try again to make the effort to come to you. I have been introduced to you quite a number of times since I have gone to the higher world. (By whom?) By one of your own flesh and blood. I shall be stronger when I come to you again. I do not want anyone to support me, or help me to gain a controlling power over my friend Lyddy. I want to come on an independent basis, and feel that I do not need the assistance of the good old Indians or my own friends. I want to work my own passage. This is the first time I have tried to control, not the first time I have made my appearance. I dislike to talk in another one's voice. I want to be my own chairman, my own congregation. I want to learn my own way and do my own work. I do not wish to wait for any special control to help me to gain my place in this circle. (Has Lyddy seen you clairvoyantly?) I have shown myself in my natural state many times since coming into the new world full of new life, a life full of new worlds. More when I come again.

Feb. 27. Medium: Wiona and Tommy are here. Says you are her white papa now, not chief. Says she was with you to the sounding and the music. (Glee Club.) Her other medy didn't go, wanted to stay in the wigwam, didn't want to go in a crowd. Wiona likes our music better. Says she is going to have such a happy time, going to have lots of pale faces and chiefs to your wigwam. Likes both medys, one on one arm, the other on the other, and you in the middle. She is full of fun tonight. Everybody going to get married, she thinks she will get married, too. Going to wear white flowers. (Are she and Tommie sweethearts?) They both like each other in a childish way. She says she will tell her white papa; cannot tell him tonight. She seems so absolutely devoted to Tommie. And Tommie likes her. I can hear some one say, Good evening, Mr. Snipes. Like an old gentleman. Nathaniel. (Nathaniel Johnson.) Had high voice. No more making of deeds or drawing of wills. Mary gathered us in first, and we gathered her in afterward. (Attended Mother Mary's circles years ago.) Mary walked up and down the floor with me, talking. Am stronger when walking. Tommie does not stay and attend to business, but goes off courting with Wiona.

Mar. 13. Red Wing, first time, and most earnestly: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. I am glad to come to your evening meeting, and to register my name as your chief, Red Wing. I am glad to be with you, and happy to see your friends whom I have met many times in your home circle. I have met you before you were the husband of my medium. I have been greatly pleased to hold the welcoming hand of the dear soul who kept you so closely guarded in your spiritual work and in your broader field of effort. And I am visiting in the new home with the friends that live in both worlds with you. I am pleased to see many of your friends here tonight, and I have been one who takes an extra part in giving truth, in demonstrating the power of life beyond the tomb. I am not an Indian. Not a touch of Indian blood ever flowed through my veins, but I have lived under the tent and worn the redskin's blanket, and enjoyed their wild free life. Later it shall give me much pleasure to tell you of my Indian life, and of my earlier life before joining the camp life. I loved the wild life of the Indian, the open free life of the red man who is untrammeled, and one who feels that God is everywhere. And I also associated myself with friends who are not in touch or in sympathy with our much abused Indian brother. It matters little what our name or our vocation may be, when we are creating the life that makes our friends or our relatives come nearer to the truth of Immortality. When I meet a friend, I always like to say to him that I admire his spirit of greatness and goodness. And let me say to you, I admire your spirit in clinging to the old flag of truth, holding your head in touch with your own spiritual band who have long since been as true to you as the sun to your material earth. We are congratulating you in filling your world with the food that is good for your soul, and that is meant for your body also, your communications. It is everything to you, and so it should be with every honest man who holds that he is a believer in the two worlds, and if a believer in the two worlds he has then the hinges that make the two worlds one, not one hinge, but many. I am greatly pleased to tell you that I have met and talked with each one of your old guides, your spiritual workers, and your friends of long ago. They are like yourself, grateful that you are enjoying this privilege which means so much to your new and old life. It was a miracle of goodness with every one who has been your friend and teacher in your own spiritual home. Every voice created it for you, every heart gave you its love and affection when you made your sail on the matrimonial sea. (Is Mother Mary still with me?) She is always in your house, always near to you, and those that are nearer, your father, your mother, your sister, all who have birthright claim upon you, I have met within your walls. I have been made happy and felt a responsive influence in my coming to you. I am not very often called to this line of duty. I am like a bird of prey going in every direction, and doing good, a worker in the great spiritual cause, bringing together and cementing together those that have been separated through unknown or perhaps unjust cause. This is my work, quite different from the mission that belongs to another worker with our medium. Quite different indeed, Mr. Snipes, is my mission among the friends and strangers of your side of life. In my material life and career I have been one that as a man has wrecked his own life, who tore down every principle of manhood, because I was fond of the green monster that kept possession of my soul, and I cruelly tried and at last blasted the life of the only woman that God ever gave me to love, through the spirit of jealousy. The green monster held me until my soul was poisoned, and I felt as if there was no goodness, no purity, no virtue, no innocence in any woman whom I looked upon. After realizing the great crime that I had committed, the great wrong that I had brought to another's life, and how I left my home of affluence, where every one respected an aged brother and a much-loved father, I fought my way far westward. The life of the red man enticed me. His freedom from wrong, his open life, attracted me. I joined the red man's tribe, I donned the feather and wore the blanket, until my blood and my great arm seemed to take the color of my red brother. Years of remorse and tears and bitter silence followed me, and since then I have lived to help woman. A strange life indeed for a man who felt himself to be a man of honor, a man of culture. And I have come along the trail of the fallen, of the weaker ones, and tried to atone for my life and to redeem it in the

name of her whom God knows how much I loved. (Is she in spirit life?) Did I not tell you that my cruel treatment compelled her to pass away with a crushed heart?

(Have you met her since?) No, not yet. She seemed too pure to come back to this wandering world in which I am working to help bring strength to other souls that I might save. And when I see one that is breaking through the chain that is holding her honor, as if it were something that no man respected, I rush to her and try to awaken a greater will in her soul that seems beyond the feeling of virtue, of honesty and refinement. Mr. Snipes, you do not know what a life of this sort means to a man who has lived in your world and is living in the world beyond. I was rocked in the cradle of old Catholicism, and I still cling to the spirit of atonement, and it gives me comfort to know that I have made an impression for good, and have stirred a soul that seemed ready to plunge down into an abyss that is darker than hell itself. The life of a man, the doings of a boy, I have no interest in, but believe me, Mr. Snipes, I hope I shall have many nights of pleasure in talking with you, and with your dear ones who have watched you nobly and truly through your long experience and knowledge. It is not a belief that your dear ones are a part of yourself.

I have been feeling that I had no right to take any more of your valuable time. I see many dear ones who have spoken to you, who have caressed you, who have loved you just the same as if they were in their material body, and I am giving you a chance to hear the voice of Red Wing. You will know that Red Wing is trying to stir the life within and to wipe out later on a life that he has lived but not forgotten. This is my mission, and I thank God for the blessing that it is not only a mission, but that it is an essential to human progress, not as something that another may disbelieve, but as I believe it, and when I get warmed up in the spirit and feel that one more word, another expression may be a saving link, my soul goes out to the Great Spirit of all love, and I feel that I have advanced one step nearer to my lost angel. (And you expect to meet her?) I shall meet her, or there cannot be a God. Friend, when you no longer hear my voice, or miss me at your table, you will realize that your friend Red Wing has touched the hem of the white garment of the woman who is his soul, his God. (How did you find this medium?) They told me there was one person whom I could readily use for great good. Listen while I tell you. You know that among the proud, the haughty, the very rich, the very fashionable, there is greater sin than among the poor and the heart-like creation of woman-kind.

(Have you controlled often?) I have many times manifested, many times when your medium and my medium has waved the banner of truth in the old world. (England.) It is there where we went to pluck out the spirit of disloyalty. (Social or political?) I do not turn my attention to the political world, or care to feast at the board of kings and dukes and lords. It is woman I want to save. I loved one of your dear States here, Massachusetts. The soul that has gone on, my wife, lived in Boston. How I wronged her, when her life was as innocent as a baby's days. There was not a word against her pure breath. (You did not kill her?) By condemning. It was the most cruel way of killing. The murderer's blow is indeed bad, but it was worse to condemn, to crush, to make a soul feel that I had no feeling of love and only one of jealousy. Mr. Snipes, it is a sad story, and it makes my heart grow more sad repeating it to you. I have never told my life but to you. (We all have our faults.) It is true, but I realized woman's work and fashion and social standing, that she had a broader margin to work upon, that she could do all sorts of things that meant evil to men and corruption to woman. I passed into the great realm of life with this thought, and I wanted to find a medium who had close friends that I might reach, that I might touch, that I might waken to the truth, and I have not been mistaken.

(Have you not outgrown the past?) Not at all. I have thrown away the old life, and the trammels of my evil ways, and the old man is washed out of my blood, but this is one of the greatest crimes that is handed down to man or woman, the jealousy that clouds the reason and the intellect, and it is most damnable. Oh, it eats like a viper, stinging into the very marrow, and into the very life's blood that flows through the veins and vitals. (You

will yet forget it all.) It is such an incentive that tells me I can grow onward and upward. I can look around and watch and follow closely the lives and acts of men, and I try to draw close enough to know their very inner soul, and when I realize I am doing good, and have made one woman, one sister, a better, truer being, another life is added to mine, and the atonement brings me closer to my child-wife. It is a burning thought, a life that is all my own, to know that I shall go to her somewhere in the realms above my humble life where my soul shall be fresh as hers, our blessed Mother Mary will leave her blessing at our door, and we shall live no longer in a world of wrong and misjudging.

(That is a grand hope, Red Wing?) It is not a hope, Mr. Snipes, it is the life. Hope would not help me, it would not make me satisfied. I should want to bury myself within the old tent and hide my body in the old Indian blanket, if it were only a hope, but, Mr. Snipes, it is life, life, life! I shall be born into that life just as much as the babe is born from the womb of its mother. I have conversed with those on higher planes than mine, who have not had to work out a sin that was stained by their soul's sad conditions, and at last I look around and feel that my spiritual surroundings are indeed exalted and fast leading into the beautiful and into the glorious dawn of that new morning when I shall meet my angel-wife. And, dear Mr. Snipes, believe me, I feel as if I want to bless you, because you have ventured out into a life of happiness and spiritual abundance, and you may still enjoy the higher and beautiful messages that shall be brought to you at your evening devotions. When I am speaking to a soul that wants to be awakened, I send my whole being into every expression and every syllable I use; I want it to do its work. I do not want to have it like the passing thought that leaves without creating good and mastering the soul with a desire for the higher and brighter life. When your spiritual meeting is thoroughly organized into the home circle, you will not find a spirit of rank jealousy running madly through the veins and poisoning the very heart. You will then have your tests at home, you will have your friends believe and know that the dear ones who have gone to the realms of love and life are ever near them, watching and doing all to promote their life beyond the shadow of the grave.

Let me again congratulate you and say to you, I am exceedingly happy to be one of your guests of the evening. I have been made many times welcome by your beautiful aged mother. (M. W.) She is always present to welcome those who are called into your beautiful home as workers for the best. I consider the man or the woman who cannot understand spiritual things is more dead than those they have buried beneath the mother earth. I have shaken hands with your old and venerable father, and your own dear mother who gave you your life, and who is part of you in your spiritual garden of love and growth. I cannot name all in this one talk, but they are pleased and gratified to be always with you. I shall come again to see you. I may at any time break into your flow of conversation and mingle with you. You will not object, will you? (No, indeed.) I shall remember this, and may come like the bird from its nest to your nest, adding a few more words that may make you remember your new friend Red Wing, the white man in the Indian camp.

While reading the foregoing to the medium, numerous strong raps were showered all over the table.

Harriet Beecher Stowe (controlling): Good evening, my friend. Allow me to introduce to you my brother Henry. He is right here in person, not in spirit, because he has got his brown coat, brown pantaloons, and black shoes. He is not dressed in his ministerial robes tonight, he is just dropping in, you know, and is always on our platform on Saturday evening. After a time we shall have our Sunday morning services. I am looking forward for that grand old time when we can give in our experiences. My good brother, I am very pleased to be again one of your guests. I have listened most intently to the words of the dear, heart-broken brother. He is quite tall, stands about six feet two, and looks as earnest in his face as if he were watching for the birth of a new kingdom. You know when we have changed the material for the spiritual, we sometimes can recall particulars; then at other times

they seem as blank as the walls of the tomb. Sometimes we meet a friend and see the face and the expression, and it brings another world before us, and then we can talk of the things we once remembered here. But now we can say, we are living in a world with a crown upon our heads. I shall always feel at home with you, my dear friend and brother, for you know you have a heart and brain. I personally love the medium, and I love the dear, saintly mother who gave you your volumes of knowledge, and she is the great central soul that loves us all; so you know you are right in the beehive of love and affection, and don't get a sting. (Will your brother Henry address us soon?) He is coming shortly, and so is Amorette. She is visiting some friends away off in Chicago, but she is coming, and I know you will be delighted to have her, because she was a warm, interested friend of my mouthpiece. I was just waiting for the old, white Indian to retire so that I could come in without a blanket, and you have opened your doors and your windows and I can come.

I love to come into your new, beautiful and spiritual home, the resort of the kings and queens that belong on our side of life. We always give them a welcome, and my little mouthpiece is always ready to lend her eyes and ears for our benefit. But I wish she would not wear mourning. I do not like to see mourning. Black is an emblem of sorrow. (Let all the friends come and see us.) We could not have them all around brother Henry's throne. He would have to ask God to make another world for us, a still larger one than our new and old world. You know that in our first effort to control one makes a mangle of it, but when we have used the brain, when the thought and body are ours, then we can be more perfect. Sometimes it feels like creeping into my old material cell for the time. (Are there more than the two worlds?) We are studded with worlds, we have worlds everywhere. We expect to be born into another world after a time. I presume I shall always be Aunt Harriet, no matter how high we shall climb on the tree of life. We always love the names of father and mother, sister and brother, and we must retain the old parent name and resemblance. I have walked with my little mouthpiece, and heard her talk to the walls, dancing like an Indian on your carpets, and she enjoys everything in a childlike fashion.

Henry will not talk tonight, but he is here, and interested in what we say. I am pleased and happy when I can come and sit at the table. I am always slipping in and slipping out when you are recording the little messages of love and kindness. Every one of the friends expresses his own feeling. It is indeed a happy and helpful influence, not only for your truth's sake, but it means so much for the dear friends who are tripping in and out of your beautiful home. They all like to come in. We are going to brother Snipes' home and see if we can give him a word, and if not, we can listen to others. So we are happy either way to be with you, happy to come into your life. You know you are learning one great lesson, to make your own heart grow, so you can know and understand the two souls that belong to you. There are times when my heart is not light, my brain seems to whirl, I do not know how to manage this little affair that seems for a while bewildering, your holding to another while you grow into each other's life, but you are loving the one, and growing to understand and love the other. I did not know what the outcome might be. I sometimes would shudder when I came to my mouthpiece and felt that her spirit had been wounded, and that we wanted to hide away. You know you had lived so long in the old life and the old communion that you felt the new must not change it, and I was grieved, and you were grieved, we all were grieved, but I think your Pa was more grieved than he could tell you. And of course we all felt that you were committing an error; but you are beginning to understand, and it makes me very happy, because we love you as well as my mouthpiece, and we are so glad to make a new altar; but you have taken both spirits to make the one. You cannot live so long with the invisible as you can with the visible, can you? And yet you cannot live without the invisible any more than we can live in your world and not be appreciated. (Did Mr. Beecher see the honor recently paid him in his church?) He is indeed very pleased, and he can realize how many noble souls hon-

ored and loved and revered his name in your world. And he is very pleased when he looks around the great field of work in our world to find the upturned faces, the new and the old faces, listening to him, wanting to follow and be close to him. Just take from us the power of speech until we are organized, made over, as it were, in our spiritual body, and then the brain, the tongue, the expression, the eye, are all as clear as the noonday sun, and we babble on like the waters that run down the brook. Brother Henry still goes on with his preaching, gets up his preaching blood.

Do you know what our preaching, our word of advice means? It is to shape all our lives, our prayers, our good-will, in a loving friendship for the dear, downtrodden ones who live so close to the earth that they know not where or how they live, and we can do so to far better advantage than to preach to those on earth. We do not have to say, we have gone to the first, second or third realm of life; be careful, you are going to meet a God of vengeance. We say, look at our lovely gardens, our friends, our flowers, our sunrise, how beautiful. And we are still going onward, and the next scale will be richer, more fragrant, and we will grow and expand as we go onward and upward. And then we may never reach the end. We cannot anticipate, we only know; like the man with a full purse and happy children, and everything around him for his material enjoyment. He is happy, because he has the God-like spirit within that carries him into another world where he is enjoying the spiritual life. We have no talk about an angry and frowning God, about Hell and the tomb. They would wonder what we were speaking about, and would look at us and think we were blaspheming the name of a bountiful Creator.

Mar. 21. Medium: There is a gentleman here with your Papa named Chandler, a minister, or one interested in public life. (A Methodist minister in my early life.) Mother Mary spoke at length about Jennie Potter, herself and us. Perry. (A friend of Dr. Krebs.) Julia Wilcox. (Connecticut friend of Mary's.) The doctor loved to play checkers. Has got a checkerboard on the table. (A passion with him in earth life.) Caroline. In the doctor's family. Mr. Baldwin. A large man and strong Spiritualist. (A visitor years before.) I see Dr. Krebs in a little store. Two show cases, a long and a short one. (Correct; had such a store in Staunton, called Cash Corner.) There's a Beebe here. Must have been active in the Church. (Knew him in 1872. Landlord and churchman.) Dr. Hugh--Hughart. Thomas Adams. (From Richmond.) Joe, here is Julia. She is all in white tonight, as if she has gone through a beautiful spiritual development. Not alone and forsaken, but happy and blest. She is with her own band, and with one that was like a mother, the one that was down-town. (Mrs. Dr. Wetherbee.) Her home life was wrecked, not the life she sought when she came here. (First returned through Foster, in 1873.)

Nathaniel Johnson: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. (In his natural high voice.) I do not have to tell a little fib to come now. (Had to account to his disbelieving wife.) I can come at any time with my friend. I don't have to pay twenty-five cents. (Circle fee. Referred to Mrs. C——, a materializing medium we visited with Mother Wakeman.) And you were not satisfied. (True.) This was our Friday night, circle night. I hear a name that sounds like Minnie Sutherland. (Baltimore friend.)

Mar. 26. Greeley: I think it is easier to wear another man's suit of clothes than it is to use the body and the brains of another. Coming to you tonight, I am not a stranger, and yet I cannot use my own vocal organs as I hope to do in the near future. I find it not a hard task, but a delicate one, to use the brain and to creep in the body of your medium, because I am obliged to have the Indian builders to help me. Some one, you know, stands on guard when a new spirit cannot personally come in to shake the hand of an old friend. I am an old friend of yours, my voice has been heard in your other home, and I have been able to demonstrate my individual and spiritual powers through one whom you honored and loved; but, as you see, I am laboring under a disadvantage, because it is my first appearance to you in a new body, to plant my ideas in a new brain. I am glad to be here with you, and I hope I shall be a power and an influence in your home. I shall feel it not only a pleasure but a privilege as a spiritual worker starting out from one boundary line into another of real life to peep in and

see if each one has a seat around the table. Each one uses his best force to demonstrate his personality and his power of speech, but we must come a number of times before we can use the instrument to our satisfaction. We trust that your newly elected President may be all that this nation has hoped, and we hope to see fairer play, better judgment, and a firmer grip in material matters, so there will not be so many serious failures in the next four years. I still say, Young man, go West, go West. When you live in the heart of pollution, why, your clothes get tainted with it, and the brain unconsciously absorbs it.

Medium (clairvoyantly): Daddy. (Do spirits sleep?) They have rest, but are never unconscious, not like yourselves. Will you kindly say that Bee Adams is present? (Elizabeth Ammons, daughter of father's sister, Charles City Co., Virginia, always called "Bee" instead of Elizabeth.)

Apr. 3. Phœbe Cary: I wish I might talk. My dear friend and brother. (Her opening words for years. Still faithful, sister Phœbe.) We should always be faithful in love and fearless in war. We could not have a world if it were not made from the elements of love. There is no life without love. I feel at home with you and our dear arisen sister Mary. I know that your new home and spiritual surroundings are bound together by the chain of love and new affection. I knew of this plan, and know it will be the opening of a new life clothed in the old form. When I am stronger, and have been your guest a little longer, I shall be able to express my feelings and my appreciation. I am trembling, not from the spirit of fear or want of confidence, but it is a new experience. (You loved our old-time meetings.) Oh, yes, I loved the spiritual meetings. I was very often with you in the long, long ago. You have a very charming home, and it is a resting, growing home, full of spirit presence.

Harriet Beecher Stowe: I am here again, my dear kind friend and brother. I was very pleased to see your old friend who made her weak and feeble way to the front. If we never try, we never know what can be done, or how well. I am always at home, always my own self when I can come to my mouthpiece, and I am sure that all of the other friends and beloved ones in good time shall do quite as well as myself. We have many dear ones here this evening, perhaps many you may or may not know, or may not remember, but you know all are welcome. They talk in the light of freedom, and why should it not be so? (When do you begin the Sunday service?) When we have just a breath of warm spring. In the morning it will be as calm and beautiful and soft and mellow as a baby's love. Then we shall open our Sunday meetings, and it is to be a free platform for giving experiences and expressing appreciation of our admission into your home circle. (Who will be the President of the meetings?) I know the one you would honor. Brother Henry always had many followers, and in his new home the dear little ones love to hang right around him, clasping his limbs, and walking through the beautiful green, in the sunshine of love and happiness. We have always been a natural family, each one abiding in the love and affection of the other. My good friend and brother, there are many who would like just to express their former sense, and you know that all of my old brown and black toes are so willing to render assistance, and give support to the weaker ones. It is not an easy matter to come holding another body, controlling a strange brain, using another tongue which is so foreign to our own, and we are so happy to find one like our mouthpiece, my beautiful mouthpiece, and in time I know you will have the pleasure and the satisfaction of hearing from many of your spirit friends, with a clasp of the hand from many that were unknown to you in the physical; but we know we make new friends in the spirit, and then we feel as if we were your guests at any time in any gathering you may have. After all it is the spirit that gives expression to the feeling of happiness and gratification of knowing each other. I know that your friend who spoke to you before I came will be pleased to grow stronger and make her own voice be heard like my own. But practice makes perfect, and with your own friends who have used your beautiful mother with so many repeated communications, it is just like wading into the physical, the nominal body. But how timid we grow at times, how fearful we are that we cannot do all that we desire to do.

(Did Phœbe have this feeling?) The vibrations, the blended physical and spir-

itual conditions make the whole atmosphere for your beloved ones to enter, and created in her a spirit of fear. (It is difficult at first?) It depends upon the two distinct natures, the temperament, the spiritual blending. But when we have one that has been lodged, as it were, standing out like a great pedestal, bearing the life and light from the other world, like my mouthpiece, there are few that have not the privilege of coming, as they did in entering and addressing you in your spiritual home. (Is Henry Ward here tonight?) In spirit he is always to be remembered as among your guests. It is your fireside, your little post, to which all love to be brought. (Are your literary friends with you?) Why, my dear brother, we are meeting all the time, we are clasping hands all the time, we are exchanging love greetings and sentiments and the spiritual blessings around the cycle of our spiritual growth. We love to meet them and to bring them within your walls. (If I should lose the medium, could I find another like her?) We do not think it advisable to plan for another companionship. We feel that one who has been honored with the love and affection of the two that you have honored, has enough, and don't you think you have had your full expression? I want to widen your garden path and crowd it with flowers of affection that shall always be in bloom and in blossom. You are widening your path of usefulness, and you will have your hours of great happiness and satisfaction in knowing the dear ones are creeping in, able to give you a hand and a word of good cheer from our side of life. Every plan, every effort is to give the fullest freedom to your little mother, our little queenheart, as we call her, that she may come at any time, and not have to wait for certain days or certain places, or an hour that may be convenient. You should live in the spirit of hope, I shall be the spirit of charity, and my mouthpiece the spirit of love. Now that is the sheaf of wheat that will be with you at all times and sufficient food for your spiritual uplift and the fulfillment of all things that shall be added to your beautiful home. We are at home, and we see many that do not know you, neither do I know them. They come and leave a word or message, and so I say that one of the recording angels is always in the receiving room. I cannot think that you fully understand what your dear ones in our world are doing for you. I think my brother Henry will be able to express it to you. (Who is the recording angel?) That is your new and beloved friend Red Wing. I am not going out of your beautiful home now, but I am going to leave my mouthpiece.

Sister Mollie throbbingly embraced, but could not speak, and Amorette Beecher tried but could not talk, as the others had used up the magnetism.

Apr. 9. George: Well, Captain, when I come in, I just represent about half the ship's crew. The band that sit around your cabin now to give any message that may come out from the portholes belong to another ship. I don't know, Captain, that it is worth while to take the trouble of putting down everything that I might say, because you know I always come in to chat and to bring some one else who wants to say something. Let me first represent your old daddy, Captain William, and the little mammy, and that younger little gal sister; all here. You know when we put up the flag that means flag-mast in port, not on ship. And those little gals, with their curls dangling, are always in your cabin, when you have been in the company room and up here, and not in the receiving station. (Red Room.) That is where they get ready for duty, and if there is any one mentally lame we kind o' put him on the mast until he is strong, and then we bring him right along. I want you to understand, both when you are going over your log and piling it with your mental waves, and when we are all home, having a night of recreation and spiritual upliftment, and everybody is sending in a word, Captain, from his porthole, why then you want to be feeling your Sunday best. You do not want any dust in the bonnet. That is the last sail on top, the first thing that touches the wind; and every new voice that you hear, and every old hand you shake, belongs to some one that has made his appearance but a few times with the old gal, and perhaps not at all. Then we want to be at our square best, and we want plenty of sea-room, and we don't want any kind of brain storms hanging up in the rigging. We want to be and must be at our best, or the work is going to be a failure, and you cannot steer the right way, you cannot make the sounding-board re-

peat the things that are tangible and intelligible to you. One uses one set of the brain, another another set, kind o' honeycombed, and another will use one set of nerves, and another will take another part of the body; so you see no two can control to speak alike or give the same expression. But when I come in, Captain, I belong in the sails, the boots and the blanket of the old gal. Why, I can eat with you, Captain, in the cabin below the company-deck. We want to keep our meeting time for something else. You won't have time enough to put the spars around the ship and ease it, as sometimes when we are alone with little mammy and me. Do you suppose we could have an exhibition where we cannot have some say in it, with our old tarpaulin brushed up, and our face shining the best, and not one bit of the old gal's powder put on?

But we are all here, and you know, Captain, that little mammy and I get down on the company-deck, and we get out in the big room where there are big things to look at, and we just chatter away like old land-lubbers, Captain. We are mother's boys, and we are every other mother's boys, and we take great big lessons and can walk right on deck. The old gal has been always much the same, and has always plenty of ginger in her temper. It belongs to the old gal's life just as much as quiet belonged to the little mammy's life. And you cannot expect to have two expressions alike, any more than you can find another Joseph Franklin in another body. They would not be true to the law of God, Captain. You are most in fault, because you want to make the two alike. You cannot, no more than you can make two bodies or two peas alike. There is a difference, and that makes a variation. Could you but just know and understand and appreciate both natures, then you would not see the little faults and failings. That belongs to the old Quaker, and I guess we could not boil it out, wash it out, or fry it out. You are both O. K. down to the end of your gizzard, and if it had not been so we never would have cemented the bowl, we would never have made the bridge, never kept with the receiving station, if we had to make any unhappiness or disappointment in your lives or our work.

You have always been a brave boy, or else you would never have worn the cap of independence today. Every one on the ship's crew not only takes off his tarpaulin to you, Captain, but they pat you on the back. We know, Captain, that if you just understood the old gal she would be like a babby (George—always "babby"), to you, but if you rub her the wrong way you will find the ginger flying at times, as I have looked at it. You have your cap on, and you expect it to set that way, you want to make our little mammy and the little gal alike, and they understand each other spiritually and get along together. Now we are talking with an honest, unabridged feeling, Captain, and we often see that at times you wonder that both temperaments and dispositions are different. You must remember that the things that happen here are noted over there, just the same as you put down things on your log and when there is a chance, an inward inspection, we see it over on our side, Captain; we see it and feel it. When you just get quiet there will be no need of bumps, Captain. I am always in touch with the receiving station, and if I can be of any service I come in. But the old gal is built on strong lines and the old redskins can usually do the work, unless I come and heave an anchor or two, and let some one out of the main deck so he can get afloat.

It is not so much what she says for spirits, but the power of endurance and force which we throw into their mental brains to make them grow, and for their best good. And there are always plenty of these Indian runners, thick as flies in summer-time, and where they are sent on a message, they generally stay until they feel their old pouch is full of something. We tell them what to do, they work it out, and put down a plank, Captain, and try to have the folks that come here build up spiritually or mentally, try to keep them on that plank and send them out on the high road. Captain, as we told you before, the little mammy Mary is always here to help when any one gets tired. She comes in with her quiet influence, and it is her work, too, and the old gal is just chock full of it. (When do we begin the Sunday service?) Oh, that is the women folks, that little mother Harriet that comes

along, that brings some nosegays to the little mother, and every boy that is big enough to own his name, and the man that is big enough to own his soul, does honor to the little mother, to the little quiet, restful mother. Why, she takes to the ship's crew, and she thinks she can form out a society, a convention to save drunkards, to get up a kind o' class that wants to talk on temperance, and we listen, and we tell her just how many we save from all sorts of crimes and all manner of degradation. (She did much temperance work on earth.)

Apr. 17. Medium: Johnson. Good evening, Mr. Snipes. I am through working for the Government. He comes to me like a Quaker. (He was a Quaker, then a spiritualist, and had contracts with the Government.) Mary Cobb. Rather spare, eyes not restful, but sharp-looking, and I wish she would go away. Something the matter with her head. (I saw her years ago before Board of Pardons. Had poisoned her husband for a paramour.) Mollie is here, and her husband is with her. He is such an honest, earnest talker. And Mollie is looking up in his face and laughing. She is putting her arms around your neck, because she feels that you have taken their place and been father and mother to their boy. (Medium coughing): That was your brother. He was making that feeling in my throat. (Died of consumption.) He will come back and be with you and talk. It is a happiness too great for words. He says: Take all you want; take one. (A frequent saying in his store in life.) But, Joe, you did something for him that you would not take any money for. He is taking me to a cemetery. They have a Beverly with them. (Husband of father's sister in East Virginia in my youth.) We have to know the truth when we come to the other side. It is not by preaching, but by established fact. Every path on our side leads to the path on your side, your home side, which we delight to visit. Mollie wants to hold your hand, and how happy she is to come into our little meeting. She will soon be able to talk.

Well, well, well, Mr. Snipes. I am Dan Fox. (Medium's second cousin.) Sister Barbara is with me; and Libbie. (His wife.) Tillie and Libbie used to give more satisfaction than the Fox girls I hired in my house. Lyddy's pa and ma are here. You have a fine home, and so many spirit friends live with you. Never controlled Lyddy before. Old Tomahawk has been one of the band. Well, well, well, Lyddy was like my own little girl. We never expected to see her married. I was over 70, and I was bald just like you. I was a stouter man than you. Your room is full of invisible friends tonight. Her sister Anna is here. She came all the way from Cape May to see Lyddy tonight. And Aunt Polly, she is here, too.

Lyddy has been acquainted with your spirit Wilson. When he first controlled Lyddy in my house, I thought he was a rake, because he could swear. Oh, it made my blood curdle, and I told him I thought he had better go away, and not try to live with decent folks. He was on a ship, he could not leave the water, and we soon found he was a powerful spirit, and one, if he was led to do good, would be a mighty big help in bringing communications. The first few nights he was terrific. He brought news from all over the world to us at times, and we knew that he was a well-meaning man, if he did cuss. Mr. Snipes, it takes two or three generations before it can be washed out of the blood. They may wash it out of the skin, but not out of the blood. I have been to Wilson's home since I have been progressing in the spirit world, and he has worked his way up to be a very high spirit. No better man was born than Eddy Shaw, Lyddy's father. Mr. Snipes, I want you to tell Lyddy that I just stepped on board, and had a talk with Mr. Jackson and Mr. Wilson.

Lyddy reported present, among others, a Mr. Wallace, described him most accurately, full face, blue eyes, thick whiskers, a minister. (A Baptist preacher and warm friend in Virginia.)

Apr. 22. Medium: Bennett. A lady that knew thee, Joe. Bennett and Dyer. (Both New York friends years ago.) Your papa brings a gentleman named William Cheeseman. Pretty curly hair. Charles City. Also a man with a cork leg. Mr. Bailey, a minister. Good singing voice. (In boyhood I knew Mr. Cheeseman, Mr. Taylor with a cork leg, and Rev. John Bailey.) Wiona is here. I don't forget my white father. Some one here now,

coughing. Brother John. Mrs. West, with her round, laughing face. She is so glad to come. I see a table here, a round table, with a white cloth on it, and it seems to have a glass of milk, and something else on top of the milk and smelling salts, more aromatic than a perfume, near a couch. Seems as if she is taking all the strength from me, in my chest, more on the left side. (Died of cancer in chest.) She is putting some dishes, cups and saucers on the table, as if she wanted Mary to have something. (Used to entertain us thus in 57th St.) (Whom did she have with her in her house?) I can see a stout woman, clumsy-like, but good-natured. (Sarah her servant.) An old gentleman met Mrs. West when she went into spirit life, her father. Now I get the name of William. She is calling some one Anderson. She looks more like me, full but taller. (Correct.) Her hair looks so pretty as it comes down over her face. Such a clean-looking woman. Dyer. Pleased to be remembered as a writer on Ismael life. (New York Ledger.) Who is Porter? Rather tall, high forehead, very little hair, not young, not old. (Miss Porter, a Boston medium I met. Hungry, I fed her at a restaurant.) Percy. (Son of Mrs. Boland, West End Ave.)

Apr. 25. Mother: Joe, it is me. Pa is with me. I wish you could know how happy we are, and when I see others loving you, I want to love you, too, my boy. I wish you could see how happy we are in our God's home. We are not worried about what we are going to do. This is a beautiful home. (You used to think of Church on Sunday.) I think of Joe, now, and Pa's Joe. (Is mother Mary here?) She is always in our home. She is like a girl now, without any pain. You have everything to make you happy, and when you are happy we are all happy. I can see you, and feel your neck. (A habit of hers in earth life.) This side of your world is beautiful this morning. (How is the boy Billy?) Pa says he used to be a stubborn jackass. He is a better boy now, but not in good health.

Father: This is my boy, the boy of my loins. (An old expression of his when controlling mother Wakeman in life.) I am happy to be with you again, my boy. I can hold you stronger. I tell the folks that every room is a parlor. We do not have to put on a clean shirt and go to church. We are happy all the time. I used to be like a mouse in a cage in the old homes. Now I have what belongs to me.

Krebs: This is Dr. Krebs. I am weak. Cannot do much at first. We are getting all the conditions ready for our coming in, without an entrance fee. I have made my way with your medium, but I cannot control her like I did Mother Wakeman. She was as easy to control as an old shoe. Everything is new. I am shaking, not steady now. I want John to come, too. He is on the mourner's bench, awaiting his time to get on Lyddy's door-sill and work his way up to the brain. That sailor-boy is Captain of every one else. We would not like to meet him in an encounter. Friend Snipes (his old-time address), I am happy to know I am living with you, and I find it one of the prettiest places to live in since I have been over in spirit life. I call Mother Wakeman my sweetheart, and she is happy, too.

Harriet Beecher Stowe: Good morning, my friend and brother. I am very pleased to hold your hand again. I heard you say a moment ago Hello! It is Heaven-high. (Lydia is a telephone.) A perfect living telephone, where you do not have to call and pay a commission just to come in. I knew it would not be very long before we would have our Sunday morning service. But it does not matter whether it is in the receiving station or in my sailor boy's department. It is all one, the whole house is one, the whole is dedicated to the highest and best, with the sun within your walls. (I remember your promise.) I think I know. That is brother Henry. (True.) You may have him when least expected. But I think he must have many queer old places. You have a beautiful morning to invite so many dear friends. I think I could count and count and count, and then I could not be quite sure of all the guests. I am very delighted to see one thing, your every day expression of our spiritual life and growth and anticipation. I am very glad that you are enjoying all that is material and spiritual together. You could not live alone without a beautiful queenly mother in our home. For a while we thought you had stepped over the field that you should have made for yourself and my mouthpiece, but now we understand you are becoming more accustomed materially and enjoy both the ma-

terial and the spiritual. You know that we are spirit forms at one time and we are material bodies at another. I am quite the material now, because I can control and express my own sentiment and feeling, with my own hand upon your hand and on the garment you are wearing, and it is delightful to be here with you. I am one of the little mothers in the mothers' convention. It is a kindly disposition to love the mothers. I see so many dear friends, many loved ones who have blessed your home and are listening to my voice and have enjoyed the homecoming. (All preachers were not as brave as your distinguished brother.)

Brother Henry would say a cow is a cow and not an elephant. I want just to tell you while I am thinking about it, when you are getting ready for our little spiritual meetings, do not hurry our mouthpiece, because we are getting the mental conditions ready. We will put on the little bits of flowers and change of garment, every one his own way, to build his normal or abnormal self. In your sphere, and in and around the beautiful corners I can meet you, anywhere, and a few seconds are all I require for me to come. I just touch my mouthpiece in a quiet moment and I am here. All the dear ones who have seemed so well pleased to press you to their heart and hold you by the hand, are all new to my mouthpiece, and you must give them plenty of time, no haste or hurry. And how lovely they will grow, and will be just as quiet as myself, and come in a moment, like our little Mother Mary. This is truly the home of the spiritual friends, and there are very few that are not spiritual. (Mrs. Stowe continued on various topics with wonderful lucidity and logic.)

Apr. 29. Medium: Finley. Impatient, but would be social. Thin in the chest. (Knew her years ago.) William Portlock. (Another friend.) Something very sudden before very long. I see great lights in the heavens, long streaks. Put this down for June. Broad, flat and in motion, like a fish's tail. Once before in 1704. (In April, 1910, a year later, the papers promised a comet visible in two months.) Julia is here. She is laughing, and had a habit of drawing up her feet, and her eyes. (True.) She is so much here because it is such a restful place, and often brings Tillie with her. (Her sister.) She is a round, laughing, strong and healthy woman, Matilda. Oh, I am smothering. (Burned to death in Greenfield, N. J.) She was more quiet than her sister. (True.) Paul. With Julia. (Friend of hers in Houston, Texas.) She was German. (Correct.)

May 1. Medium: I see a tall, dark gentleman named Pyle. His lips are rather thick, the eyes have a nervous movement. Got a little lady with him, and a large gentleman who went away unexpectedly. (James Pyle, wealthy soap-maker, pillar in Baptist church in West 42nd St., New York, where I led the choir.) Owasso. (Dr. Slade's control.) Brought a Miss Fowler. (Lottie Fowler.) Fanny Conant. (Banner of Light medium, Boston.) Westbrook. (Former writer for the *Banner*.) Wiona's papa is here, big Indian. Wiona has him by the arm, introducing him to the other Indians. Your friend Henry is here, Henry Kiddle. (Former Superintendent New York Public Schools, and prominent spiritualist.)

May 4. Red Wing (entrancing medium): Good evening, Mr. Snipes. I am grateful that I am allowed to come in my speaking voice to you again. I am your friend and brother-worker and builder in the things that belong to all who like yourself are anxious to know the soul's advancement of their brother kind. I am Red Wing. In addressing others, I address them in a different tone. My mission is different then. Since being with you I grow strong and able to express my appreciation and gratitude for your kindly feeling in wanting your red brother to be your guest. It is all in order to be with you this evening. That dear mother, your sister and your brother, have invited me to take the stand and address you through our medium. By the grace of God I am progressing. I am learning to be stronger, useful, patient, loving, and to bring my soul back to the earliest starting point in my life. I want you to know me, Mr. Snipes, I want you to know my nature, my work, more than I express it to you. Your bands are very harmonious, and adapted to all the varied and numerous forces that are brought within the walls of your beautiful home, and they are always responsive to my wish and to the work that I am doing. Helping others, I am helping my own spirit to climb, to be as a child again, to forget the follies and the sins of your material world. Oh, my blessed companion. What a glorious thing

it is to know she is waiting for me just beyond the doorway of fear and torture. I am strong and doing my work manfully. What cowards we can make of ourselves. My beautiful, my all-wise, my soul of love and honor, awaits me beyond the threshold. I am going, going, moving, gliding near to my own soul. I pray that God will grant her the privilege of coming to see you, she who was once my own, and now my own for all eternity. With your deep mentality, can you understand the meaning of Eternity? We care little whether it is perfection or imperfection, so we live again in the soul substance and in the beautiful image of one that we love above all others. And more strongly has she the desire that she again shall see my face, hear my voice, in the rapture of her soul, just as it has inflamed my desire to go into her beautiful presence and greet her as my wife, my wife, my beautiful wife. To speak of things that have occurred and have been long ago forgotten is not one of my highest objects of thought and power, as to know I have met her, that we are one of the band, and sailing through the broad eternal sea of all life, never to be parted again. You know each day will give us a new inspiration, and we shall speak of the things we want, things that our souls crave, and not of the long hours of anguish that have kept us apart. My atonement has been beyond my power to tell you.

(Continuing most earnestly): Oh, my friend, my heart has cried out for love, and I ask for the spirit of forgiveness, and our blessed Mother Mary, the Mary of our faith, has helped me to grow. (Do you still believe in a Virgin Mother?) When we have a soul that goes on from one beautiful step of spiritual love and life, if it has been the best, or at least the best of one's thoughts, as it was of my beloved wife, we hold to the old beliefs and our erroneous teachings. I am glad to look into your face and mark the strong personality of one refined and cultured, and carrying out his belief in his every hour's expression. I sometimes think our experience in the spiritual life is like the alphabetical lessons we were first taught in our primary life. The great wave of advancement, of knowledge, growth, spiritual power, is so vast, so complete, it binds our world by a magnetic chain to your life. We are always happy to meet the new and the old friends in the different soul waves in our spiritual world. We recall the old-time places, and ask for the friends we have not seen or heard from. All this is not left to chance, but to the human soul that lives again in its great love of the family circle. We meet together as we do in your home of love and refinement. They are not called away, but they visit as members of the family. They return and live in the home, in the home-way of the soul's best and highest growth. I have my hour to visit my red companions, and my soul warms in their occupation. I have been journeying far today, I have gone from one plane to another. I could not leave a good moral man without expressing my feeling of love for my brother, friend and fellow-worker. I am pleased, and shall help to honor your work, and increase the greater work for you to follow. I am reporting the blessings of all the loved ones who are here this evening, and of our old companions everywhere. You shall yet hear from my Magdeline. My Magdeline opened her eyes in your wide field acres of Boston. When a man's brain is on fire he scarcely knows his own mother tongue. I lived in Boston. (But you preferred the Indians?) Their open, free, untrammeled life made me envious of their freedom. Now I bid you good-morrow.

Four days later, my gifted wife and medium was taken sick, and a month later her last communication and tests to me were as follows:

Oh, Joe, I think it is your mamma now. (Then Mother Mary spoke warmly at some length. Said she was with us this afternoon on Riverside Drive, felt Lyddy's weakness, wanted her stronger, so she herself could be stronger. Dr. Krebs, father and mother, reported present.

Medium: Mrs. West is here, talking to Mary. (Any word for Mr. West?) He thinks his means are sufficient for both worlds. No one must live for this life alone, and overshadow the beauty of the next world. I can see her very plainly. She looks so healthy and happy, so bonnie and bright. (Does she visit Mr. West?) Not very often, because he does not invite her. Henry Clay. (His first name, unknown to medium.) Thinks he likes live stock better than a dead carcass. (Married again.) Who is Tyndall? (Where from?) Sounds like Chicago. Oh, Joe, I feel like falling, with a hole in my back.

Some man did it. Father said he would like to kill them. (Did Mother Mary know his father?) They are trying to spell it. I think it begins with W. When you asked if Mary knew his father, he laughed. (This was Mrs. W.'s grandson of Chicago, sent out by Government to survey certain lands in the West, with two other men, and they were found later shot to death.) William Ball. (An old friend of my father in Virginia. Fanny Glenn, of Richmond, large figure, always laughing. Jackson. Tall man, large head, very full voice, great talker. (Capt. Jackson. Used to bike with me frequently, very loud and constant talker.)

Since the foregoing, and during June and July, poor Lyddy was declared by Surgeon John Aspel, of New York, to have two tumors; had two doctors and two trained nurses day and night, and after operation, weak heart and meningitis, unconscious the three last days, she passed away August 9, 1909, at 12-30 p. m. August 12, her body was buried in Rockland County Cemetery, Sparkill, N. Y.

Only a short time before her departure, realizing the approaching end of our short union, she said:

Joe, I see the loved ones pointing upward, and smiling. I am too weak to be controlled any more. I am not afraid to die. But I don't want to leave you. (Weeping.) Oh, Joe, can I pull through? Joe, dear Joe, you know I love you more than anybody on earth.

Aug. 11, in the cemetery, before the burial, and also at the house where lay the body, independent rappings attended us, and when asked to make them stronger, they became much louder. By raps and spelling we received the names of George Wilson, Tommy, Wiona, Red Wing, Mother Mary, my father and mother, and the message: Will try to find a medium for us all. Will be with you in your loneliness. Have none of those terrible pains now.

Aug. 15. Mrs. Clements, in public circle, 170 W. 96th St., with twenty-five other callers (I a total stranger to her and all the rest), turned to me and said: Have you two Marys? (Two mothers of that name.) They are both satisfied with their present conditions. (The same first words spoken by Mother Mary through Miss Gaul.) Did you have somebody who called you Captain? There is a sailor here, in his uniform, and I see a large anchor. Also a little Indian guide (George Wilson and Wiona.) Now I see a large letter S. You have the highest influences about you.

Aug. 19. A Mrs. Clark, medium, 109 W. 90th St. My first call. There is a Mary and an Elizabeth here. (Mother and her sister, used to come together.) I have a feeling that your wife has passed away. You will have another medium. My head is in a whirl. I see a tall Hindu spirit beside you. He is in strong sympathy with you and your conditions. (Lydia numbered him in her band.) There is a strong English influence with your wife, and somebody abroad will be very much surprised to hear of her death. (Elenor Glyn and other friends). You got many beautiful messages through her. A John comes to you. He comes with a brotherly feeling. (Sister's husband.) Do you recognize a William? (Father.) John was a very sympathetic and jolly person. (Correct.) Better keep the home. Better conditions will follow after a while. Another lady comes to you, of dark complexion. What she thought she acted. Some people did not just understand her, but she had that power of making them understand; was persuasive, impressed people quickly. (Mother Mary.) Both of you were fond of music. Sometimes she had a worrisome feeling, and wanted to accomplish more than she could. There is a George here. Has a pleasant disposition, and he is happy that he was able to give her help. I hear the name of Red—something. (Red Wing.) I see a large letter S. For the last name. I hear your father calling you. Do you recognize Joseph? I realize your loneliness, and almost wish I could come back to you. Your wife was very enthusiastic. Somebody is speaking for her. Her face was sweet, and her voice when she laughed was like a clear bell. She was very quick, but was very soon over it. Do you recognize some one who was connected with theatres, a rather dark man? (What was his work?) I hear a man's musical voice. I point across the water in a north-west direction. (Correct as to Lydia's son-in-law, profession and residence.) There is another man connected

with your wife, Ned. (Her son Ed.) I feel child-like, and yet I am too big to be a child.

There is some one sick there. Have they two children? (Yes.) Don't grieve for me. I am better off. She had friends who were envious of her, she was so happy. Sometimes she had her full moments, but she kept her thoughts to herself. Did she ever wear a little chain around her neck with a locket. She is speaking of that. (A gift to Tommy from a sitter.) I feel like saying you are more generous in the present conditions than a great many men would be. She says, May you be able to bear your cross, and God bless you. (Lydia's usual parting words in life.) Don't you walk up and down the floor in your home? (Often.) I hear the word Sweetheart. (Lydia's address to me in her letters.) You have something determined in your mind. Just have patience, because that will be done. (Searching for another psychic to open the gates.) I am just as near to you as ever. I have trouble with my throat, head and neck. She is trying to control me. (Medium nervous and groaning.) Your anxiety and her nervousness affect me. All her troubles settled in her head. (Meningitis.) A little Indian girl tells me she is going home with you. Again I see a large letter S.

Sept. 11. A Mrs. Smith, non-professional, said a spirit was speaking to her so nicely: You are working too hard. Take care of thy health. Said Mother Wakeman was with me, but my father thought the wife should be the first to speak. She had two with her, my father and a guide. (What is the name of the guide?) George —George Wilson. (One or two others, unknown to medium, named.)

Sept. 18. Mrs. Smith said she saw and heard spirits, but was never entranced. A spirit lady tells me that the home you prepared for her is beautiful, but the home she is preparing for you will be more beautiful still. It is not right for thee to grieve. Joe, thee must believe. We will be with thee always. We will come to thee through many mediums. You will never be left alone. My life's work for the spirit world is over. She wants you to be careful about your writing desk. There are papers too sacred for others to read. (I had forgotten to lock it.) He has been so good to me, and is in such trouble. Oh, do try and tell him all you can. She wants to see you more happy. We will turn up the lights around you spiritually. She is getting stronger and walks like she used to through the house. You have done wonderfully well. Your father is helping her very much in coming back. And she says so quietly and nicely, Thee must take care of thyself for my sake. My daughter is very sick. If you intend to visit them we will go with thee and bring along the boys. (Her phrase for her guides in life.) Your wife wants you to have confidence and believes she is with you. (Who is touching my head?) Your father. Oh, Joe, he has risen so high he is honored in the spirit world, and he wants thee to be honored, too.

Your nephew's father and mother have felt like talking to the son, and are so much interested in the baby. Your wife says the monument will be beautiful. She can see it now. (Ordered.) There is not an hour of the day when they are not with you. She says something now about some one of your family. You must be kind. Thee must not let thy grief make thee selfish. She wants you to have company, and she will be there. (Expect company tomorrow night.) Wait a while and she will bring a spirit that will help the medium see more. It made her very happy to be able to give messages to people. She knows now how fond you were of her, and she sees things clearer than she did. Oh, believe me, Joe, there is not a thought that goes through thy brain that we do not see. Thy brain is an open book to me. (Not long before I shall see you?) Many years we think. Our idea of time is very vague. We can only see the road, and it seems long. (Did our spirit friends know what was coming upon you?) If they did know, they ought to have told us, and we do not like to think they did know. Be constant to us, do not be deceived, we never will leave thee. We will get closer and closer as time goes on. We are determined you shall feel us and know when we are with you. (Medium made a slapping gesture of the hand.) That used to be her guide. He has broad shoulders, and he comes up strong. He has a ruddy sunburnt face, rather stout. He didn't think his little medium would come so

quickly, and he does not want you to lose confidence in him. He didn't know. He had laid out his own work for the medium and he was as bitterly disappointed as you were. (George Wilson.) Your wife was a peculiarly situated woman with her conditions, and he does not see any one like her. He says his home has been broken up as well as yours.

(Will Mother Wakeman come back?) Didn't she just tell you that Saturday night was her night? Wiona is here. She brought her. She says her little Indian girl is worth just as much as all those big Indians. She says she is glad you thought enough of her to put her chair up-stairs, where she could sit down and rest her old bones. (What kind of chair?) Willow chair. (A fine test. Only the day before, without any observation or hint, I removed it to the second floor, with reverence. It was her seance chair for years.) (Does Lydia still love dress?) When we come to thee we want to look nice. (What color did she like best?) Gray; satin. (Correct. Medium never saw her.) (Was her mother a real Quaker?) Yes; she is with her, and she didn't believe Lyddy could come and communicate with you so soon. Oh, Joe, we are so grateful to be able to come to you. You know how we used to plan for the future, and it was all broken up so shockingly. It was a terrible blow to her. We do not know why it was done. You must have courage, and must think that we are working as hard to get back as you would if you were here. (Medium): My father says he does not allow everybody to come to me, but he saw your grief, and likes your father.

Sept. 27. Mrs. Smith: Your father, George Wilson, and your brother-in-law, are here. You must tell him, with all the force you can bring, that he must stop worrying. You are hurting yourself, and you are hurting them also. If you could only have patience with us, it will be all right. Do not think for a moment that you are alone. Your beautiful wife is ever with you. She is still your wife. Remember that. It is so dreadful for us to see thee in such trouble. No matter how hard we try to get strong, we cannot if we see thee suffering. Your home will be kept. It is your home, it is our home. In the near future your burden will be lightened. Your father says, this is but an episode in your life. You are going to be very, very happy. To others you must be kind. You will be lifted up to a higher plane. If your wife did not see your grief, she would be glad she has passed to the higher life. She says, Oh, Joe, don't be so unhappy. We see and know everything that you are doing, and we are satisfied with it. Your sister comes to you, and she brings a beautiful influence with her. She has been gone a long time, and she has risen very high. She must have had a lovely nature.

Harriet is here. (Mrs. Stowe.) It has been some time since she has been able to speak to you, and she wants to offer her sympathy. But don't be so despondent. It is such a beautiful world you live in, and your wife is so beautiful here. She comes with such a bright light. She is not controlled now, but controls. She is indeed a beautiful spirit. George Wilson says he does feel very, very sad, because he is standing one side, and he does not control now. My father is my control, and your father comes very close to him through sympathy. Your father pats you on the shoulder and says, We come to our home. My father says you must, you must take care of yourself. Mrs. Wakeman says, he knows that through me true messages were given to him, and if the messages were true, and he knows they were, why should he grieve as he does? We feel as if you ought to know that the spirit world is only a short step beyond, and your wife is so close to you, and she will take care of you and look after you. Wiona is here, and friends we used to talk about that came from Virginia to see you.

Mrs. Wakeman says she could always make you quiet. Death is but falling asleep in a bed of sickness and pain and then waking up in a place of life and light. Why, we are not dead, Mr. Snipes. We could better say that you are dead. We are living just as we used to be, we have got our work to do here, we watch over our children, and we want you to do all you can to make others happy. Your father is your principal guide, and he brings other spirits you do not know at all, and he says, This is my son. (A former habit of his.) And your wife puts her arm around your neck and says, Oh, Joe, Oh, Joe, be comforted. The spirit world is so

beautiful. You are going to be made very happy.

Oct. 5. Saw the afore-mentioned Mrs. Clark for a few moments, when she remarked: I see an electric fan in front of you. Do you know what that means? (I had one for Lyddy in her last sickness.) Your wife is with you. She has a light complexion, and with her is another lady of darker complexion. They are going to stand by you, and they are putting their hands upon your head. (Medium never saw either). Do you have any trouble with your chest? (Yes.) Are you going on a visit?) (Yes.) She says she is going with you. (Her former home.)

Oct. 6. A Mr. Stetson, in West 44th St.; a stranger: You know more about psychic work than I do. I feel that you have the force to be a great psychic. You ought to make a fine writer. You live a little too much for others. You are very strong, and draw other people towards you. You seem to bring changes around you, but as I see them, they are your own work. I get the name of Joseph. That must be your name. In this pellet, did you ask some question about some change? (Yes.) Follow your own impressions. The spiritual influence around you is much greater than around myself. It is very dominant. Your wife is watching over you. A George Wilson is right by you. You are not wanting for anything. I feel you are working too much for the spiritual life. You have a long life yet. Try to be more content.

Oct. 16. Miss Smith, psychic like Mrs. Smith, said that on the previous Thursday night she spiritually saw me in my home talking to a man near a table, and that a relative of his would be ill and die very soon. (Mr. Boenau, cashier New York Central R. R., was with me that evening, and later 'phoned me that his sister, in Connecticut, was dead.)

Mrs. Smith: Your sick friend (naming him) has great pain. (Where?) Bowel very much inflamed. (True.) Perhaps some good spirit doctor will try to help him. Mrs. Wakeman is here and says, Tell him not to lose his patience. Something about the affairs of the home. (Correct.) An uncle of yours is very much interested in you, your mother's brother. (Henry Hughes.) Says he knows you better now than when he was here. Your father stands firmly by your side. Into your life will now come peace and progress. Don't let doubt come into your mind. There is much happiness for you in this world, and we cannot tell you of all the brightness of the home that awaits you here. A great change will come to you for the better, your father says. (True prediction.)

The spirits say your wife was not a well woman when you married her. That trouble had been going on for four to five years. Mrs. Wakeman says she is awfully glad you came here tonight. She says your wife is not herself yet. There was so much she wanted to do, and she was preparing for so much comfort. And she wanted to entertain. She is worried, too, about her daughter. She is afraid they won't get along, and that she will not be able to control her. (Was Lyddy with me last week?) She says something about a monument or cemetery. (I was at her grave.) Oh, if she could only come back and let you see the brightness and beauty of the home in the spirit world as she sees it now, if she could only make you see that. We are through all the pains of sickness and worry of earth. She does not want you to think she had anything bright and happy around her in this world. She passed through many sorrows, and she sees now why it was, and she would be perfectly happy in her spirit home if it were not for you. We want to talk so much of the world before me now. Oh, the flowers. We have been amazed at the beauty of the flowers here. We have got a beautiful place to live in, and we are all going to be together. And Mary does her part. She is a lovely, lovely woman, and she comes back to you and she works so faithfully for you. If your house is shining, you may thank Mrs. Wakeman, for it was made so through her influence. It is your father that pats you on the head. It is a blessing to come through a medium, but it is nothing like it would be if he could come to you himself.

There are people who are not congenial, and you, being sensitive, they bring a spirit of unrest. But you will be made very happy. Your wife used to be very fond of flowers. In your home she would like to see brightness, flowers, music, comfort. Whenever you have comfort, she likes it. I think she liked lively company, nothing sad. She

knows all, and for all your care and love she is very thankful. She wants to come to you herself. That is the bitterest part. If only she could talk to you for only five minutes, she could tell you so much. Did she leave a beautiful satin dress not made up? Ask her daughter if she got it. (She did.) She says you must have courage. You have been so upset that your nerves are not normal, you think too much of little things. When she gets a little stronger, her messages will be longer. Her spirit friends had told her they had gotten her through before in another similar attack. (Sometime previous, in her Philadelphia home she was poisoned by a freshly-painted bathtub.) She was taken from her husband and her children, and she thinks the doctors had much to do with it. She has more faith in her spirit friends. George brought me through many times when I was left pretty bad. I have seen trouble in my earth life, and also my poor daughter, and now she is in need of her mother it is a great grief to her. Often she comes back and brings her Indians with her, and they try to give you courage. They watch the doors, the place is well guarded. Thunder-Cloud, Wiona, Red —— something, White Feather, she has got them all yet. They have brought lots of help to you; they are good friends to you, and the music brings them out. Take care that you are not too impatient. Don't throw away anything of value that you might want afterward. (I had just given the janitor a good stove, a radiator, bookcase, etc.) Your wife says I have a very peculiar brain, my own will-power is very strong, I am a very determined woman, I am not at all easy to manage, the spirits have a great deal of trouble with me, and perhaps I don't give messages as clearly as I may in the future.

Oct. 23. Mrs. Smith said that Lyddy had been to her and referred to a bracelet. (She did have a peculiar one of mixed gold and silver, with a gold lock; a gift.) Lyddy said the monument at Sparkill was beautiful, that I might have had two, another for her twin soul (as she used to call Mother Mary.) It is all we could ask for, but Oh, if we only had been allowed to live a few short years together (it was only about ten months) how much more we might have accomplished. We are going to bring somebody to you. If we cannot be the visible agents, we will be the invisible agents. We are not selfish, we don't want to see you sitting and grieving for us. Somebody is going to be brought to you to make your life very bright. Your wife is very much interested in everything in your home. She trusts entirely to your sound business ability. She stands by you and sees you thinking and thinking, and you must get interested in something. Says she is getting very strong, feels much better. She says you do not know how hard it is to stand by and see one you love grieving so, and not be able to reach him. Here is John, not a blood relative, but a relation by marriage. (Brother-in-law.) Is afraid you may have more trouble with your nephew. He has had many favors through your hands. He is not very strong, and we would like to help him more. Mrs. Wakeman says her daughter Julia is not well. Something about an operation. (Wrote me afterward confirming statement about an operation.) Is there a man like a Major where you eat? (Yes, he is called Major.) They say he is a good friend, but a man who has many schemes in his head. Is there something new he wants to propose to you? (Yes.) He is a pretty smart fellow. Your father says, he does think, as you seemed obliged to take care of mediums, now somebody should come into your life to take care of you. Mrs. Wakeman says she does not have to drag her feet now.

Oct. 27. At Miss Gaul's residence, 257 West 113th St. About seventy persons present. Miss Gaul: Your spirit wife is calling Mollie. (Her daughter.) It is about something that has agitated you to some extent. (Wanted to borrow.) I hear Mrs. Wakeman say, That book, with all you have put down before she left, and all you got through Lyddy, will be a valuable record.

Oct. 30. Mrs. Smith: Your father is here. Your constitution responds to the magnetic treatment they have been giving you. Mrs. Wakeman is here, and says she can walk good now, her feet don't trouble her any more. She walked with you through the Park, she says. (I had just been walking in Central Park.) She tried to impress you. She has been down-town with you, too. You walk too fast sometimes. Wiona went with you when you went to see about lighting. (Electric Show at Madison Square Garden.) Thinks your plumber's bill too much. (Ra-

diators.) Well, you are going to have a rest from these things. You spent an awful lot of money. Oh, she wishes she could just talk to you more. You have visitors coming to you that are not very strong in their belief in Spiritualism; they don't take much interest in what you tell them. Your sofa is going to be injured. You must take care, or it will be ruined. (The leather on examination showed weak corners.) You do not sleep there now. (True.) Your father says he would dearly love to see you happy and like yourself. In your home you will have a great deal of comfort yet. You are constantly surrounded by loving spirits, and they are trying every way to brighten your life, and you make a terrible mistake by brooding. You must try and shake it off. Your wife says, when you grieve, we grieve. When you are happy, we are happy. She goes to her family very often, but they don't seem to be able to receive a message from her, and that has grieved her very much. She has not been able to give them an intelligent message direct. She is afraid her daughter will never be developed enough. To give messages through other people is not as satisfactory as to give them to her own children. There are many things we would like to talk about, but we won't care to tell them to strangers. She wants them to be more careful about money matters and not be so extravagant. Have you bought any blankets? (Yes, very recently.) She takes a great deal of interest in that house, watching things. A spirit doctor, whose name commences with H., has been to see you lately to help you. (Hallock.) Thinks you have a splendid constitution, excepting you are nervous. When things get straightened out your indigestion will pass away. Before the flowers come again, you will be quite content. They will make your home very bright and happy for you. Don't spend too much money on your house; be cautious. You are a peculiar man to manage. The brain is developed beyond the conditions around you, but the spirits are working to make use of that brain so that when you reach the spirit world you will be capable of understanding more than the average man does. In the spirit world there are many different conditions, some living as they have done on the earth plane, no higher, no lower; but with you we find that you are always outside of the conditions that are around you.

Nov. 5. Mrs. Miller, 327 Madison St., Brooklyn, and a circle of twelve others, the medium and visitors all strangers to me. I put keys on table in her absence from room. In turn she raised the keys and said: I feel as if a companion comes with these. I want to put my arms right around you and make you understand I am very close to you. Now comes a gentleman, broad-shouldered, full beard, rather dark, large nose, strong features. (Describing Dr. Krebs.) Now I see a letter W. Another lady comes to you. She is not tall, but rather short. She wants to reach out to you. I should judge she passed out of life very unexpectedly. There is a John here. Your sister is here. (She and husband.) Also a Wellby. (Wetherbee.) Three come very strongly to you. It is your wife that wants me to put my arms around you. There is also a grandfather John (mother's father.) (Can you get the wife's name?) The medium replied: Libby or Lyddy. She takes hold of me very strongly, and she says, Don't doubt. I am with you, dear.

Nov. 20. Mrs. Fenner, medium, in circle 227 W. 22nd St. First time, and all strangers. Reported a John with me, a relative who lived in the mountains. (West Virginia.) I also see a letter S. So many spirit friends around you. Got a sense of loneliness. Heretofore I had done much; now it is all stopped, because of the friends that have gone on the other side. Gave the names of Mary, John, William. Mary very close to me. Said I used to talk to audiences.

Nov. 28. Mrs. Clark: Do you recognize a George? Looks like a man who wore a uniform; rather tall. Beside him I see a lady, rather stout right through here (waist). And over your head I see a large letter S. She stands right back of you, and puts her arms about your neck. I want to reach you so much. I am afraid she is impatient with anxiety. And she holds so many flowers, as if to surprise you; so many colors. She must have had a very pleasant smiling face. Medium entranced:—

I want to talk for myself. I want this medium to talk for me. You know I loved

peace and harmony and love. (Will the boys help you?) Every hour they help me. I am getting stronger and stronger all the time and the light of day is so bright, so glorious. Have just a little patience, and I will help you so much. (Who is with you?) George. I want to work my way through the medium. It is my first attempt through her; it is rather hard. I can control her in time, just as I used to be. I am so anxious to do much for you. I want to prove myself to you. (Have you got this medium unconscious?) Not altogether. You know I always wanted the highest truth. The lady's guides are very kind and watchful. Wait until I get en rapport with her.

There seems to be a gentleman here with speaking powers. He speaks of a broad, bright change. He brings a clerical influence with him. (Father.) I hear them say this: We want to give you more peace of mind. It will help you to attain what you are seeking, and will help you to be more positive of their presence. Your own mind is so active, you prefer something clairvoyantly yourself. Do you recognize some one by the name of Mollie? There is a strong spiritual influence with her. Very close to you. (Sister.) I have a very motherly influence now. She has both her hands on your head. Do you know any one by the name of Henry? Also some one named Kate? (Henry and Katie Hare, of Richmond.) This comes from a lady spirit, eyes bright, long face. I go out of the city, more in that direction (pointing South). With this Henry and Katie is a William. (Katie's father.) Do you know why I get the word Virginia? (Yes.) Now I get something like Snites or Snipes, a man's voice. (Medium knew nothing of my name.) Have you heard loud raps in your home. (Yes.) I hear a voice say, she will make you know by raps that she is with you. I am closer to you now than ever. I see the word October, and I see two birds sitting together very closely. This is from some one who does not care for you to be alone. There is a star of hope revolving around you. (Was this predictive of October 2nd, 1912, three years later, when I married again?)

Now I see a woman who was all the time doing good, pleasant and kind and very loving in her nature. No matter how much trouble she had, she was able to overcome it by her kind thoughts. She must have been a very generous-hearted lady. (M. W.) There is a little Indian girl who keeps walking around you; almost materialized. (Wiona.) You were meant to be a speaker. Was your first lady a medium? (Yes.) Your wife had trouble with her stomach, but expected it would be removed by her spirit friends.

Dec. 1. Visiting Mt. Vernon, N. Y., I met a Mrs. Margaret Turner, psychic, of Lily Dale, N. Y., for the first time, who said:

I have difficulty of breathing, produced by the influence of your wife. Well, they are satisfied with the spirit world as they find it, only not satisfied that they had to leave you. Wanted to be here sometime, and cannot feel the separation exactly justified. You feel as you do because they come so near to you in that condition. You get quiet after she goes and know she is with you. Still I want to get right hold of you myself, I, I, individually. What does she mean by mentioning a ring? Do you wear her ring? (Yes.) That awful fluttering of my heart. When you have that smothering feeling, it is not your physical condition, it is when I come; you have no organic heart trouble, it was myself. (Very true of my feeling, especially at home.)

Medium entranced by Tom, a familiar control: We want to say, How do you do? (Are you an Indian?) No; some German about me. There is a big chief what controlled sometimes. Don't you know that little woman what belonged to you wanted to control our medium, wanted to get right hold of her, but we could not just let her, for her bring her old sick condition, her heart flutter and everything. You got nice home. She wants us to go and tell you all about it. And then you go and read. Why, you likes the books. You got heap lots of books there, haven't you? And you know she wants me to tell you she was with you when you stand with your hands behind you and look at the old picture. (I did that in front of picture over bookcases.) Then she smiles. Oh, dear, what do you say? Why, you got another one you changed to a different place. (I had changed Mother Mary's large picture to another wall, and Lyddy's from up-

stairs to the library.) She wants me to go to the house and go around with her and tell you of the trifling things to let you know she be there with you. Then she smiles. Then we go from that room where that picture is and go into another room, and see an oil painting, some trees, landscape. We go down the stairs, too, what she calls that cosey place. Bright paper; suits the boys. Why does she bring the Indians? Was there double windows there? (Yes.) She loved flowers. Then we go back, and there was her little chair, a little chair of her own. It is gone. (Removed.) No matter, dear; no help to you or the house; no need of anything material to help her come to you. Just wanted to speak about it to let you know. Did the girl want it? She always wanted everything anyway.

Oh, dear, Oh, dear, the mother say over and over again. She want to get hold of her and lift her out. You know. I did all I could. That is enough if she make you understand. Now she knows you know, and that she come through stranger, and maybe make her better, for her own good and for others around her. That is my one trouble here now. Will you put that down and tell her that? (How about the husband?) She tells me to tell you sometimes he no right in the head. The spirit was so refined, the inside of her, and the surroundings and all the conditions could not harmonize, and it made her suffer. It could not reach her spiritual nature nor give her more of a spirit of restfulness.

She was happy with you, but it came too late. She was upset so long before you knew her. After you came into her life then it was different. It was just like you to take a tender flower, man, and it is broken, and you go to work and water it, and it seems to revive for a little time. Then you know it hadn't had the right soil, nourishment and right conditions, it could not survive very long. That was her life, and it was so hard to go, after all was fair in her home. Nothing could break down the spiritual in her. We tell you just as we see it. The spiritual would live, and it had to affect something in the physical. Some people affect the spiritual and don't affect the physical so much. I see how it is myself, and say it myself. A few minutes ago she made my medy cry. She came with all her love and sympathy. You thank all the good spirits and good angels you got such nice home to go to. I cannot understand how this beautiful influence could have it. They want anything to gratify the day, then something else; a restless, unsatisfied, unhappy condition. This twenty-four hours they do this thing, the next twenty-four hours another thing. No end in life. In your home it is opposite. It is reverence for the divine, the divine spirit that permeates all things that are spiritual; and you have rest in your spirit, even in your sorrow. You know sometimes, man, you have said to yourself, Why did I get this house? And why like it was and they took her? And then we want to tell you, that is the anchor for you, that right in that home you know you are going to bring nearer the influence of the spirit. You going to help others in earth life to spread this truth and light. The right ones will be brought into the home by degrees, and then there will be more. It is just like this, man: You have that anchor for you as a material being in earth life. It is an anchor for them that have gone on before you, and they are attracted right there, the magnetism, or what you call it. We call it just like the anchor. You are there, and it is through them that are interested with those that you invite into the home the truth will be spread and more good will come out of it. And don't you know you are inspired to write beautiful things? And she say, you know I could not stay still very long at a time.

Now she want me to tell you that through you there is an avenue for the spiritual expression of them on the other side, and that will be in writing instead of conversing. You got writings put away upstairs, got them all covered up so nothing will happen to them. Don't you unlock them when you go to them? (Yes; in iron safe.) Man, you go way back years ago. Now we seem to go in your life when you may be twenty or twenty-two years old. You were not in the same place when you were young, altogether different then. You had to help yourself, everything was not done for you. A self-made man. Because we go back and we see when you were fifteen. And did you move from one city to another when you was about twenty-four? (Yes; from Richmond to New York, in 1868, when twenty-four years of age.) And who was the lady

that came to you like a mother, hair combed down, nice full forehead? (M. W.) She comes back to your house. Was you where your wife's body was laid a short time ago, and didn't you make some change? (Yes; increased the lot.) She was pleased, and when she was pleased she wanted to pat you. Did you have more lettering done? (Yes.) She didn't want to go. But you made it so much easier for her. She want to thank you for it all. (Is the other dear one with you?) Oh, yes, she come and talk lots, but Oh, I think this is my day. She is here. We are together. You know that. This one was quicker in speech. They both come to you, and they both brought you the Facts of the Hereafter. We say Facts, because you know they were Facts. Well, man, in a way they filled your whole life. Do you understand it? Don't you know when they both come to you they bring you in your own home a quiet, and you go off to sleep? (Asked it nightly.) And you have been getting better and better of it, you sleep more, and everything better. Isn't that correct? (Yes.) They pass their hands over you, so. (Often sensibly on the head.) Both of you loved music. Why, man, you had the music down in your home. And don't you know, when you play the music we listen and listen and listen, and that brings the spirits to you, not only this wife what comes so near to you, but other spirits. And three nights ago you felt her. She patted your head. (True.) And Oh, you know she loves that room and every bit of that home just as much as ever. Oh, they are trying to keep you well, these two that come so close to you. She says all the band held you. You got so many friends in earth life, but you got more of what we call blood-relations in the spirit world. (True.) (What is your name?) I am just plain Tom. (White?) I am not colored; no Indian. And I call the medium My Girl. I want to say before we go, George is here. He wants to cross over his legs. (Used to cross his limbs when entrancing Lydia.) The same old sailor. He's an odd queer fellow. He said great big words. Oh, that spirit is strong. Been over long time.

Dec. 8. Second sitting with Mrs. Turner, at Mt. Vernon. Tom: Well, I want to say howdy again. The spirits have been with you since we talked with you before. Who is Mary? Because that is the name. And then she does pat you on the head so much. Do you feel it? (Often.) Bless my dear boy. That is what she says. And she is not your mother. Have you a picture that either belonged to her or you gave it to her, in your home? (Yes.) She says, Oh, Oh, I am so glad I can reach you. Didn't she know all about what the spirit world was before she went? Why, think of all the visits you used to have. (Was she a medium?) Why ask that? You the same old boy. Well, I don't know she was the first one that ever gave you evidence of spirit return, but through what you got you knew it was true. But I think it was a man when you first went into it. (Dr. Slade.) And then you got the table and she give to you, and give to you. She was not surprised to wake up and find herself in the spirit world. Just like she knew all about it. And you must have some things in writing wherein she realized the time was near by for her to go. And you looked forward to those visits, and she looked forward to them, and to the night. (What night was that?) Don't you know? The last night of the week. (Correct.) We want to ask you, did you put her on the cars when she went on the train? (Yes, when visiting her daughter in Holyoke, Mass.) She like a mother to you, and she did hold on to you. When she was in earth life things were different, but says she comes right into the home. You were not in that home then, because she says so. (True.) Who was it called you Joseph, the man with the whiskers that comes in here to you? (Friend Mellish; had full whiskers and always called me Joseph.) And then there is a young man, like a nephew, dark hair kind o' dark-blue eyes. He went off rather suddenly, but are you looking after him now? Is he a well man? Because he ain't strong. (True.)

(Where was Mary buried?) When I go to find a place in the ground, I don't find it. Man, she wasn't put in the ground. No, sir. That's what we get to tell you. Was she what you call—ashes? That's the way we want to say it to you. Do you understand it? (Yes; cremated.) She was a great comfort to you. I am going to say to you this time, man, that you have had the very best from her, and you must not expect anything better than that. It seems to me she used to get right into the spirit world, and told you everything right. This is some-

thing I got to tell you: There's a sixty-eight. Man, wan't she older than that? (Eighty-six.) She was not a bit afraid to come over here. She says, I promise you again that I shall bring somebody into your life that will make you happy in this way, in communicating with the spirits. (Fulfilled later.) Don't you know she just wan't your mother, but comes like a mother? Her affection, her interest in your welfare, in everything. She wants you to be patient, and it will work out all right. Don't you know she used to tell you she had her lesson to learn in patience? You were a great deal to her, and she was a great deal to you. Man, why did she feel lonely? All but the spirits. And when we get hold of the family ties and links, we don't find them. She cut off in a way, and the spirits did not let her be lonely. A great chief used to talk through her. (Dr. Krebs.)

Who is the little girl that used to come to her? You know how much comfort she used to be, how she used to look after things for you. She used to dance around. You remember how she used to come in and dance so lively. (Yes; comically through her medium.) And the medy was tickled. She don't leave you. She comes in to cheer you up. She just loves the music. Oh, she is lively, always was. She used to come in and fix up the medy. She was full of mischief. If we get hold of the right medy again, we have good times again, and be all right. Her medium was not the same person when she got hold of her. (Broken English, witty.) You could not be mournful when she was around. I get the right medy and we have some great good times. (We did not expect the breakage.) It is just as well you did not know, or you would have been sad. You had me and my medy, and then the other one, too. You were sorry when she got over so soon. You know this one is so unselfish. Just as soon as she came to the spirit world she was anxious to find somebody that might bring love into your life, and this would be what would satisfy you. And she says she succeeded. There was no selfishness about her. And we going to tell you, she more unselfish than the other. And you know the other one was all right, and she is right here, hearing us say it. We are perfectly frank, and we need not tell you they both all right, but one was more unselfish, and you never expect to travel around the earth and find any one half as spiritual as she was. Did you know her over 30 years from the time she came to you up to her death? (Thirty-two years.) And you know, without the comfort we brought to you, my boy, it would have been hard. She thought of you as her boy. You seemed to be working up the ladder together. This one brought out all the goodness that was within you. I am plain. Because she was good herself, and she never was planning or scheming. A little satisfied her.

Dec. 10. Mrs. Turner: Who would want to come to you and cry? If I should give up to it I would just weep. But mediums have got to have a mind of their own. We can be negative to the spirit world and positive to the surroundings, but it is not to be too negative. Now there is some one who was troubled with the throat. (Coughing.) (Tom, won't you let her try to control?) Mother Mary, slowly and gently as in life:

Oh, we have saved you. Yes. And you called on me and wondered and wondered why I did not explain some things and make them clear to you. I want to say to you, we saved you. So much for you to know yet. You want it made clear about the little woman. You know that we understood it all, you and I, we two. Don't you know there were times when you were weary, and these little things would come up, you know, where you would sift the matter, just as you sifted everything, and you would wonder why? And then you would wonder whether there were two conditions. You know; I know. Don't say I made it. You will see some day why it had to be. It is better for her, and it is better for you. You don't agree that it was so, because she was in two conditions all her life, one directly in opposition to the other. But you lived with her long enough to know that I speak the truth to you. There were two natures there. You know it. At one time she was in the power of the diviner influences, and at other times she was in the material world, more of herself and her surroundings. And I wanted to explain it to you.

Tom (taking control): Yes, but we have got to talk for her, because her take too much of my medium's strength, and she

wants to be so near to you. And now this is the idea she wants to convey to you: That that person that was brought into your life at times had ups and downs. There were times when it was just as if she was out of this life into another life. Then when she came back into the material life she lived like another person. You never admitted it, but you know it. And I want to tell you, when she was in the material which she lived in so long, there was a little inharmony. You got all this, and you thought over it more than once. And you used to get by yourself and rub your head, and you would wonder if the spirits knew and saw from this side of life the whole conditions of her two natures, why they brought it about and into your life. And she says that right in the home, in the cozey home nest (as we also call it) you wondered that the other condition showed itself and you know this lovely, beautiful spirit is so near to you that she knew it. Your souls as spirits were weighed together as near as could be in earth life. And then she came to you from the spirit realm just the same, and when she found this other avenue where she could reach you, she was so delighted and all, and she brought her power, all that she could have from this side, to help you make this condition where you could be near together, as near as her transition would permit it. And then you understand she was with you, and when it was all arranged, the little nest and all as we call it, the end was not what we anticipated or expected.

Spirits get deceived, make mistakes sometimes. It was not the spiritual, but it was the other things just explained to you. You know you liberated her, lifted her, and when she was lifted, and was where she could be with you and the spirits and do the work, she could have been satisfied. Well, she was your saviour. And now she feels that, while at the time it was so hard for you, and such a broken condition, it was best for you as well as the one that came into spirit life that it was as it is. She didn't want to come. Truth is truth. The spirit understands herself better now. But this is the point I explain to you: this beautiful spirit Mary, when she found out she could come through this channel, thought she would counteract this worldly condition. . . .

Mary: And you know we didn't take her to the spirit world, because we don't claim any such thing, but you know if it had continued on you would not have been happy. With her great desire for admiration and pretty things, and love of things outside of the Cozey Nest, you would have grown discontented in it yourself, and it is better as it is. Now when you go back home just say: Thy Will be done. I told you that before. (See Nov. 6, 1907.) And take up the thread and live on, because we are with you so much, Oh, so much. And the loved ones that bring life to you, we will try, wherever we find them, to bring them to you. Will try to find a medium that you will be satisfied with in the home. You bear more from others than I ever thought you would. My! when we go back to your younger and hastier days, you would not have taken it then. And you don't know how much we appreciate the medium to come and tell you all this. You know, I came right along with you today, and it was the desire of your heart to have something explained, and we have done the best we could. (Did you see what I did last night?)

Tom: Did you change her picture? (Yes, from one wall to another, for better light.)

Dec. 14. Mrs. Turner. (Is this you, Mary?) Oh, this is Mary. Well, you never get over wanting tests, tests. . . . I brought into your life what I thought at the time was the right one, and she was, so far as the spiritual nature and unfoldment could bring you those that had gone before, and were needed to be brought back into your life and surroundings. Nothing could have been better. But there was another element, an outside influence that was foreign to the spiritual, and there would have been other conditions, and we sensed it. I tried to bring in all the harmony I could, didn't I? And if I found there was a discord I tried to adjust it. And it is better just as it is. (Does Lydia think so, too?) She will soon learn to think so, to see the wisdom of all that will come out of her transition into this life, and what we can do for you in your life that we could not have accomplished on the mortal plane. But we together in

the realm of the spirit knew that we could come back to the home, and through other avenues every time we tried to reach you. While there is that lonely feeling with you, you should feel the love of the divine and of all that has preceded you in the spirit world. If you had been called first, the little woman through whom I came and convinced you and brought into your life would have been harassed, harassed, and her last days, with the influences about her, would not have been happy.

And you, with your care and love in the mortal life, know that my life with her, and with many from the spirit side, made her last days and months happier. We are sorry we could not say years. But never mind, we made them happy. Oh, I am so thankful that through you, and the assistance of the loved ones, everything was done that could be done for her. You have that consolation, that consoling influence in your heart, that you made the little woman so happy in her last days. If you will go back with me to the first, you know there was a little misgiving in your heart, and if I could have had an avenue to come through, where the little woman and the boys were not around, I could have explained to you that it would not be so long before she would be with us. (You knew it?) I did. And why not be true to your own honest conviction? There was that doubt with you about the wisdom of it. But you have got a home, a home for us both to come to. And that is not all I feel. I don't know but there will be another one in the union. I know there will be somebody that will come into the home and will bring you spiritual comfort. I can see it now! (Fulfilled in 1912.)

Tom: This is a great privilege, a great blessing. Do you realize what has come to you through strangers? You don't and you won't appreciate it until they are out of your reach. Then you will realize it fully. You are not alone in your home now. And we will bring somebody into it that we may reach you, and then you can commune with us and feel that you have reached us. (No law against waiting for another?) Oh, no. The little one would not like another to take her place, you know her temperament, but the Mary would walk out and go wherever she could find one to bring into your home, companionable, congenial, and sanction it tomorrow, if you sanctioned it. . . .

Chapter XXXII.

JAN. 9, 1910. Mrs. Clark: Are you going on a journey? (Yes.) I am shown a graveyard, in a northern direction. I see the letter A. (Armstrong.) A lady pulls flowers, pinks, from a bush, and says, with each: For you, for you. More silent than talking. Rather short, stout. Would there be an L in her name? (Yes.) Would you recognize M? (Yes.) Has she a spirit with her named George? (Yes.) He seems to be standing still, trying to bring a certain condition to you to make you easier. I see you sitting in quite a big arm chair, beside a table, but you are uneasy. Later on, he says, things will be made better for you, not business; will give you more comfort. Have you been impressed in last weeks to go somewhere? (Yes.) When in earth life your wife must have lived much in the spirit. George looks like a manager, managing the conditions for her. He had great commanding power. Now I see the letters A. C. in monogram. (Alice Cary.) (Earnestly); Somebody connected with your wife is sick. Will be a death. I see a lady, full face, in her bed. (Lydia's daughter.) A fatherly influence says, things will be better and brighter. He is something of your build. In his hands he holds a book, with a prayer-book. A very uplifting influence. (Minister.) Your wife wants to put me in a trance. On her face I see a little distressed look about something. (Who is with her?) Red —— something. (Red Wing.) White Eagle. Her work was not finished. George will inspire some one to finish it. Be patient, and you will get what you are seeking. You will be led in a peculiar way, guided by the spirit. I think I could be controlled more by the man George. Have you met a medium who was entranced for you since she went away? (Yes.) But there will be somebody in the city George will control. There is so much to be given you. Henry. Cousin. (Henry Hare, Richmond.)

. . .

Aug. 22. Mrs. Turner: . . . (Is this George?) Why, the devil. Didn't you think I would come in and see you? Don't I tell you when I come? (I know you by your voice, manner and language.) And you are having a pretty good time. You have been going around, seeing who is honest, and who is dishonest. My little medium used to call us the boys. I was plain George, and told you the facts. What you got through her attracted you, and you had been told about things that happened way back. You liked her and the boys together. That is the way it happened she came into your life. (Bad ending, George.) Good God! There's no use being troubled about things in general. Don't you know it's about as well? She would not have given up Mollie as long as she lived, and your pocket would have suffered. Then what's the use? Why not say Amen? Mollie never had enough, and will never get enough. Always pleading poverty. And didn't the old gal like to have pretty things, pretty clothes? Would get them, and tell you afterwards. (True.) That other one brought lots of comfort, but you can never do for her what you did for this one. If you've got any regret, give it to her. You were happier with her peaceful, quiet nature than you ever were with the other one. If she did not cling to you still, you would be unhappy. (Did you say Lyddy's daughter would go out suddenly?) I did, and it will be a blessing. (Who is with you now?) Don't you remember Tommy used to talk with you, smiling-faced Tommy? Red Wing was the most serious one. He is here, and all the rest of them. And Beecher.

Aug. 25. Sitting alone in Lily Dale Library, reading a book by E. V. Wilson, felt hands on my head and heard distinct raps in corner of room near a cabinet. Asked the Librarian if rappings were ever heard in the room. Yes, she replied, sometimes in that corner, near the cabinet.

Oct. 27. Mrs. Phillips-Hesse, West 108th St., New York. First sitting. A stranger to the facts stated. Her control Alice Waterhouse, sister of Jennie Potter. Described Lyddy: short, lively, fond of dress. L. took control and spoke affectionately.

Medium also named a George, big head; and two Marys. Your mother is here. A doctor, also, a big man. (Krebs.) Lydia referred to her former necklace and locket; taken away. Mother Mary mentioned the song Face to Face I sang at her funeral, gave the name of Nathaniel Johnson, a mutual friend, and spoke of her ashes after cremation. Mentioned Margaret Gaul. Still loves her friend Miss Allen, who was with her in her last moments. Named Wiona. Lydia says she was no business woman. Had two nurses, one larger than the other. (All these statements correct.)

* * *

Jan. 25, 1911. Mrs. Miller of Brooklyn. My first private interview. Your mother is there by the piano, and others, as if it is a family gathering. Looks as though she has been in spirit quite a while, is so spiritualized, has progressed so much. There are two that come to you like mothers. And they both loved you, but only one seems to have loved you as in babyhood. One was with you longer than the other. Did you have a minister in your family, a blood-tie? Is it your father? Because he says father, father. He must have talked and made gestures with his hands, and as he takes hold of me I feel so brainy, as though he had accomplished more than preaching. (Correct.) Do you know who Charles is, who comes with him? (His father.) And as he comes he wants you to know for a surety that they are together. One of the ladies that come to you is very loving. She puts her arm around your neck, and I have seen her now the second time. And I see her hair is not brought down flat, but puffed a little. (Correct.) She must have had a very affectionate nature, and her face is so refined looking. (Mary.) Another stands back of you, and she has quite a full face. One was a little taller than the other, who is smaller, and has pretty hands; her face beams all over with brightness, and she must have had that genial nature in life. She had a very expressive eye. Beaming, as if she wanted to appear natural. The other one was ailing quite a while before passing out of life, and she had so much patience. She realized it at the time, still she didn't say very much. She wants to thank you for what was done for her. I get the name of Mary, and there is an Elizabeth with her. (Mother and her sister.) Almost impossible to separate them. (Always came together.) There is somebody here who passed awfully quick, and didn't have time to explain. And he says he met his old friend on the other side. He says, I worked through her. (Meaning Dr. Krebs, his sudden death, and his medium, Mother Mary.) I see here a gentleman with a broad forehead, quite a heavy mustache, standing beside you. Weyman. (Where did I first meet him?) In a public meeting. Didn't you use to lead some meetings? (New York Psychical Society, where I first met him.)

I, Ada, am white. Lotus is almost black. (Two of medium's guides.) This is my Aunt, and she is just a lovely Aunt. Lotus been here over one thousand years. She was a little Egyptian princess. You got a lot of folks with you. You didn't always live in the New York City town. You got three of your family left in the earth life. (True.)

Medium: My little one's been snooping, and wanted me to understand there are three left. (Yes, only three.) And they live out of the city, a place not densely populated like New York, because I see so many open places, and hills and valleys and trees and shrubs. And your mother and father go there as well as come to you. One of your parents, I feel it was your father, passed out of life unexpectedly, and another one sat in a chair on the stoop. So long ailing. (Mother, while visiting relatives in Richmond, Va., stricken while sitting in a porch chair, just before her death.) They want you to know that all that have gone over are in the home again together. Three on the other side come very close to you. Your father came before the others from earth life. I also get Abby or Altie. Didn't you call her Aunt Altie? (I did.) Didn't she pass out away from this city here? Because she takes me to the old home. And she says she often goes there, although there are many changes. (Altie Kell, Richmond, Va.) She often goes to the Wells. Is it Wells? (Name of part of her family in Richmond.)

Who is it comes with a strangling, all filled-up in the throat. A man, not very large in height, but quite full. He didn't work with his hands very much, because his brain carried him through. And he

preached, too, somebody says. (Isaiah T. Wallace, Baptist minister, of Richmond; stout thick neck, pretty hands, strong doctrinist, married Altie's daughter.) George is here, and says he did find another medium, clear away from here. He doesn't like some of her principles, but he don't want to tell. He is going to try and teach her better. Some people are like fishes, they slip out of the hand sometimes. George says you will find somebody that will suit you better. Jennie is here. (Potter, probably.) I want you to know I have not forgotten the home, and that you are not alone. We of the upper spheres watch over you, and while we climb on together we will accomplish much good before you come over to us. God bless you, my boy. Father, mother, all are praying so earnestly for the advancement they want to make through you before you come over. (Do you see this George?) I am so big. Large head, big forehead, broad, wide shoulders; so positive. (Always so reported.)

July 5. Mrs. Miller, Brooklyn, second time, Ada, control, after some singing at piano: I makes my Auntie make music, and she gets out of all her trouble. A spirit in spirit life comes to you and makes you make music, to make you forget your nerves. Not your mother, but just Sweetheart. (Lydia's old term.) You know her, because she comes so close to you. She just wants to love you, that's the reason. But she didn't always show it, though. Do you know what I mean? She was affectionate, but was not very demonstrative. I get the name of Mary. She comes with her. Quite a little difference in years between the two. Still they come together, very close. The mother passed out of life a long while ago, and then your wife, your Sweetheart. She was not very tall, rather under-size, and her face is rather fine-cut. This one has more oval features, and very, very impressive eyes. Not so very heavy, and not so tall, and as she shows herself she puts her arm around you and wants you to know she is protecting you in the earth life. She always liked a pretty way of dressing. Didn't like anything gaudy, but very neat, and she used to comment on some ladies when they dressed too fine. Always looked neat, dressed with taste.

Now I see a letter W. Also the name of Caroline. She seems like an Aunt. (Mrs. W.'s Aunt Caroline Sherwood of Connecticut.) I want to go back a generation. I also get the names of Henry and Charles. Would they be uncles? (Yes.) Did you know somebody named Minnie? (Yes.) (Can you read a spirit's thoughts without words?) Yes, we can read each other's thoughts, and we can read yours, too. Your Sweetheart says she feels very sad she could not stay with you longer. But it was all right, or it would not have been. But she don't stay away from you. She was always fussing, wasn't she? (True.) Comes in the same way. Says she reaches out to see three here, you and two more. (Correct.) Why, wasn't she a medium? She was. She brings a beautiful influence. There were many things she kept within herself. She says she was very fond of roses and carnations. Has she got a daughter in earth life? She wants to reach out to the daughter, and as she takes hold of me, she wants to take me away, not far away. I see her go into the daughter's home first. Is the son quite a little way from here, not in New York City? (Yes.) I get the name of Will. And she says, I want to reach that home, because they need me, my help. This daughter is the one she thinks a great deal of, this one she puts her mind on so much and worries about. The daughter is a very nervous make-up. Have you a hurt, a condition of the spine? (Yes.) It is nothing serious.

Your father stands by you now, and he talks with his hands and gestures; wants you to understand he watches always over his boy. Comes in his influential way to do many things. I want to tell you first, rest, rest, rest. You need it to battle with the things of life. I see new conditions being brought around you, I feel as if a change is coming into that home. Is there a kind of stout man there? (Yes.) He holds a great influence over some one there, a lady, and he wants it as he says. (True; man and wife care-takers.) I see a change, and it will be better. The wife is here and says, just let us straighten it out for thee. Prof. Hyslop's friend Isaac (Funk) is here. William is here. (Any kin?) Yes, your father. Thomas is here. (Can you get his last name?) Fox. (Correct.) I come to let you know I have not forgotten you.

July 20. In Bridgeport, saw Mother Mary's sister, aged ninety. Went thence to Holyoke to see her daughter; then to Lake Pleasant, Mass. For first time. Purposely gave no name.

Following Sunday, in Temple, Rev. Mr. Wiggin, of Boston, lectured before large audience, and read concealed ballots, blindfolded. I had written names of Mary Wakeman, Lydia and George Wilson on one ballot, and same names on another. Taking up one of them from a mass on table he said: As I control this medium, I am glad to have heard your musical selection, Flee as a Bird. (A favorite of Mrs. W. in life.) I am led by the influences about me to take this paper first of all. I sense a variety of influences. The person who wrote this wants to know this important fact, that as far as we are related to the invisible forces, we draw you this, that and the other way toward the spiritual world, and there is one thing you have, a real anchorage in your own established state. You are firm in your faith, and a skeptical spiritualist. You are spiritual-material and material-spiritual. These terms may seem paradoxical, nevertheless, as I hold this I see you are all of that.

But here is another great truth, you are in pretty close touch with one especial spirit, and that spirit is guiding you from day to day in ways you know little of. It is a lady, and the most beautiful in spirit that has come to me in a long time. I see her as a spirit refined. Think of what that means. And she is very happy, very dignified in her happiness, not at all prudish, and she is holding you to a purpose, and you are going to do some things before you pass out that you are not planning, and for your comfort. The name is Mary; the other name I cannot see distinctly, but it might be Wakeman, or something like it. In connection with it comes a second spirit, closely allied, and his name is George. I will not pass that paper without adding, there is a spirit comes to me who places a hand on your head, and I see the two words, Love, Lydia. After giving names and recognized messages to many others, he said: I feel as if somebody has put up two papers here. I have had similar influence with another paper. Mother Waterman, no, Mother Wakeman. She says I want to go to my son, there, just in front of me. (Pointed to me in front seat.)

Aug. 1. Mr. Wiggin, in public, holding up my ballot, unopened, said: I hear the name of William. Also Mary, Mother and William P. S. There are so many spirit friends I have not time to name them in the limitation of an hour. Joseph. Your father says, we are progressing. An old shrivelled lady talks of her boy. (Possibly Aunt Altie Kell, of Va., very wrinkled.) Interested in you in your boyhood days.

Afterward talking with Mr. Wiggin on porch of the camp hotel, he asked: Are you the man who declines to give his name? (Yes; for a purpose.) Well, there's a friend of yours here, from New York, who says he will tell your name. His name is Newton. And he tells me that you began your knowledge of Spiritualism in 14th St. (Correct, in 1873.) I have with me Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Andrew Jackson Davis, and the Fox sisters. It is impossible to photograph anything that does not exist. (Mr. Newton, a friend and photographer, was killed by a car corner Broadway and 23rd St.) Mr. Wiggin then asked me for a bit of paper and pencil, seized my right hand convulsively, and in a twinkling returned the paper with my name written upon it. (This sudden demonstration and accurate message was written in the daylight, with nobody else around.)

Aug. 2. Lake Pleasant. Eva Hill, of Northampton: I see such a gentle old lady beside you. She seems interested in some business affair. I don't say she is worried about it. Undertake nothing until fall. Are you not quite a musician? I am right in your home. You have music there; and in public. This spirit is not your mother. She thought an awful lot of you. Then another one comes as a wife. What is this building you go in? People going in and out. You were busy with your hands and writing with pencil so much. (S. O. Co.) Now you rest. You don't have to do it now. Did you ever stand up and talk to the people? (Yes.) I can see you doing it. Seems like quite a long time. What a busy man you have been. You feel now like keeping quiet. Now I am in a hall, and I seem to be the head, and they listen to me, too. A great deal of good came out of

it. (New York Psychical Society.) Mr. Brave, you have not got through your work. I tell you new conditions come here. You cannot know now, but it is a fact.

Anything you undertake you can do. And here is a man who passed out suddenly; used to know you so well. He was like a doctor. (Krebs.) And you have had a great deal from the spirit side. Do you have sittings in your home? (Yes.) Continue them, with the same parties. You have two beautiful women in spirit life, one like a wife and one like a mother. You have been one who was always helping somebody. Who is Sarah and Elizabeth? (Mother's mother and sister.) And then George. Good size. There are more than a dozen around you. This large man has broad shoulders; and he laughs. Then a beautiful old lady, hair white, loving face, blue and brown eyes, very quiet in manner. Your health this winter will be fine. Don't call yourself old any more. What is it about selling? A sale that ought to be made. The wife says that. (N. Y. house.) Who is Harriet? (H. B. S.) Who is the fixed-up, jolly, lively lady? She laughs. Of course you know.

A splendid-looking Indian is with you, Grey Eagle, who came to you first in Boston, through a medium, something like Conant. (Met her there in 1866.) Now somebody that passed out by accident, by cars. Came to you yesterday. (Newton.) Says he is coming again, through a strange medium. Who is Myra? Comes with the old lady. (Gen. W. H. Parsons, of Washington, years ago received messages through Mother Wakeman in New York from his spirit wife Myra.) You made your own life from boyhood. Haven't you lived South? It seems a nice place.

Seems you fixed your home inside and out. (Yes.) In a business way I feel you are only looking after things. There seems to be a little worry, but that seems to clear itself, and I get a nice, quiet condition all around you. I see your loneliness removed by a different condition. A tremendous change in another year. (Happily married the next year.) You are not looking for it. I see another companion, a lady, congenial. You have spoken to her. It seems that one in spirit life wants you to do that. You are very fond of home. Been in such a lonely condition for quite a time. The spirit wife was a plump person, and is with the gray-haired lady. After they were gone, it seemed you could never stand it. Now there is a younger person, who is a woman of good size. I can see that person living. She seems interested in you, and you in her, a very mediumistic person. (What is your name?) Sparkling Water. You going to marry again. Your mother says so, and your wife. Do you want a lonely home and an empty house? You know you don't enjoy it. (Was Mother Mary with me in Holyoke?) Yes, you know she was. You were talking with a squaw. She loved her very dearly. (A friend of hers?) Closer; her very own. (Her daughter.) (Was she with me in Bridgeport?) Yes, and you talked together about her. (Is the lady a good friend of hers?) Sister. (Correct.)

Cooley. And there's a doctor with him who was interested in Spiritualism. (Mr. Cooley and Dr. Standsbury, both spiritualists in New York City, and fellow society members many years ago.) Botts. (Virginia name, known to me in youth.) Ruth. Young. (N. Y. psychic.) An old brave holds up a lot of watches. Don't feel he was an American. (German.) (Was he a spiritualist?) You bet. Wasn't ashamed of it either. (Was an ardent spiritualist, in jewelry business, Staunton, Va.) Made music. (What instrument?) Something like strings. (Banjo.) The doctor. (Dr. Krebs, friend of the German.) Who is Kate, in this life, Katie? I want to send love to Katie. (My mother died in her home in Richmond.) Josie. In earth life. My Josie, living in the body. Like a mother's spirit. Cora. Tell him Beckie is here. Haven't died. She is black. Old Aunt Beckie. Good cook, splendid. Went out suddenly. (Cook in family in my childhood and died of lock-jaw.) Dave. When you lived South. (Dave Parr.) Laura. Your sister? (Yes.) Who is Dwight? (My old school-master in Norfolk.) Lydia. With Mary and George.

Medium closed by going to organ and singing, first like a fine bass operatic vocalist, then as a contralto, and then as a thrilling soprano, in Italian.

Same day, in public circle, a Mrs. Mosher, of Boston, stranger, referred to a gentle old lady with me, like a mother. Were she to do as impressed, she would

put her arms about me to represent the feeling of the spirit. Spoke of a coming companion for the rest of my life. Got a sense of great loneliness. Do you know a Joseph? (My front name.) In about a year you will have a peaceful, happy life with one who is spiritually mediumistic, and with brains. You have the power to change your conditions. All your friends say, why not? We want you to do what is best for your happiness. Do you know anything of colored people down South? Why did you get away from the South? One says, my face is smokey, but my heart is white. She helps you at various times and follows you frequently.

Aug. 17. Onset, Mass. Mrs. Effie L. Webster, of Montpelier, Vt., whom I never saw before, in public meeting, pointing to me, said:

I would ask this gentleman if he knows any one by the name of Joseph. (Yes.) Then she gave me the name of Lydia, describing her exactly. Also the name of Mary, with the letter W., a lady of repose, gentle, shedding a kindly influence around her. Both referred to the past correctly, gave appropriate advice, and concluded with Lydia's pet phrase, God bless you.

Aug. 18. Mrs. Webster. First interview. I always see a mental picture before me. As I see the picture over you, you have been a man that has traveled quite a little, your business has brought you in association with many people, but you have always had a way of getting along with all of them without much friction. You would find many not in accord with your views or highest desire, yet you would in some way get over those difficulties, and they seem to adjust themselves, and really you have been very successful in your walks of life. You began when a lad to think and to rely upon your own version of things, and you began to gather your means when you were a young boy, and you have been constantly gathering your financial and spiritual interests since you were a little more than twenty-two to twenty-three years of age. You must have become interested in spiritual things before you were thirty. (Correct.) And you have been led by spirits a greater part of the time since then.

(Control): Well, I come in this morning; am glad to greet you, and I like to gather from your psychic atmosphere what you have built up, and what your dear ones may place before you for your helpfulness and happiness. And when your spirit loved ones come to you, they come with the desire to give you the things that you can apply now, and that will be of utility to you bye-and-bye. You have been really guarded by spirit intelligence in worldly things as well as in spiritual things, and spirits of discrimination have directed you to make investments that have been of real profit to you. Now a lady comes to you that you know, the dear old soul who loved you as a mother would love her boy, and yet she calls herself Mother Wakely or Wakeman. And in your home there hangs upon the wall her picture that you look at so much. (Life-size.) Now there's another picture I see there, with something on its head. (Astrachan feathers.) Two pictures, one of your dear soul companion, and one that you worship more than any one else. These two souls have been more to you than all the worldly things, and both have been snatched out of the physical, but you know they are with you. You stand and look at those pictures a good many times, and you say, Bless you, and I bid you good-night. You do that because they tell me they heard you, and it is a comfort to them, it keeps them in close touch with you. (A repeated fact.) And the spirit that has been your adviser through this dear Lyddy is a George that comes to you, because he was certainly the one that gave you advice relative to material interests before she was taken away. You have gathered together, and still you have not got beyond the desire of increasing material things. You feel as if you must keep in touch with business, you must be active, and just at this time. You have under consideration a matter of disposing of something; you feel it might be wise, that you might go into a smaller compass with your worldly things, and make a change more for your comfort. And you will yet get what you want to relieve you of certain care.

Did your wife call you Joe? Your wife was a lady that was really spiritual, although material. She was of that spiritual unfoldment when at times she seemed etherial, living in the spiritual realm. And yet, being in the material mood, there were times when you thought her very different; but you felt that when in the spiritual she could never be more beautiful than at that

time. It appealed to you in that way, sir, and when she passed out of this life it seemed as if another chord had been broken, and you could not be reconciled to it. And even now there are times when you cry out in your soul, and even say to her as you stand looking at her, Why could it not have been otherwise? Why could she not have remained? Yet you realize why it could not be; and she says she has done as much for you since she has moved away as when she was here in earth, and she has awakened within your being a consciousness of immortal affairs you never recognized before, for she has touched you with a quickening power, and you sense her presence so close to you. You could not have had this experience had she stayed here. Your soul could not have been drawn so close to her but for this change; your attention would not have been so attracted to that world, and it has all been for a purpose. There is some one in spirit whose name begins with R. I hear the name Robert. (A cousin, Robert Gill, went to Seattle many years ago, reported several times.) You have a brother and a Charles about you. (The latter father's father.) There's a John who comes with the letter P. (John Pritchard.) And he seems to be one who was full of jollity. (True.) Did you know any one whose name sounds like Manks. (Yes.) Was there some marriage relation in your life of that name? (Wife's former name.) Her father tells me he was not acquainted with you. Your wife brought him here, because she was very proud of her people, very devoted to them. And somehow they left her to struggle in a way. You have a ring that belonged to your Lydia. (Yes.) She was so sensitive spiritually that she cannot come onto the plane of every personality that you come in touch with, as you go to places and persons where you want to hear from her. But you have grown to a large spiritual unfoldment because of your experiences. Now there are high spirits that come to you, and you read and you reason, and you know there are times when you hear a voice that speaks in your very soul, that tells you when to go, and when not to go. You made up your mind to come to this place, you have been to some other camp, and you said you would come here. Then when you went from the other camp to your home place you said, I don't know whether I will go there or not. She says she brought you here, inspired you to come. Who is Tommie that comes to you in spirit? He was a jolly fellow, too. (Lydia's Tommyhawk.) Did you know anybody in spirit named Nat, Nathaniel? And a lady named Anna? (Yes, both.) Was she a cousin? (Yes.) And a friend that suffered so much in the stomach. Didn't she go out when you were in your thirtieth year or thereabout? (Twenty-nine, plus.)

You have been favorably placed with worldly things. You really have every reason to be grateful to the holy angels for what they have done for you in various ways. Your life has been a heaven, because of the beautiful truth as it was revealed to you by the angel ones who cheered you in your loneliness; and you have only begun your journey. The last part of your journey will be filled with much that will be pleasant and beautiful for you. And yet, when you come into association with some others, through their organization your loved ones cannot at all times come and give you counsel and the benefit of their experience. Your wife says, another will come into your life to cheer you up, one that will counsel you in your lonely moments. But the band that has been cemented will be forever, and when you move into that larger sphere she will be with you to greet you and clasp your hand and receive you into her beautiful home that you have also helped to build with your love and earnest purpose. She says she is so glad she was privileged to pat your hand and say, "God bless you."

The good is ever present and ever demonstrated in your life. Don't feel that there are shadows. Don't look at them, for they are not very thick, and they will soon disappear, and it is only the shadow of loneliness that you feel. Well, this is like making a reunion, for so many spirits have congregated, that have met on earth. What a comfort it is that stations have been established where we can send a word of congratulation and knowledge that we are one of the throng about you to strengthen you in your purposes. How grateful we should be to the Soul of all things. . . . There are so many on your soul plane that belong to the same soul family. Each one gets stronger by the coming together. Your wife and this dear Mother Wakeman, didn't they both love you? Do you know the one was a mother,

sister, friend; the other a companion, helpmate, friend? And they are constantly together, to visit and greet you, to keep the way open. And in the year 1912 a big change will come into your life. (Married Oct. 2, 1912.)

At medium's meeting, in Temple, Lake Pleasant, Mass., Mrs. Mosher, of Boston: Are you contemplating a change in your home? Use well your reason and best judgment. Do you know a Mary and a Joseph? You have worked with both hands and brain. You are more concerned about the spiritual than the material.

A Mrs. Robinson, of Boston, gave names of William and Mary. (Father and mother.) Born in January, you are hard to move. (Right month and mood.) You are more like your mother in disposition, more like your father in stature. (Correct.) You will live long like your mother. (She was eighty-three.)

Aug. 27. Asbury Park, N. J. In a circle of thirty persons, Mrs. Gagg, a stranger, like all the rest, to me in my turn as seated, said: I get the name of Mary, not your mother, but one a long time associated with you. Called the name of Mrs. Manks. Referred to her first husband. His people objected to Spiritualism, and he made her life very hard. (Found to be correct.) She puts her hand on my shoulder and says: I did the same kind of work that you are doing, little girl. Go on with the good work. There is some one in your home who is critical of some of your friends. (Why?) Shall I tell you? She is afraid if you bring some one else in she will have to go out. (Caretaker, and husband.) Gave name of Captain George Wilson. He used to say funny things to you. The medium's Indian control, Suwasso, mentioned my visits to spiritual camps. What did you do with that writing pad? (Had it in my pocket, out of sight.) Called name of Ruth. She is fond of spirits. (A New York Miss of that name, fond of both kinds.) Addressed Miss C. L. Jones by name, who came late into adjoining parlor in the dark, quietly and unseen, and referred to her business correctly. (To me): That lady that was here was your wife.

Aug. 30. Mrs. Gagg. Reported Lydia present. Mentioned her final meningitis and tumor. Said I often wondered why it should be so, instead of years of comfort together. Spoke of my nephew. Not all right. Doesn't know himself what is the matter.

Contrary to previous unwillingness to accept the playful gyrations of the well-known Ouija Board, persistent experiments, perhaps with a modest degree of personal mediumship, soon convinced me of its usefulness in proof of spiritual intelligence, philosophy and facts. Apart from the information entirely unknown at the time, my eyes were purposely averted from the letters until the heart-table came to rest.

Nov. 23. Alone in home I experimented with Ouija, spelling each letter, with surprising results, in part as follows:

Lydia: You should try to be more happy as the joyous bells ring out the Christmas time. The things that you are most interested in are interesting to us. I have many things to do for you. (What in particular?) Making a home for you here. (Any message?) Tell Mollie (her daughter) I will welcome her departure to the spirit world. I have added a magnificent porch to the temple of the living and eternal world. Millions of loving spirits gather around the fireside of the mortal at all times.

Nov. 24. Ouija. (Was thinking of a letter received from daughter of Mother Mary.) Mary: You must write Julia to come here. . . . (Do you see what little present I have for Julia?) Yes it will please us both, my picture. (Enlarged to life-size). (Is Miss Jones a medium?) Yes; needs development. (How?) Sitting often. (With me?) Yes. Let Miss Jones guard her health. A good friend. Not money-seeking. Mr. B. is a sincere friend. Notice you have revised your will. George Wilson is here now. He is with the boys, around Lyddy. My love to Julia. Won't you go and see my Josie? (Living in same place?) Yes. (Found true.) Your records will be a comfort. George Mellish. (Gave name of friend of his wife of Meriden, Conn.) I knew him before I married Emma, 29 years ago. Have met my friends here, and am satisfied. Will meet you some day. Know the truth now. Will try to find somebody for us as a medium.

Nov. 25. Ouija resumed, eyes averted: We love you. (Who are We?) Your dear

friends. Your daddy says, don't take cold. Billy's wife has pneumonia. (Referring to a law case): S. will accept your offer. His lawyer advises him to do it, or he will drop the matter. (A week later my attorney so advised me in confirmation.) Valleau. (Our temperance friend?) Yes. Mr. Gibbs. Am glad I can make my way back. (Do you temperance people meet together as on earth?) Yes. I labored for humanity. I still labor for mankind. I wish I might teach them to give help to fallen men. Tell brother Jones (a fellow lodge member) Gibbs has given him help in his work. Dear friends, I gave my best efforts to the Cause. Go on. I don't forget the brothers and sisters. Have met Mother Wakeman. Mother Mary: Take care that you do not fall on the street. (Had a bad one when she passed away.)

Nov. 27. Ouija: Mary: Last night was very enjoyable. (Had company of fourteen friends.) You like fun. James H. Buhl. (How did you get acquainted with Lydia?) Met her taking a walk with a gentleman in Philadelphia. I liked her for her wonderful mediumship. You knew what her wants were. M. A. had very extravagant habits. You tried to wake Lydia up to it until death woke her up. Lydia: I know better than before that what I did was wrong. I appreciate your kindness in all things. Forgive me. I love you. Don't criticize me too freely. Tell sister Julia to come to New York to see you. I want to tell her something about Mollie. I would take her to some good medium. I feel so anxious to have Billy stay at Sparkill. He thinks he could do better elsewhere. He comes to New York for business. I find him in vaudeville.

Nov. 28. Ouija: Lydia, Mary, George. Lydia clings to her girl. Don't injure your health by melancholy. (George, what is matter with Lydia's son Ed?) A terrible illness. (Is he at home?) No; hospital. Operated on. Will recover. (Does Lyddy know it?) No, I will tell her. I am told he may have to remain there over a month. My cabin boys, the red skins, tell me this. Tell Lydia (son's older daughter) to do all she can to help the mother.

Nov. 29. Ouija: Must not let your motor-nerves get the upperhand. (Who says this?) Abram D——. I married a woman you knew, MacBride. I went to Baltimore eight years ago; been in spirit life three years. (Are you still a teacher?) We teach a great number upon various subjects. (What was your study in Columbia?) (A sudden silence. A few moments later an expressman interrupted to deliver a trunk.) You will understand it better when I say I was vain enough to teach the upper classes in Sanscrit. I did not have a very good knowledge of it. (What was your age?) Eighty-one. (Do you have same name in spirit?) No; only used for identification in returning. (Were you posted on Spiritualism here?) A little. I had no mediumship. Was convinced of spirit return, not through mediumship of others, but by study.

Nov. 30. Miss Jones present. Ouija: Friend, I love you still. I am Harriet. (H. B. S.) Kill time till time kills you. Trust all matters to God till all things have been made right. My brother will take my place in your memory. (Long silence; legs of little table immovable, even with positive hand urgence. Why this stop?) I wanted to convince you that I come. Mary: I came to you in the camps through the guides. (Who is with you?) John Pritchard. (Who is with him?) Mollie. We are together, like one family. We can't get along in either world without company and affection. I don't think it right to live alone. Act well your part. Give something to the poor. Be calm in all things. Elevate your thoughts. (How is Miss Jones?) She is very loving and innocent, almost child-like in her nature, kindly, charitable. George: I am delighted to say, we have jolly times here. (What do you think of us two?) Two sinners. I may take up my work again, through some medium. Lomas. (Where did I know you?) Universalist church. (Pastor many years ago of a New York Universalist church.)

Dec. 1. Julia, Mother Mary's daughter, called. Later the mother said: My daughter is looking unwell. You talked well. Tell her we watch over her with much worry. Let her make up her mind to be more willing to understand what mother loved. I am in your home most of the time. My work is to make you well and happy. They are not like you in firm understanding of the truth. You will make a good medium this way. Mollie Pritchard. I want you to visit Will. (Her son.)

Dec. 2. (Long pause.) I am Mary. We waited for more power. Be patient. Must take time. Lydia: You beautified your home for me. I thank you. (To whom did you leave anything?) Women friends. My watch I wanted to go to sister Julia. (Who got it?) Mollie. My trouble was more than I could bear. We must not harbor spite. I will come again, Sweetheart. George Mellish. My wife thinks you have lost your kind feeling for her. (Here Miss Jones who was present, complained of helpless right arm. (Who is this?) Mellish, my uncle. Broke it. (To Miss Jones): Home conditions unfavorable for development. (Another control). I am Manks. Lost Lyddy's love. (Whose fault was it?) (No reply.)

Dec. 3. Mary. (How do you find Miss J?) I think she is very trusting, very loving in her nature. (Not put on?) No, no, no. You have a strong influence over her. Wants to do right, always anxious to do you a service. I agree with George about her. Has not mediumship enough. We want somebody to open the gates for us.

Dec. 5. Mary. I want to see you happy. (What concerns me now?) Many things. (What in particular?) The oil business. Hope you will have a jolly time tonight. (Banks' Club Concert). We will be there. (Remember your old-time visits?) Loved to go. (Miss Jones is going.) A good friend in sickness.

Dec. 6. Mary. I will make Lyddy leave Philadelphia until her son is better. Makes her very sad. He is a little improved. (You like Miss Jones?) Let her make you happy. The family are kind; satisfied with your friendship. (What do you think of Mrs. Jones?) My opinion is like yours. (What is that?) You like to make your jokes. Let her kick. Let Miss Jones sit with you. Ask her to miss Lodge tonight.

Dec. 8. Mary. Julia is not coming today. (Husband afterward advised she was sick.) My thought is more of your health. Take more rest. I will walk with you when the sun shines. (Who is with you now?) Wiona, my young maid. She loves to take the manner of a young woman. My love to Julia. (Who else is with you?) Wolcott. (Any word from him?) I think I will write through Ella. I will take possession of her hand. (His daughter, who gets automatic writing.) My love to little Miss W——, my wife's sister. My wife has wanted to tell her something about my estate. (Are the executors honest?) We like to think so. My friend, let me say in regard to my sister, I know my will was very weakly constructed. My love to you till I come again. (Mr. Wolcott was a Superintendent on the *New York Herald*, and a spiritualist.)

Same date, p. m. I will come. Mary. Let me come whenever I wish. (Can you answer my thought without speech?) Yes. Have more faith in us. Tell Julia I would like her to make Josie a present at holiday time. (I go for new glasses tomorrow.) I am very thankful my sight is restored. My ears were very good. (True; very keen.) Lydia. My son is somewhat better. Mrs. Stone was very good to me. My work was properly appreciated. I want to leave her my love. Walter Underwood. (Where does he live?) Millville, Pa. Also Mrs. Mosier, Washington, Pa., Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Lovering. I love you more than all the world. We are not to be blamed for what is not our fault. My worst fault was loving Mollie too much. My son will tell you what I went through. (Will you and Captain George remain with me?) Yes, yes, yes. You will stay in life many years.

Dec. 12. Mellish. (Have you met your college niece?) No. (What was her true fate?) Killed. (Who informed you?) My uncle. He was made insane. (True.) He was a minister. (Any message to your friends?) My friends are like Emma. My uncle says my niece Bertha was murdered. (By whom?) More than one. (For what purpose?) Money. (Was her body ever found?) No. He met her in spirit life. (Bertha Mellish, at Smith's College, Holyoke, Mass., daily visited a neighboring bluff for study, was suddenly missed, and never heard of since.)

Dec. 15. Mary. Be careful of your health. Patience, faith. (What did you tell Miss Jones yesterday?) I told her to tell you not to take cold. (Correct.) George brought me. We brought each other. Everything that interests you interests me. Best to forget the past. Lydia: My son is a little better. My sister Julia was with him yesterday. (Received a letter afterward from Philadelphia confirming this statement.)

Dec. 16. Manks. You must wait until the magnetism is wound up. Tell Mollie to live with less extravagance. My wife was married to me in Millville, N. J., more than nine years ago. My wife was medium for Buhl when I met her. She was a great medium. (What caused your separation?) My own wandering. (Meeting in spirit, did she feel more kindly?) Yes; the translation usually makes us so. She liked to look handsome. (Can she gratify her pride now?) No. I must leave. . . . My name is Mullen. I lived in Lynchburg, Va. My wife went away from me years ago. I have been in spirit life five years. She is still here; moved to lower Virginia, Halifax.

Dec. 21. Mary. I will come. Must make my way with mildness; must take time. (What of my care-taker?) It is well to take things more lightly, without too much excitement. (What of Mrs. Pettit?) She is very mediumistic. She will take much interest in getting things through her own hand. Has faith to inquire of her mother and others as to her business. She must have more will-power; listens to others. . . . My wife wants you to know who I am. William Mitchell. (What was your middle initial?) F. (Where did you live?) Richmond. (What was your wife's name?) Hester. (All correct.) (Was a Methodist choir-leader when I was a boy.)

Dec. 24. Mary. (What do you think of Miss Jones now?) She is not mediumistic enough yet to let us come to you. Gets some things sometimes. Your father is here, and John, Mollie with her children. And Dr. Krebs. (Which do you prefer, board or pencil?) Let me write either way.

Dec. 26. I wish you a Happy New Year. George Wilson. My friend, I will be with you evermore. . . . Oh, my dear Joe, Mother. Give my love to Cora. (Her favorite grand-child.) To Mamie love and Christian greeting. Billy has been rewarded with another boy. (Nephew.) Saw his conditions last night. Let him emulate you. I mean in seeing that he saves. I am always with Pa. Coming again. I found the way.

Dec. 27. I will come. Mary. Julia must not let the season pass without remembering Josie. . . . You will always manage yourself. Let us help. Lydia sends greeting. Dear Joe, share with others. You must try to make others happy. John better pleased it is a boy. (Correct.)

Tuttle: Won't you tell my wife you have heard from me? Write to Emma to stay where she is. Berlin Heights, Ohio. She owns the home, and must not sell and go away from it. A variety of ways awaken her interest. My friend, you can take up this work with success. You will want zeal and patience. (Do you know Mother Wakeman?) Our silver-toned mother and I have met before tonight. (As desired, without previous knowledge of name and address of the lady, I ventured a letter to her, and soon received a reply confirming the message, and expressing her intention to retain the home, although for two weeks previous she had been seriously considering its sale. (No mind-reading here.)

Dec. 28. Mary. We love to come. The magnetism is better in clear weather. You will soon like your Miss Jones well enough to marry her. What is lacking in beauty is made up in heart. Very industrious, unselfish, more than you think. More tractable than many. Would stay at home. Artistic, spiritual-minded, practical. More orderly than her mother. . . . I like the wreaths. Love to my friends. (Who is with you?) Lydia. Likes the decoration. (Who else?) My sister Caroline. Mr. Mellish, your sister Mollie and John. Mellish: We will make you happy. My regard to your much-loved Miss Jones. You want my opinion? You are lucky to win her. You would do well. We must leave. Will return when you wish us.

Dec. 29. Mary. Make your life happy. (How?) Make yourself more loving to others. (Does the cold affect you?) We have warmer weather where we live. My spirit body is warmer than yours. I plan to write you very often. Mr. Mellish will make his message longer. (Asking further questions, the left leg of the table arose and rapped.) I made the raps. (Who?) Lydia. My son is very much better. Not in hospital, at home, will recover. Mellish. I must have magnetism. Love to Miss Jones. (What are her good points?) Modest, loving, industrious, willing, kind, loves the young. (And the old?) I guess. I know. Best of the family. More spiritual. Spirit friends prompted her to come on Saturday. Must come oftener, to advance her mediumship. Cannot do it at home. (Did you see Mr. Boenau and myself after the concert?) Yes; taking beer. (Correct.)

Chapter XXXIII.

JAN. 1, 1912. (Weakly.): I am Lyddy. Mollie is leaving the mortal. (Her daughter in Sparkill, N. Y. Her heart is very weak. (What is the main trouble?) Kidneys. (Is she really near the end?) Yes. (Who is her doctor?) Leitner. (Confirmed later.) Billy is worried. (You are looking out for her?) (Rapped three times.) Jessie is with my Julia, visiting. My will was lost. Mollie was very much worried. Malicious woman made her worse. Lydia must look more wisely after the kitchen; luxuries must not take her money. (Which Lydia?) My son's daughter. He is much better, but worried about making Lydia smart in work. (What do you think of Mr. DuBan?) You have won his love and respect already. He wanted me to make myself at home with them, without any obligation to sit for him. (True.)

Jan. 3. Lydia. Mollie will move to spirit life very soon now. (Long pause.) Mary. Lydia has gone to Mollie. George Wilson: You will wed Miss Jones. I make the prediction. (Formerly you thought her not smart enough.) Changed my mind; judge her more kindly. Mollie will live little longer. About two weeks. (Eleven days.) . . . Lydia. (Got back?) I made the trip. Mollie is much worse. With her most of the time. (Your strong desire shoots your spirit body forward?) Yes. . . . My son. (Is this you, daddy?) Yes. (Still faithful.) My love is with you always. Make yourself happy. Miss Jones is my wisest selection. Make her your wife. Make life more worth living. My boy, ma is with me. My love to my grand-children.

Jan. 10. Mary: Try to have more patience. (Notice any change in this room?) Moved machine. (Had moved Victrola.) Tell Miss J. I love her because she loves you. Will make you a worthy wife. You will marry. She would make you happy. Take your time. You will make no mistake. (You encouraged me with Lydia.) Miss J. is more unselfish, younger, probably live longer. Would plan to live more modestly. Lydia: Mollie will pass away in about a week. (Died on the 17th.) My love to Miss Jones. (Not jealous?) We love to make you happy. My life was more with Mollie. . . . George Wilson: My judgment is you should marry Miss Jones. She loves you and is willing to work for you. Her mediumship will improve. My time is at your disposal. We must work more heartily. Make yourself more pliable, more loving, more zealous. We will make you happy. . . . Lydia: (Three raps.) My Mollie is yearning to leave. (Has she seen you?) Many times. Heard me very often. (Inherited mediumship from you?) A little. My worst luck was my excessive love for her.

Jan. 11. Dr. Krebs: We will play checkers with you. (Expert in life.) (Can you make Miss Jones beat me? And for first time she did win, and always when he controlled.) Mary. (Who is with you?) Lydia and your sister Mollie came with me. Mollie says you must visit Will. We will make him tolerant. Miss Jones will sit with you oftener. Lydia says Mollie is much weaker. You will write to them, won't you? Tell them we will receive her.

Jan. 13. Lydia: We will talk more when Mollie wakes in spirit life. My dear Joe, I love you still. (Will you be tangible when I see you again?) Yes, yes. Mary: You take things too seriously. I mean you are low-spirited. Make yourself talk more. My prayer is that you may live wisely and happily. Tuttle: (Who led you to me?) Mother Wakeman. My wife was not known to you, you were not known to me. (True.) Miss Jones would like to know what kind of medium she would make.) She would make a very magnetic healer. We will try to help her magnetically. (Had this gift.)

Jan. 17. Mary: Mollie left the body last night. You must go. We are with Mollie in spirit life. (Was she conscious?) Most of the time; not wholly. Lydia will speak to you. Lydia: I love my child with all the warmth of my heart. You must go. Tell Billy I will take care of Mollie. We

will try to comfort him. The last wrong thing Mollie did was wanting me to let you will the house to me. My will was lost. Mollie placed it in my desk. I pray that you will wipe out the past.

Jan. 20. Miss Jones present. (Stand tilted and rapped.) Lydia: Mollie is making some progress. We will try to tell her more of the spirit world, that she may know more of the life we lead. Must work out her own salvation.

Miss Jones said she felt as if she must get up and tear things in high spirits. A woman. I just want to be on wires. Would the name begin with J.? Would that lady's name be Julia? She did not have an easy time in life. Full of hardship. I want to go away from New York to another State. Not near so tall as I am, thick-set, not very stout. Don't believe she was over forty-five. (All correct. Wholly unknown to Miss Jones.)

Jan. 23. Mary: Mollie is lying in want of rest. Lydia wants to keep her quiet. (Did you see the man with me on Sunday?) My Seth. (Correct.) I was with you. (Interruption. Long pause.) Getting magnetism. Miss J. would make your life happier. (Will her mediumship develop?) Yes, yes. Let her have time. (Will Phœbe Cary come some time?) Yes; said she would. (A contented mind is a continual feast.) I was contented.

Jan. 25. Lydia: Dear Joe, we are together, loving mother and daughter. Will wait for Billy. We want him to keep the home. Lots of women of the family to look after him. (Any one in particular?) Mrs. Lawler. Wheatley was her wrong name. I am willing to do all I can to make you happy. I have wanted you to marry. Love me still. I love you still. George likes to pry into matters. Mr. J. will say nothing more to you about Spiritualism. Mrs. J. likes her own way; kicks at many things. Let her try to understand more her own nature. . . . Mollie will not love me less. Love lives forever.

Jan. 27. Mary: I was with you last night. Lydia also. We were much pleased with the music. (Reception.) (How is Mrs. J——?) Let her kick. I tried to make you feel at home. Let Charlotte write. Can control better that way. (Does it seem many miles for you to come?) No; like thought. Your thoughts change quickly, like lightning. Julia: I am with my loved ones. (How did your sister pass away?) Was burned. (Burnt to death in N. J.)

Jan. 31. Mary: I am glad you have written the sermon. (Referring to my verbatim report of brave sermon by Rev. Dr. Keigwin on Spiritualism.) He is influenced by his mother. We see her about him.

P. M. (Mrs. Pettit present.) Mary. Gave name of Thomas Wallace, a Connecticut copper-merchant I knew years ago. Look out for trickery in Mr. —— (to Mrs. Pettit. Understood business caution.) (Where is ——?) Went to Lakewood yesterday. He is clerking for a hotel. (Found correct.) Avoiding his debts. Mrs. P.'s escort asked if she would marry. She will. You will wed Mrs. P. (They were soon after married, and went to California.)

Feb. 2. Mary. Make your life happy: marry. Judge for yourself. Tell Miss J. we will work for her spiritually. (Isn't she much like you?) Yes, with her strong, hopeful nature. Would be a better medium away from home. You are very mediumistic. Let us come often.

Feb. 3. Lydia: I woke up in spirit life with lots of friends around me, each one very willing to help me. We are living in very lovely homes. We have different tasks. Our lives make our homes. We live with those that love us. (Mr. Jones thinks that death fixes us forever; babies always babies.) We will try to labor with him. The mother is lacking in order. We think she would like to have you for a son-in-law. It would please me. We would make you happy.

Feb. 7. Mary: We will do all we can to help Mr. Merritt. (Blind undertaker preacher.) Miss J. has helped him very much. Let him stay with his grandson. . . . My son is more willing to think of Spiritualism. I have forgotten the name of his friend he saw as a spirit. Give my love to Seth. (Her son.) Tell Julia that you are hearing from me. I am very much pleased to see you more unselfish, more willing to help others. Lydia: Let me come again. My Mollie is progressing. (Did she see her body put in the ground?) No; we told her about it.

Feb. 10. Lydia: My son will soon be well. Tell him we will help him. Keep the home. Mortgage is only small. Billy

has very little business. (Have you visited any other medium?) Yes, my sister Julia. She thought she saw me. She is mediumistic. Mr. Martin is very willing to let Eddy return. (Her son's employer.) Tell Miss Jones to work less. We will take charge of the task of making her well. Want her to improve. Lovely woman; modest.

P. M. Miss Jones present, and spelled name of Myra. Mary: She was the wife of General Parsons. Both here. W. H. (His first initials.) We are with you. Will try to influence her. Swami Watsaw: Been a guide of hers. (Can you write English?) Understand it when spoken. Was a teacher in India.

Feb. 14. I will come. Mary. I think you would make a writing medium. You will live to very old age. Lydia: Tell Billy I live very close to him. I love my Mollie. Let me continue to do so. Mother Wakeman is my twin sister. Mrs. Stowe was most dear to me. Miss Jones loves the spirit world, and you, too. When not harmonious, people had better be miles and tons apart. ("Miles and tons" a favorite expression of hers in life.) I know Miss Jones would make a very good medium, more like Mrs. Miller. Let her know what we say. With all her pliability, she has firmness. Like her mother.

Feb. 20. Mrs. Miller, Brooklyn, after singing, said: I feel as though two lady spirits come very close to you. Is one of them somebody who thought a great deal of you? These ladies come together, and they were enjoying the singing. There were half-a-dozen with you singing. I get the name of Lydia, the first name I hear. And a Mary comes to you, too. And have you a brother in spirit life, grown to manhood, who would come with your father? (Yes.) Sarah is here; comes with your mother. (Her sister.) And I get the name of Joseph, also, somebody in spirit you were named for, close relative. (A brother, born before me.) Somebody takes hold of me with heart trouble. Took her off very quickly, like a shock, brought on with other things. I am taken away from the city, she goes to her own home, and I see a place where it is not thickly inhabited, houses quite a little apart, beautiful grounds around it. (Lydia and her Jersey home.) And it seems she took so much comfort there, because she was a great lover of nature. And I keep toward the West. She has given you her name. I didn't want to go away, because I thought I could be used here by the spirit. I feel as if she was kind o' nice-looking, pleasant face, and as she takes hold of me I want to say: Oh, I wanted to do, I wanted to do. It seems some one had told her there was so much work for her to do, and before a year had passed she was taken away. (It was ten months.) And she does not understand why this was told her. And she wants you to know, to be sure, that she met her mother, who had progressed so, yet was waiting at the portal.

Glad you have become reconciled, more thankful than you were, because she saw the way you took it when she went into spirit life. You know I can come and talk to you. It has been such a balm to you. I am glad you went over there. She says this to make you know something I don't know. You know it was through my impressing you. Was she laid away over there? I am right in a circle, you must have talked with a company. I don't know what it is, but it gives me the feeling that there is a gathering, and I am right there. Was it somebody in connection with her that went out of the body? Because I am in the service of a funeral. She welcomed her. Blood-tie. Was she her own child? It must have been her daughter. (All true.) I feel as if she was awfully glad you were there. I don't know that you were hurt over something that transpired before that. She was glad you forgot everything. (A clincher.) My spirit Ada snoops around, and I, Lotus, can tell things that will come. I don't often prophesy, but when I do, you can take it as true. . . . Your companion was awfully sweet, and she says she is glad you are situated so comfortably in your home, that you are not entirely alone. There is somebody there that goes a great deal on what you advise. Your wife did not know her when in the body. No; but she knows her now. (Care-taker.) I get the name of Henry. Went out before you remembered him. Father, your father, would he come with this Henry? (Yes.) He has been over a long while. Your mother wasn't in spirit before he was. (Her brother Henry, departed long before.) Is that Mary one that was very close to you in this life? Because

it seems she comes very, very close. You get strong impressions, more than before she went. I feel that power of intuitiveness, and it comes from the wife's help, because she knew you enjoyed communications from the loved ones. That is the reason she helps you so. And I do not feel that she would let you go wrong in material conditions, as well as everything else. (Does she see me at home?) Certainly does. And she makes many demonstrations. (How?) You know, I hear rappings here, and sometimes it comes that way to make you understand she is there. A funny noise I hear. I must do this: (running her hand over the table.) Strong this way. (Indicating Ouija board writing, with attending noise.) I am there. You know my strong guide is there with you sometimes. There seem to be three, your father, a steady guide to her, and mother. (Can you see this man?) Quite an important man. Did he straighten up when he controlled her? Shoulders up, broad. He talked through her, too. (George Wilson). (Any more about Mother Mary?) She was "sister" to the other one. She is with you a great, great deal. Hair parted in middle, little wavey on the sides. (Correct.) And she loves you. Your mother went out a long while ago. A Jane is here. (Father's sister.) Also Matilda. (Julia's sister.) Peter. Been here before. Went out of the body very quick. He got hurted. He didn't live here. (Virginia.) (What nationality?) He was German, from over the water. (Peter Kell.) Your mother comes to you, the one that gave you birth, and says just this: I want to talk to my boy alone. I have watched over and guided him, and he has never been alone, I have brought comfort to him, comfort that has helped his soul, not only for the conditions in the home, but also for the spiritual home hereafter. This one work I have always had set before me to do, to watch over you. This is why I have come. I want you to know I am here and taking control. I have brought those into your home that have been connected with you. I have given you comfort when you would have none. I have impressed others to be kind when you were so lonely. Your own mother, not the mother that had the talk so much with you. (Should I marry again?) They will work that out for you. (What kind of person is the one I know?) She is not short, rather a tall person, and not so very stout. Is very mediumistic, but no such medium as your other medium. Is she younger than you? (Yes.)

Returned home. Ouija (vigorously.) Mary: We were with you. Lydia was delighted. She will talk with you. Lydia: Will tell you why I would not tell the medium all about Miss Jones. I wished to keep her, like others, immensely ignorant. I like your mother. I plan to make your life happy. George likes Miss Jones. (Will you go with me to Mrs. Miller's circle tomorrow?) We will be there.

Feb. 21. Mary: I will come. We were with you last night. Miss Jones loves you with all her soul. I think she is loving you with only unselfish thoughts. I will tell you when she will like to write, I mean with pencil. I think you will have Will with you tomorrow night. Look for him. (He and his boy did come in from Brooklyn.)

Feb. 21, 3 p. m. Mrs. Miller, 324 West 76th St. Charlotte came in. Mrs. Miller (to me): There's a lady spirit here who wants you to know that she has come, not only to make herself known, but to help take away from you things and thoughts that make you discouraged and blue. Two Marys. One taller and the other stouter. Came in with others that are impressing you from the spirit side. You thought sometimes there was not very much in life. And I go back with you two or three years ago. (To Miss Jones): Charlotte, Charlotte. Do you see things? Because Lotus says you do. As she takes hold of your hand, she says you see things, too, as well as my medy. I go into the home, and I want to say, Never mind, we have lifted you up, and they want you to feel they are round about you. I see a letter L. There's a host comes to you from spirit life, not all blood ties, and they say they want you to know it. Now I hear the name of Mary. We are all together. Two letters are shown to me, L and M. Why do they take me back to three years ago? Are there three in your home, including yourself? (Correct. To me): Do you know who Jane is? (Father's sister.)

Feb. 23. Ouija resumed. Silent; then my left hand shaken queerly. (Who is this?) Mrs. Wetherbee. I wish you would write to the doctor (her husband) that you have heard from me. I want you to tell him that you have taken some interest in

Spiritualism. I have tried to help him in his work. I liked you. Julia is with me now. I like Lydia very much. (Should I break up my lonesomeness and marry again?) Yes. (What do you think of Charlotte?) She is very sincere in her nature, modest, loving, kind and mediumistic. I like her very much. (What about ——?) I will say, he is a rascal. Made independent by robbing me. Now living in Rochester. He still drinks. (Was it you who controlled my arm just now?) No; it was Warsaw. Helped me to come.

Warsaw: I will help you. (What do you think of Miss Jones?) Very apt to let her love hurry her to please others, sacrifice herself. I am your doctor. I will help you. (Will you help my mediumship?) Yes, yes. (Shaking my arm most vigorously.)

Feb. 24. Charlotte present, gave name of Morey, describing him correctly as to face and speech. Was he in your meetings? His initials uncommon. About twenty years ago. (J. V. Morey, of England, who helped in my meetings.) C. partly entranced: You are too restless, in too much hurry to get results. Be more willing to wait. Let me write all we can. I was trying to entrance her. Lydia.

Feb. 25. Mary: Miss Jones must sit with you much oftener for writing on paper. Will improve. (Who tried to entrance her last time?) Lydia. Lydia: I will make her my medium. She must try to let me work with her. Her nature is fitted for trance. Will soon take her place on the white walls of spiritual influence. I will try to make the condition right. Mary: Our friend Morey was here last night. His wife is in spirit life. Miss J. will soon take the trance influence. You appreciate that phase more than beauty, education, money or society. She is very mediumistic. Tell her we will soon entrance her. I will try to make her talk.

Feb. 27. Ouija. Mary: I am with you. I shall always work with you. (With Charlotte yesterday?) I was with her. The Brooklyn medium told her you were very much interested in her. She said you were very unsettled in regard to your home, and that you would live a long time. Remain where you are. I will plan for your happiness. (How do C's parents feel?) They like you; you are very welcome. They would like you to marry her only for love. I think she might make a good wife. Not designing, rather help others than help herself. (Has confidence in me?) She loves you. (Strongly): I will help you, white chief. Warsaw. I like White Feather. You will live to good old age. You will get married. (Have you seen the lady?) I like Miss Jones. Her little white squaw loves her. (What is her name?) Grace. (Her brother's daughter.) Lydia: I will come to you. Tell the little lady I went with her to Brooklyn. Let her sit with you often. Will entrance her very soon. Let her know we will influence her to talk. Love to her. Mollie is progressing.

Mar. 1. Ouija spelled Thomas Paine vigorously. I will open the meeting. You are very mediumistic. (Why so now and not before?) More willing. (Will you join our old medium again?) Yes, we will talk with you often, and I shall let Mother Wakeman have the right of way. Take a wife. (That would be bigamy.) Joke. (What do you think of Miss Jones?) She would make a satisfactory wife. Make the lady sit for you often. (Will you help develop her?) Yes, yes, (vigorously). (Are you still interested in our country?) I will talk over these matters another time. (What do you think of Roosevelt?) Like him to remain at home. Mary: (What do you think of Mrs. H——?) I think she is very tricky, very secretive. Miss J. is very generous. Let her try to sit often with you. I will entrance her in a short time. (Do you know of things without reading the papers?) We know what is going on. (Can you read the mind of other spirits without speech?) Yes. (When you leave now, where do you go?) To Miss Jones. Tell her she must love me, too.

Mar. 4. Mary: Miss Jones is willing to sit oftener. It is spirit influence makes her drowsy at home. Lyddy and I were with her yesterday. I was trying to get her to jot down my thoughts. I will work the little board. Should sit oftener at home if possible. Must wait until I get more strength this way. Will run over to Miss J. Will return. (Thirty minutes later.) I found them very busy. Miss J. was working in the kitchen. The dining-room twisted, littered; moth balls. (All confirmed later as to the time, the work and the conditions.) (Stand tilting.) Lydia. I will

come. Miss J. would make a very willing wife. She will live many years. I will welcome her when she comes.

Mar. 5. Mary: Please let me explain. I purposed to let the little girl Grace write. You were too nervous. Warsaw wanted to say you were better. We know he must have helped you. (Silence, then several efforts to control Ouija.) Your friend Vesc— (Can't recall.) She was a musician and psychic teacher. You met her at a Verdi Reception in Carnegie Hall. She tells me this. (All correct, but forgotten at the moment, Vescelius.)

Mar. 6. Mary: I will come. I am with Miss J. often. With her yesterday morning. (What did you tell her?) I told her you were a little vexed with your writing. (True.) Lydia: Mr. DuBan is in the city. I remember when I was with him. We were very good friends. (Any message for him?) I said I would try to work the slates, after passing over. (He confirmed this promise when I visited him later.)

Mar. 8. Vescelius: I left earth at Forest Hill. Mother in spirit life, sister in this life. Still enjoy music. Have opportunities for it. Go to receptions still. Natural world. I made my home. I was very well sustained in my knowledge of the spirit world. Have been in spirit life little more than two years. I liked you for your intelligence. I was very mediumistic. (Is your brother in business?) He is interested in real estate. (Has your sister this knowledge?) Yes. Has heard from me. Vescelius is my sister's last name, not my married name.

Mar. 9, 10:30. Mary: Sitting this morning. (Who?) Miss J. She is writing now. (Who is with her?) Lydia. (Using board?) No; paper. I was with her this morning, very early. I wanted to let her know I was there, to work on her brain. (Did C. see her friend Mrs. McCabe last night?) No. (All confirmed.) Mrs. Vescelius was much pleased. Miss J. would make a good doctor. She is a good doctor. She will heal with her hands. Does now at times. Has poor circulation. Must work less. Her magnetism is wasted, mostly in the Lodges. (Who else will come soon?) Sister Phœbe. (I mentally desired George Wilson.) G: (Is this you, George?) Yes. I will work for you until you come to us. (Why am I mediumistic now?) It is because you have more magnetism, less worry. I will help Lydia to entrance Miss J. just as I helped Mary to entrance Lydia. I like her. I will also try to swing in your hammock. Lydia is laughing.

Mar. 12. Lydia: (What friends did you notice at the Convention?) I saw my true friends Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. Warne, my very good friend Mrs. Cadwallader. I was with you last night at Charlotte's house. She was very excited. Lost bracelet, with diamond, a present. Must let Mary talk. Mary: Lydia stops and listens. I will let Lydia talk through Miss Jones when you sit for us. We will try to make her your medium. You forget that you must wait patiently. I met Mrs. Shelden in spirit life. I saw her with you in 57th St. (What did she then say to you of me?) I was asked if you had much money. (True. Mother Mary told me of this in her earth life.)

Mar. 17. Spiritual Convention, Elks' Hall. Mrs. Miller took up my sealed envelope, among others, containing Mother Mary's hair. Said a Mary and a Libby or Lyddy were with the owner; that the envelope held some hair, Mary's; that she felt a lofty spiritual influence with it. Wanted to go back about three years.

Mar. 19. Mary: (What about Saturday night?) Miss J. was very much under my influence. Think I will overcome her the next time. My love to her. George and the Boys will help me. And later he can have a big young gal in place of his "little old gal." It is not so much the clothes as what is in the clothes. I will write through Miss Jones this morning. Will tell her that I have told you she must let me take possession. You will help very much if you will sit with her. We will soon make her unconscious. I will try to take her Saturday.

Mar. 20. Mary. I am with you. The prime work is with Miss J. We will make her our medium. Let her welcome us when she can. (Do you work on her brain in her home?) Yes, yes. Will soon succeed. I will try to write through her this morning. I was with you at the Concert yesterday. I liked the organ very much. (Whose fingers were on my head?) Mine. I made a very strong effort. Miss J. was under my influence. I tried to make her feel the magnetism. My warmth makes

her warmer, mostly when she sits. I was with her yesterday. (In 76th St. circle.) We meet and separate as you do. I like to please Lyddy and let her come. Dear Joe, I love Miss Jones. She is very like me, thoughtful of you. God is good to let us come to you.

Mar. 22. Mary. I open the meeting. (Have you a congregation?) I have Lyddy, sister Harriet Beecher, Mrs. Lusk, Mr. Wolcott, and my sister Wetherbee. Miss Jones is writing. (Who is with her?) Her little Grace. I was with her. I will let Mrs. Stowe write.

H. B. S.: My dear brother, I must tell you that you are making wonderful progress in your spiritual work. (Snags sometimes.) Have more patience. I will help you in your tests. I will rummage your upper story. We shall let brother Henry come. He will tell you about the sittings we were to undertake in the spring-time of your spiritual life. The Unknown Power was blessing Lyddy in her translation. Lyddy will work with us. Shall take great interest in your development. We shall try to talk with you through your friend.

Mary: I was very much pleased to let her come. Our great object is to entrance Charlotte. Have her sit often. She must rest more. Lydia: I will try to help Mary control Miss Jones. I will smile when we have succeeded. You were very good to me. I was very showy. Mollie was always urging me to make requests for money.

Mar. 23. (Ouija tilting.) Lydia: I shall soon talk through Miss Jones. Must wait until we have succeeded. I like her much. Mary: I shall work very hard to talk through her. You should let her understand that she must be quiet. I will try to make her unconscious tonight. What we bring, we leave, and add to it the next time. (Who gives Charlotte power to locate ailments of strangers?) White Feather. He will learn English. We will help her heal, with the aid of the redskins. She will yet have power to give much comfort to others through her mediumship. She is very willing to let us come. I like her mild manners. I will look after your welfare, like I used to do. (We have cause for faith in Mrs. Miller.) Yes, yes. I will try to talk through Miss J. tonight. Almost succeeded last time. . . .

March 24. Mary. (What of your progress last night?) I was very much pleased with my control. The magnetism was weak. (What caused her pains?) It was influence. Will wear off. (What made you tell her to say Greenfield Hill?) I lived there. (True.) I was a little disappointed. She will soon give more. My love to her. Have more patience. (Who was with you?) Lyddy, Mrs. Lusk, my sister Harriet, George. George says, I will soon take possession. Lyddy: Mollie is improving. (What of Mary last night?) I think she will talk through her very soon. I will help her. George is going to come after me. He likes Miss Jones. She is like a little girl. Loves you very much indeed. Will undergo any lot to make you happy. Please tell her she is very much loved by her spirit friends. She must let me come into her life. Mary will control before any other. I must wait my turn. I shall umpire the game.

Mar. 25. Mary: I will tell you what to do. (Who is with you now?) Lyddy, my sister Harriet, Mr. Johnson, George, Mr. Wolcott, Mrs. Wetherbee, Mrs. Lusk, Mr. Wilton Wright. Comes in from the South. I will tell you through Miss Jones of your memorable life, and of my trip with you in West Virginia to the sights in the mountains. Sit in the dark. I impressed her to have the light out.

Mar. 26. Mary: I will come. I have visited Mrs. B. with Lyddy. (Mrs. Brittingham, Mt. Ivy, N. Y., afterward wrote me the two had been to see her, that one of them had called herself Auntie Manks.) (Was often so called. Mrs. B. knew nothing of her.) Lyddy told her that you were very much pleased to hear she would visit your home. I will help her to come. When you tell her this, she will wonder. She has very little idea where she will go. Will try to find work in this city. This is her desire. (How did you find her?) We were led to her by the magnetism. Mrs. Mills went with us; a friend of hers. I met her in Mr. Lusk's house. (What was her profession?) Music; piano. (Correct.) (What did her daughter do?) Played the violin. (True.) (Who is with you now?) Mrs. Lusk, Mr. Wolcott, sister Harriett, Mrs.

West, Mrs. Wetherbee, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Gill, Mrs. Tessie Catt, from Staunton. (I had heard of such a party there.) Mrs. Livermore. Mrs. Wetherbee says you must try to find the doctor. Mrs. Taylor arranged her affairs so that she left her house to the Chapin Home. (Correct.) Miss Jones is writing. (Eleven o'clock.) Mr. Wilson tells me so. (Did he write through her?) No; was operating on her brain. (Mrs. H—— has removed.) Let her alone. She is very much in love—with herself.

Mar. 27. Mary: I think you were very fair with Mr. Tuttle. (Can you describe him?) Much thinner than you. His eyes were very large, his cheeks very prominent. Very little whiskers. (Said to be exact.) I have much respect for Mrs. Tuttle. Miss Jones will sit with you much oftener when the spring weather comes. Ask her to sit with you tonight. (I am invited over tonight.) She will look for you with much love. She wants to please you every way. (Who is with you?) Harriet, Lyddy, Mr. Wolcott, Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Wetherbee, Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Sandgren. (Is he in spirit life?) Yes. (What did he say when he met you?) Well, we meet again. I died in the West, in Wyoming. I met my uncle in spirit life. (Do you remember our fellow-friend?) Mr. Gardner? My uncle told me. I have not met him. I was married three months. My time was spent in traveling. I lived with my uncle when he went West. He came back to New York and died in the Spencer Arms.

Mar. 28. Mary: (Mentally, were you with me last night?) I was with you. You were more like yourself. You have improved in your tests. I will help you to get more. My love to Miss Jones. I will try to talk through her when you go to the ocean in the summer. You must ask her to sit when there. I like Jennie. She is very sincere. (Miss Howlett.) Clings to Miss Jones. (Will Ella Wolcott return to New York?) She likes Massachusetts much more. Mr. Milton Stillwell is here. Was an artist. Knew Billy Pritchard. Also Mr. White. He was your schoolmate in the South. (Norfolk, Va.) I was Will, he says; my brother was Bob. (Correct.) We learn more out of school than in it. Mrs. Myers, also. She was much larger than I was. First name Mary; lived in Brooklyn. You will remember me when singing in Mr. Gibbs' meetings. (She was vocalist in J. B. Gibbs' temperance meetings in Masonic Temple, New York, many years ago.) Mrs. Gill. (Relative?) Aunt. (First name?) Sallie. Aunt on mother's side. (Can she give me the name of one of her children?) Melissa. (Another?) Robert. (Where is he now?) In spirit life. (All correct.)

(Ever see your son in Richmond?) Andrew? Yes. I was much surprised when I woke up in spirit life. (Met my mother?) Mary is with me. (You had another son in Richmond.) Yes, John. (How did he pass away?) He shot himself. (You had another son.) Yes, Braxton. (How did he die?) Killed himself. (All true.) Mrs. Youngs. (Where did I know her?) In Richmond. I was organist at the Sutherland church. (What was I?) The leader. (What was our occupation in the choir?) Exchanging writing. (Correct.) (Do you remember our other preacher friend?) Ayres. Have met Dr. Sutherland. (Where is Minnie?) Here. Minnie is very glad you have your beautiful home. (Mother Mary, you are introducing friends finely.) Others will follow. Mrs. West sends her very best love to Harry. (Her husband Henry Clay West.) (Who was the friend W. who called last night at Miss Jones'?) Mr. Wedderburn. He was tall and thin; had large black eyes. (Whiskers?) None. (Exact; was a fellow clerk with me in Surgeon-General's office in Richmond, in 1862.)

Mar. 29. Mary. (Mentally): How is Charlotte this morning? She is writing. I wanted to say, she will talk for us very soon. I will try to make her think more of us than of you when sitting. I was here last night. Her face was twisted by spirit influences. (Who is on the roll with you?) Mr. Wilson, Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Underhill, Mr. Wedderburn, Moses Hull, Mr. Wolcott, Mr. Kirk. (Where did Mr. Kirk live?) Chester, Pa. Been in spirit life two years. (Where is his medium wife?) She is living in Chester. (What was her first name?) Mary E. Mr. Stillwell, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Fiddler, (Faidler). Lived in Staunton. (All correct.)

Mar. 30. Mary. Miss J. will sit tonight. My love to her. We will write through her this morning. Mr. Hutt. (Who was he?) Schoolmate of yours in Lynchburg. He says, my worst trial was whiskey. (After leaving college what was your business?)

Was clerk of Northumberland County. (Remember that shawl?) I will tell you where it went. My room-mate left it there. (I heard he was county clerk, and the shawl I lent him without return. Never knew he drank.) Mr. Wallace. (Can you describe him?) Large in body, little short whiskers in his neck, large lips, light blue eyes, hair very light. (A perfect description of Rev. Isaiah T. Wallace, Richmond, Va., in 1865.) (Ever see his wife?) Emily. Love to her. Let her know that I have joined her grandfather, and have met Uncle William and Altie. Tell Emily I will wait for her. Doesn't preach now about baptism. (His habit in life in sustaining immersion.) Mr. Everett. He was with Mrs. Wallace of New York. Called doctor. He says you were very much liked by the Society. Mr. Stillwell. (Friend of nephew.) Mrs. Eugene Underhill. (A temperance friend.) Please tell Miss Jones we are very thankful to her for getting our pictures. (Life-size paintings from a declining Lodge.) Mrs. Underhill says you must write to Mr. Lusk. He lives in West Va., Wheeling. (First name?) Charles B. Tell him of the sittings, and that I will try to write through you. Virginia Thompson. (Another temperance friend.) Harriet Beecher Stowe. I will come. (Are you using the board yourself?) Yes. My brother Henry will soon come to you. Must let him work his way. He will speak in his wholesome manner. I will try to tell you much more later. Miss Jones likes you very much indeed. (Unselfish?) Yes. (Will become our medium?) Yes. (If so, would it be wise to take a first mortgage for life?) Yes, yes.

April 1. (Was reading my published testimonial to Mother Wakeman.) Mary: You were very kind to me in the sad days. My time had come. I shall twine wreaths of roses on your brow when you take leave of life. Miss J. will soon talk for us. I will very soon make her unconscious. The last time she was too tired. Went too far down in her sympathy for her little girl friend (Jennie H.) I have seen her this morning. She works too hard, rushes with desire to help, eager to do too much.

Apr. 2. Mary. Lyddy went with me to see Mrs. Brittingham. I told her we have visited you very many times since we left the body. Made her hear my voice. (Who is present with you?) Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Wedderburn, Mr. Ruhl. His mother was a singer in Richmond. (True.) Mr. Johnson. Mr. Wallace, Mrs. Youngs. (Anybody with her?) Minnie. (Minnie Sutherland.) Says you have a beautiful home. I will write to sister Hulda some time. She lives in Wilmington. (Anybody else you know there?) My brother Clarence. (Minnie, Clarence and Hulda, wartime friends in Richmond, Va.) Mrs. Lusk, Mrs. Hughes. I was the wife of William P. Hughes. (Your maiden name?) Poitiaux. (Correct.) (Is your brother with you?) Dixon? Yes. (Reported to me through others?) Yes. (By what peculiarity?) Arm. (Withered.) Mrs. Wetherbee, Mrs. West. Mrs. Underhill says you will be rejoiced when Miss Jones is entranced. Mrs. West says, tell Harry I will try to help him in his work. (What is his business?) Real estate. (Correct.) Virginia Gill. ("Ginnie" Gill, East Virginia.) Mrs. Sutton, of Richmond. Miss Judson. (Abbie Judson, New York.) Mrs. Emma Wilson (Adams), Richmond. Miss Dean. Little lady, black eyes, black hair, shoulders stooping. (Where acquainted?) Gibbs' meetings. (True.) Had cancer. (Never heard.) Miss Gill, Melissa. (Virginia cousin, prettiest of her family.) Lyddy, George.

Apr. 3. Mary. Miss J. did not write yesterday; she was shopping. (For what?) You will know when Easter comes. (What is it?) Tie. (What color?) White. (It so proved.) Tell her I will try to entrance her Saturday; that I have every confidence in her. I like her truthfulness. She likes to help others. We will very soon talk through her. I will talk first, Lyddy next. Like it was when we were here. I will let the spirit friends report. George Wilson will help me talk. You should keep still, say nothing. (Will the redskins be needed?) No. (She has made me her banker.) Live a more spiritual life, like Miss J. No fuss and feathers. (George's former term for Lydia.) I like her mildness, her willingness, her liking for colors, for flowers. She has my highest regard.

Apr. 4. Mary. Miss J. likes to write. Bought you a white silk tie. Wanted to keep it a secret, and bring it Saturday. I went with her to Mrs. Miller. I said I would soon entrance her, and told her I

would have George help me. I like to give tests. (Will I keep this mediumship when on vacation?) I hope you will increase your writing gift. I must let George talk. George. I like Miss Jones' trustful spirit. I will gladly try to do what I can to help you. . . . (Gently, another presence): I have done my duty towards Julia. I am Mrs. Helen Goldsmith. (A friend who was killed in her sister's automobile.) Who is Julia?) My younger daughter. I was impatient with Julia. (What was your first thought in waking up from the accident?) I wanted to tell my husband I was happy. I looked for my children. I knew they were safe. (Whom have you met?) I met my mother. (Mrs. Hollis Billing, distinguished medium.) (Whom else?) My husband's sister Julia. (Your girl named for her?) Yes. (Whom else?) My western friend, Mrs. Helen Silverman. She was my husband's very best lady friend. (Where from?) Louisville. I liked her very much. Give my love to sister. We will meet again. . . . Mary: I did the writing for her. (Yesterday I heard very loud slamming down-stairs. Mrs. Conroy, care-taker, rushed upstairs excitedly and said that two doors had been suddenly slammed without visible cause. At night, at Miss J.'s house (without hint), spirit George spelled on board, I did it.

Apr. 5. Mary. I like Mrs. Goldsmith. I think she liked you. (People said so years ago.) I have written through Miss J. Told her I would get hold of her soon. (Yesterday?) Yes, at noon. Keep very quiet while I have her. You will know when I leave. (Shall I write Mrs. Judge about her sister Helen? Is it safe?) You are too given to doubt. I was with C. when she called on Mr. Merritt. She feels very sorry that he is ill. (Did she see him?) No; Mrs. Corris told her. He thinks a great deal of Charlotte. I will call the roll. Mr. Wedderburn, Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson says you have improved in your wits, very much improved in your wisdom. Mr. Wilson. (George, did you make that noise down-stairs?) I did it. I will do it again. Knock on your window in the sitting-room when you have company. (What of our new medium?) Her intense love for you will help me to help her. I would like to entrance her. She will soon give you great tests, in trance. Mr. Wedderburn says you will remember you were with him in the war times. He liked to write lively editorials. (True.) Mr. Wallace says, My life is taken up in illustrating the great good we can do in earth life. I try to merit the life I enjoy. I went to spirit life ignorant of the laws that govern it. Mr. Underhill, Mr. Hughes, William P. I do not wish to return to earth. Julius Thompson. Used to know you in Richmond. He says you were in the War Department with him. (True.) (Can you describe him?) His lips were large, his eyes were smiling, his speech was deliberate. (Correct.) Came with Mr. Wedderburn. Fifty years ago. (Do you remember the little man who wrote a funny hand?) Morris. (Right.) Mr. Wedderburn says he will tell you something: I had ill-will against Dr. H. H. Brewer. Tried to prejudice Surgeon-General against me. (Dr. Brewer had a very secretive nature.)

Apr. 6. Mary. I will come. (Will Mr. Thompson describe another man in same office with us?) I know whom you mean. It was Dykers. He told me that yesterday. (Can you call the roll?) I will write first. I will come tonight. Miss J. will have your white tie. I like to give tests. I expect to get my fun from this idea. (How is Mr. Merritt?) I know he is ill; he has developed grip. I want to get Miss J. under control. I will have George help me. (Do you notice the Easter preparations?) I have very little interest in this matter. My idea is that the Saviour was like the rest of us in his resurrection. Wedderburn. I have Henry with me. (What Henry?) He was the grandson of Patrick Henry. (Captain Henry, with Wedderburn and myself in the Confederate War Department.) Fat as ever. I will take pleasure in coming again. (Who else, Mary?) Mr. Johnson, Mr. Wilson, our George. He says: I will yell when Miss Jones is entranced. I will make her my medium, like my little old gal. (Could you make her speak in your voice?) I must wait to see. (Did you make Lyddy speak like a man at first?) No. Several weeks after.

Apr. 8. Charlotte presented me a handsome white silk tie, as pre-advised through my hand. Mary: I was very near you last night. I made a much better success. I wanted to say, you are what we call lucky.

Lucky that you have Miss J. I had to give her my weakness, my illness, like I had before I left the body. She will get over it very soon. She will make a good medium. I will make her wholly unconscious. You will make a very good writing medium this way. My willing friend George was with me last night. I will have his help more the next time. Give my love to Miss Jones. Lydia: I have seen your love for Miss Jones. We can have her under trance control very soon. The discomfort is less and less each time. George is willing to help. I will try to talk through her when Mary gets her unconscious. (Long pause. Board stuck; was immovable.)

Mary: Warsaw was treating you. Wedderburn. I will tell you what I think of the resurrection. I think Christ was a man who had great spiritual power. He suffered death at the hands of the Jews. He was made utterly spiritual. His spirit went into the spiritual life like ours did. I have with me my friend Henry, my wife, my great-uncle, my wife's twin sisters, my wife's youngest daughter. She was married before. (Where from?) Washington. George. (Did you make that blow in my room night before last at six o'clock?) You know my knock. My Easter welcome. Miss Jones will very soon lose herself. Will get her under control soon. I will help. (What did Mother Mary say last night?) That you were lucky to have her. I like her very much. I was not familiar with her at first. The physical conditions last night had to be. She will get over her weakness. Mary has just returned from her. She was in the kitchen with her mother. (Where was her father?) Went to church. (Is Mr. Merritt any better?) No; he is likely to sink with coma. (He died in coma later.)

Ouija spelled names of S. B. Sutherland, J. E. Edwards, both preachers and friends of Richmond, Mr. Kell, Mr. Chilton, of Virginia, Escobar, a Cuban friend of New York, Col. Crandell, Mr. Ammidown, of New York, Mr. Lewis, of Shreveport, La. Mary: (What was the name of Escobar's friend during our acquaintance?) Vasques. (Correct.) My dear Joe, you were very lucky to get what you have. Get out my messages in your safe. My tests with you must satisfy you. I will try to give you some pleasure this way. You are too earnest. Be more quiet. Tell Miss Jones my thanks are due her for her love. Her very great liking for you gives me much pleasure. (Who is with you?) Mr. Gill. He says: I have Frank with me. (Mrs. Gill's brother.) I know well her trials. Lummie scolds the boys. Mamie meets with them in singing time. You do not like boys like she does. She thinks you have gone back on Virginia friends. We have Mr. Cunningham, her father, with us. (Any one else?) Mr. Marion Colbert. . . . Mary: Mr. Gill was very much pleased to give you this message. He looks thin, and very smiling, high voice, good-natured. (Considering everything, would it be wise to annex Charlotte?) You would be lucky. (Develop?) Yes, yes. Let us take charge. She will improve.

May 13. Mary. Miss J. loves you truly. I think you should marry. She will improve when she gets the right conditions. She is extracting too much magnetism trying to do too much for her family and friends. We will tell you who is here: George, Lyddy, Harriet, Julia, Henry Hughes, Eleanor Gill, father. My boy, I love you still. Fannie Glenn, George Mellish, Judge W. W. Green. Thompson. I went to Virginia in 1866. Knew you and your father. Hester Mitchell. (Kin to W. F?) Wife. Thomas Fox. I have seen you in your married life. Feel deeply your disappointment. I will come again.

Henry Ward Beecher: My friend, I will speak to you. Sister Harriet likes to tell me when she comes to see you. She wanted to bring me three years ago. I was intending to visit you in your fine home. Go on in your work. (Have you met your friend Dr. Funk?) Yes. Fellowship is continued in spirit life. Great truths live forever. I have found my heaven in the love that we enjoy together. (Who most inspired you here?) My father. Flesh must fail, spirit must survive. My wife is with me. Dear soul! She did trust me when sorrow entered my life. Good evening.

May 18. Charlotte experimenting for trance was made unconscious, and gave a few words of identity from Mother Mary, Lyddy, George and father. No extended talk yet, but improving.

May 21. Ouija. Mary: I have been with you in your daily itinerancy. (On jury duty for six days.) Dear Joe, try to enjoy your life while you have it. Lydia: We will have Miss J. under control very soon. George

will talk through her. Last time he was trying to help me. The magnetism was weak. Her outside work was too hard. George: I will talk through her very soon. Guess you are glad you were not on the Titanic. I just struck up help to hasten the spirits into spirit life. I feel deeply. Let us help the grief-stricken on our side. (Do you know who wrote this sealed letter?) Miss Jones. Her wish is that you will tell her how you get on with the law. Her everlasting love is mentioned. (Found correct on opening the letter for the first time.) Miss J. is very truthful. Must educate her to my standard of mediumship.

May 26. At Charlotte's house. Ouija. Mary: Dear Joe, George did come last night. (Did you control?) Yes; George helped. She soon will be talking for us. Her brain became restful. Unconscious part of the time.

May 28. Mary: I will let George come this time. George: My friend, I will talk with you. I will give you help in your every-day life. (Long pause.) I let Warsaw treat you for indigestion. (Was it you made that second loud knocking around me yesterday? Yes. I have given up the task of working for mediums in the future; I mean I will work for humanity. (But you and Mary will control Charlotte?) Yes. Mary: I have left the heavy things that held me down to the earth. God was good to us in letting me return to you. (Her very words through Lydia just after her death.) (What of Saturday night?) I had her under control for a few minutes. Her heart has gone out to you intensely. Her life is in your hands. She would make a loving wife. Her spiritual soul is very helpful. (Who is with you just now?) Dr. Krebs, Dr. Everett, William Hughes. Cousin Mary with him. (Mother). Dr. Krebs gives his love to Miss Jones. Can laugh as heartily as ever.

June 1. H. W. B. (Is this Mr. Beecher?) Yes. I will give you a little message. Friend, you have used good judgment in your effort to help those who fulfill life's duties. We have thought much, ever since Lydia was taken, we would have to let her take the strong hand, but will have her talk later. I will talk through the lady. She will be filled with ideas. I think that very soon we will talk. Her influence is getting finer. Tell her that her efforts will be crowned with success. She will judge of what she lacks. We think her willing, sunny disposition will tell in her favor. Give her good conditions. Tell her that rest is essential. Her mind is very active. She knows how difficult it is to get under control.

June 2. Mary (How was the sitting last evening?) I was weak for lack of magnetism. Partly unconscious under my influence. I wanted to say I like her and her modesty, like a child; I like her sweet voice. I think her mind is too much taken up with her love for you. Her life is wrapped up in your welfare. (Will you yet succeed?) I must. I saw George working on her. He changed her face. (Exactly as he did with Lydia. Medium never saw her.) Mr. Beecher was here yesterday. Lydia: I have given way to Mary. I know her love for you. George thinks she is the dearest woman he ever knew.

June 3. Mary: I have great hopes of Miss J. getting unconscious. I will very soon entrance her. (Did you notice me in Central Park?) You helped a hungry man. (True.) Every little help will find its reward. (Pause.) George: I will come. (What of Miss J. now?) I have much faith in her. Fear not. Her high-minded ideas will help her mediumship. (George, do you remember your last words after controlling Lydia here?) My light is up. (His usual words when leaving her.) I like Miss Jones for her kindness to you. Does not hanker for show or money.

June 7. George: Do not worry about Miss Jones. I give my word for it. Her impulse is filled with love for you. Likes very much to be in your company. She thinks less of herself than of her effort to please you. (Think I should annex?) Yes; in the fall. I shall especially give her force in her sittings. I know she would make you happy. I like her high spiritual ideas, her mild ways, her truthfulness, her devotion. (Is she at home?) Gone to Asbury. (Found correct.) (Who else is present?) Lyddy, Mary, H. W. B. He says, tell him I will talk to him in a short time, and sister Harriet soon. Mary: (Why does C. crave water?) Her magnetism gets weak. (Did you see Mr. Beecher just now?) I held his hand. I have taken great interest in C's development. Her love for you has helped me. (Have you seen your daughter Julia?) I have seen her in her home. Her

life is happier there. Tom's health is better. (Mr. Stead was a brave spiritualist.) He was true to his convictions. I know his great worth. He helped the women into the boats. Glided into the ocean, was washed under the high waves.

June 11. Mary: I was very much delighted in telling you on Saturday how happy I was in thinking I will have C. talking under my influence soon. I helped her to get well. (Had a fall at Asbury.) Give my love to her. I tried to say I had control. I said the influence would take time. Mr. Beecher delivered a reverent prayer. I wanted to tell you that George helped me. Dear Joe, I will soon entrance Miss J. to talk to you. I must come first, then George, then Lyddy. Every time I come she feels me more. I think she feels me very often. Her great good heart ever willing to do for others. Lyddy: I have thought that George might entrance her far more strongly than Mary. George says he likes her better, knows her better. Effervescent in her great desire to make you happy. I will help to develop her.

June 17. Mary: George has taken much interest in Charlotte. He will soon entrance her. I will be the first. (How about last Saturday?) My control was better. Your father wanted to tell you he had tried to influence her for some time. His desire is to come when he can. I told you I had her for a few minutes. I must try to shut her mind up. I know she loves you so much she wants to give her time and thoughts to you. I hope you will go and see Josie. I felt very sorry for her. She will have to tell you about me. Julia writes to her. (Heard so later.) I will go to her in a few days. Will try to tell her I talk to you, and that her idea of coming to me soon is wrong. Dear Joe, I think Charlotte helps you very much in her thoughtfulness for your happiness. I like her for her good heart, her truthfulness, her fidelity, her love for you. She desires to make you happy in every way. I will help you all I can in the future. I help you to ignore foolish ideas.

June 19. Charlotte arrived from Asbury safely. Sat with her last night in Central Park, when George said: Well, Captain. (His first words usually through Lyddy to me in her life.) Mary: He is here now. He let Lyddy try to talk. (What did she say?) I must try to get control. It is hard. Called you Sweetheart Joe. (As in life.) We prompted Charlotte to go to the Park, but it does not give her conditions for best results; the ground is damp. Get little chairs. I will entrance her next time first. Lyddy came last night, then George, then I. She is ever ready to do what she can for your happiness. George says: Captain, I think you will have great delight in getting the dear ones here to talk with you. (Who is with you now?) Dr. Krebs, Lyddy, George Mellish, Dr. Everett, Harriet, Henry Ward, and Wetherbee, who says, I was willing to help my sister woman. (True.)

June 22. Mary: (How about last night?) George helped me to talk. I said that I did like repose. Miss J. has high thoughts in regard to mediumship. Warsaw came to you last night. Wanted to tell you he was going to help you in your change in the home. Dear Joe, I wish you would try to take good care of yourself. Get married. Fear not. George: (Any change at Sparkill?) Yes, yes. I know the house is closed. He lived too high, and Mollie helped to make things worse. You were good to Lyddy. I must congratulate you on your good fortune. Miss J. is like Mary in her good manners, fine sincerity and loving heart. Her love for you is very deep. We think you would do her great hurt if you turn from her. I see her every day. I will help her talk to you. Tell her I have great regard for her. Her ignorance of everything evil is helpful for her mediumship. High thoughts make her so.

June 24. Mary: I will get her entranced much more. Every time improves. She will get great things when more developed. Tell her I will make her a shining light in the spiritual work. Will improve her gift. Lyddy was highly delighted, too, last night. You have much to be thankful for. I know how you feel in regard to tying up. Fear not, dear Joe. I will do what I can to make you feel happy. And so will Charlotte. Her love for you is intense. I will give her my influence when she is alone. Dear Joe, I like her decent way of meeting great trials. (Who is around her now?) George. He thinks she has wisdom for spirit influence. (I went over to Miss J., who was present, and found her face twitching exactly in

George's fashion when controlling Lydia. Heard rapping on the door; nobody there.) That was George. George: Hard work to get into the little gal. (Spoken through her in his masculine voice.) I could get her brain easy, but I want her body, too. (Interrupted by door-bell.)

June 27. George: I have looked into everything. Found Lyddy did not like to speak about the home. (I hope —— gets what he deserves.) You have great justification for your feeling. I will help you forget it. Miss J. will improve. Let her have you work on her head. (Did you see us at the reception last night?) Yes. Very much pleased. (Hear my rhyme?) I thought it like your finest. Get C. to sit for you when you go to the ocean. I will come to her there. Tell her to work less; it destroys her magnetism. I might have more magnetism if I control her first. Her magnetism is too undeveloped to drain it. It will increase.

June 27. p. m. In Central Park, with chairs, in quiet spot. Charlotte entranced by Mary. Asked me to see Josie. Tell her that her muscles will be better; does not use them enough. Do not worry about the house. Cover Charlotte's neck. This is my boudoir. She would never antagonize will not get angry. When trials come, she says, better next time. (Voice better; gentle like Mary's, sentences longer. Warsaw spoke clearly but slowly in broken English.)

June 28. Alone in my library, West 103rd St. With Ouija board my hand was suddenly controlled to spell the following fine test:

William P. Snipes. My boy, Charlotte was nearly run over this afternoon by an automobile at 36th Street and Sixth Avenue. And not only once, but twice; again at Fifth Avenue and 42nd St. But we were with her and saved her. I was not thinking of my father, knew nothing of C.'s trip down-town, but at night I called on her at her father's house, asked if she had been out today, when she related the double experience, confirming her narrow escape, and the exact localities. No mind-reading here.

George, same evening, in Park, controlled and said: It could not happen fatally while they were laying the foundation. His manly voice very natural, his salutation as usual in Lydia's time. Said a few months would make a big difference in his control; that C. had much modified me, and I do not care much now for other company or mediums. Lydia called me Pet, as in life.

July 2. C. goes to Asbury today, and I tomorrow. Mary: I was with you when you visited Josie. Dear Joe, I have felt very glad that you went. I think that you were kind to her. Josie is like me in her looks. I will go with you to the seaside. We will go with C. and take care of her. I will help Lydia to entrance her. Have done so already. (George talked like himself the other night.) Yes, he will very soon talk with you in his thoughtful, happy way. I will let Lydia influence her more. (Three raps on table. Is that you, George? Three louder raps.) I hope you will have a good time. It is much better to feel happy.

July 9. Asbury Park, ocean side, at night. George: Hello, Captain, you are here again. (I am trying to take notes in the dark.) You will get a little bit, Captain.

Say, Captain, there is a little chilliness between us. My little gal has got a cold tonight. Have to get the ligaments of the throat in order. Warsaw has gone to look after things, to tell the medy. She had some ironing before she came here. See what a gal you got. There's coming a time. Captain, when all the sands down on the earth, and He who ruleth us, will not be able to keep you away from the gal. You take that from me, Captain. Don't you find that so yourself? And if you went home and stayed home you would be the most unhappy fish out of water you ever met. But you are not going. That is the beauty of it; because we are going to keep right here where the good things are. Each day you live life seems to be more beautiful to you, because you got the gal. Yet you are such a doubting Joseph Thomas. But say, Captain, you are getting over it, that is, where the gal is concerned. Haven't you got some good tests, even a year ago? All things are meager at first. When you start to walk, you walk very slowly. When you got up over your illness, you came near toppling over, and when you learned to walk it was but a little step at a time. Well, Captain, I will have to pull the rest of your hair out;

then probably you won't be so doubting. A spider might jump on it and pull a few out. (Whistling through his fingers.) Say, Captain, you have got a swell cook. Do you want to change your boarding-house? (Meals with Charlotte in her business place.) Captain, do you notice how beautiful she is when her eyes light up with that smile she has sometimes? Perfectly wonderful. It would charm anybody when they find her in that mood of mind. That is a help, Captain. I would like to stay here all night. I never know when to go. Captain George gave you a test last night all right about the girl help coming from New York. But I am sorry the gal did not give her impression about the colored man when she got it. She felt he would not live. That was about 4:30, and he died this morning. Say, Captain, why haven't you got a kind o' table for a fellow to lean on? I, too, like comfort, feet up in the air. (Referring to a friend.)

I had a good bit of temper myself, but I hate to see a woman with a temper, and losing everything that is sweet and lovely when she puts herself on a par with man, with us lords of creation. (A great expression of yours, George, before the medium's time.) I will be greater when you get the little gal. Then I can be to dinner every day. There will be three extra chairs at the table, one for the little old gal, one for Mary, one for me. Put your dad first before me. That is right when talking about a gentleman's father. Then you will feel you have the whole family party. But, Captain, you know what, I bet the little gal would rather stay by you, only when there is company. Mother will be the best pleased, because she will know you will have attention of the very best kind. And you will be first in the house and will always be first. Let me tell you something else, Captain. If you ever have a shindig, she would not have a caterer. And as much as I think of my old gal, she would not do anything like that. Where it would cost you a few dollars now, it might run up to fifty or a hundred the other way. Say, Captain, where you have had only a resting-place for the last three years, you will have a home. Well, Captain, what a touch she has. I mean if you have a kind o' back-ache or anything, to ease the pain. Mother Mary shows her starry eyes and that sweet smile; wants to put me out. I was always one of those fellows to be careful. Captain, let me say something before I go: I think if you just gargle your feet in the ocean, it will do you good. I think you had better make the marry about the end of September. You will realize the whole condition of your life, because other controls have got to learn how to come. You have had a little feast. The trouble is, old man, that was only my pet phrase, you know. I used to come to my old gal and would not care if I stayed two hours, if she would let me. I told you George Wilson never knows enough to go home. Mother Mary looks at me, and I have got to let her come in anyhow.

Mary: I am resting; have been listening and smiling at much that has been said. He is always funny, always jolly. Wonderful spirit and wonderful helper. He can talk a long while. I simply just rest and say very little. I never talked any gossip. I had friends, but when they started to talk of Mrs. Grundy I moved on. The little gal has very much in her disposition that I had. And I could turn my hand to many things, and so can she. I expect to see a very beautiful home; I see different flowers in different places. I expect to see a very tasty dining-room, and an improvement on what has been the last couple of years. I do not mean anything in the expense line, I simply mean in the arrangements, and you know I always did like things arranged just so, when I had my health. Well, dear, I am going to leave you now, I mean Mr. Snipes. You know I am not in company now, except in your company. (I am glad you are cheerful, Mother Mary.) Are you? I return the compliment. You will have a home to go to, (a mutual friend used to sing that), a home where somebody will be always watching and waiting for you, and you will be rather disappointed if she is not. I'm afraid I won't see Joe going out very much, too much attraction at home. Even if it is not possible to see me, I will always be welcome, and I will always be placed somewhere, even though I may not sit down, because it don't tire me to stand now. (Forms of a couple passing on the sands.) Gentleman with his lady love. You don't own this place.

July 18. On beach at Asbury Park, notes taken in dark, medium's head rocking, as with Lydia in the past.

George: Hello, Captain. As these waves dash up against the ship, so the waves dash

up against the human ship. And some Captains steer their ships aright, and some steer them wrong. And so they have to work out their life. Put up that shawl around the little gal. Say, Captain, I just like to stand and watch those waves. They mean so much to me. The rougher the sea the better George Wilson likes it. Well, you see the ships rock and rock. And so many do not know each time they rock their own vessel that they have got to work out their course. Don't you know I was quite a philosopher? Well, it seems you like to sleep three or four times a day. It is because the red fellows are after you. You have two of them. Warsaw is one, and a white know-nothing, White Feather, is the other, because it is so hard for him to learn to talk. But he is a powerful fellow, Captain. He helps you more than you know. It is the nervous system, your stomach, they treat that. I know you are better, don't have to ask you. But say, Captain, when you go to New York again, be careful what you eat. Remember me when you take a good glass of good beer. You don't need to tell brother Boenau about that, simply say that you will remember me, and in your mind you can think of George. As much as brother Boenau thinks of you, Captain, he has never had proof positive to his mind, and it is still to be brought to him direct. You know, Captain, brother Boenau has got to be brought up against the hedge-fence, and he has got to have his nose poked right up against it, and see for himself, with his blinkers, before he can understand and believe. If that is brought to him right direct, why, he could not get away from it, and would say, Brother Joe, I can see the thing, too. But you might explain it to him from now to dooms-day, and he will see it just as he sees it, and not as you do. I tell you, just wait a while, and a certain lady will give him a test, and he cannot blink at her. (Who is the lady?) It will be some one that belongs to you that will give it to him. Just you have some patience. You don't want to ask her, but sometime when you are playing the beautiful music you will find she will open upon him, as she started to open upon him once before when she wanted to diagnose a portion of his case. Do you remember? Well, Captain, the thing will burst, and that will be an opening word and give brother Boenau just a glimpse, and it will make him want more. He is not a noisy fellow, but you know he can be mighty obstinate in his own way at times, and when he gets something into his head you could not move him. He does not say much about it. You, Captain, blurt it out, and he will carry it under his hat. Captain, aren't those waves music to your soul?

I feel like talking about the water, and not the little gal. I heard you read what I said the other night, and you thought she did not appreciate it, but, Captain, the thing she thinks the most about, of a spiritual nature, is a thing she talks the least about. And she thinks more of what she is entering into than you do. I mean mediumistically. Her whole system is nothing but the purest and the highest, and her wish will be gratified. Say, if she was not shaped this way, she would not be here tonight. You don't have to ask her. She may not be here for the next two nights, but don't be afraid of her going back; she will progress from now on. And say, Captain, when she leaves the body, it will be to dwell among all that is high and lofty, and it will be a beautiful life, too, to which she goes. She would not live much longer after you unless something keeps her. Warsaw cannot talk very much, but he is a very great thinker, and when you see the little gal deep in thought you may know he is about somewhere. She has thought at all times, and she can pick herself to pieces, too. She does it very often. Say, Captain, I rather like the little gal that is going to visit you. (J. H.) Poor kid. The medy likes her so much because of her affliction. Well, Captain, our medy likes to help everybody that is in trouble. I want to give you an appetizer. Sometimes I took Scotch whisky, but I don't take it any more, only when I can get it. Then I like Dublin Stout. Say, Captain, don't you wish you didn't have any business? Because you are so jealous about her you don't like her to stay out of your sight. I cannot keep from laughing when I see you go back half a dozen times, with your head poked back in the air. Some of these dudes go into wedlock without any thought of what they are doing, only to oblige, and the consequences are, in six months or a year there is hell to pay. (Will I?) Well, Captain, have you spent any thought before you leap, and have you watched the lady-love, and have you let anything go by you? Not much, not you.

Oh, no, Captain, you are not one of those fellows, and you know the gal you are getting. Lots of these dudes find their heads on their bosoms in the dance, and the men want to see as far as they can under the light material the ladies wear to attract the men. You don't find them imitated by your lady. You have a helpful, happy lady.

And say, Captain, do you want me to tell you something? In a certain portion of your will didn't you leave something to the boys of the Glee Club, in a book form? (A fact; provision for music books. Not mentioned to anybody.) I wanted to give it to you as a test from George Wilson. If she was your wife, you would not need to read it, because she is not the covetous kind. Now, Captain, by jinks, I wonder why I want to spend so much time in pleasant company. I am just wound up tonight, Captain. I made the medy feel that she must come here. Captain, Sunday night we will have a good jolly time, and I will see if I can't find out some more things. Do you know what I am going to do? I am going to do some detective work. I am going to the little gal's home and find out between now and Sunday how the old folks will take it. It seems you have been pondering on that lately, haven't you? (Yes.) Say, Captain, are you afraid to hit the nail on the head, for fear you will lose the wood? Thought I would send out a feeler. You seem to be timid, I don't know why, in coming to the point, I mean in regard to her parents. She is not a baby. You have a cuckoo-clock and a cooker, too. You are not disappointed any more. Another six months, and people won't know it is Joseph F. Snipes, and that it is another Snipes come to town. Well, Captain, I want to tell you a story. I want to give you a cracker-jack, so you will not doubt what comes out of the little gal's mouth when she is under our control. Say, Captain, when is a sail not a sail? Do you know? (No.) When it is down. (Who is with you just now?) Henry Ward Beecher. I feel shocked when I think of what I have been saying before him, Mother Mary, and my little gal. She laughed when I spoke of a berth on this ship. Daddy, the Pritchards and their two children are here.

July 21. In medium's office, storm outside. Warsaw: Good evenin', brave. Stuffy, stuffy, no good; not comfortable for my medy; need 'lectric fan. You no make weather. Big Man. This is my wigwam. No lose her medyship till her close her peepers. Me voice weak here; it's dampy. You wake the medy up. Put on coat. (Weather cleared; went to the ocean.) Warsaw: White chief, you eat too much dinner. Indian man he no eat so much stuff. Little gal home, chief. (Miss Howlett.) Getting off boat now. She likes my medy. Medy help her heaps much. Her do almost anything for you without you asking anything. And say, chief, each day you go, harder you part. You think you go way and stay two weeks? You say so now, but you no do. You only 'magine so. When you take her, then I hear the music, and then no stuffy. You can sit in lib'ry too, 'cause nobody come in. You sit and write by the table. You close door, you know me come. Me roam. Me like Flight-Foot. Me going to do war-whoop in your rooms when you get hitched. You made up your mind, haven't you? You only skeered of her tribe. Me was snoopin' round the 12th Street house yesterday. Went with the big man. He shake his head at me. Me no tell. I like brave; I no do somethin' he don't like. (Warsaw retired, talking Sioux language.)

George: Good evening, Captain. How be you? I got inside the chocolate today. Say, Captain, the gal is an almighty fine cook. Well, Captain, you don't fear anything. Be a man and go to the front. (Do the parents know?) Oh, indeed, they know it. Do you think they could watch you and not know it? Well, Captain, they think she is her own boss on this subject. They think, well, she is the one that has got to live with him. They do not mean that unkindly. They will ask you, Do you love her? Although they don't need to ask. They don't find fault, because they think if they didn't give their consent, she would be apt to take French leave and get married anyway. They are not anxious to get rid of her. You may think they are quite willing to give her up, but they are not. They know she is twenty-one, and that if she wants to do it she will do it anyway, so they might as well give their consent. That is what they will think. Wouldn't you marry if they object? It might delay matters a little bit, but I see you doing it anyway. She won't let you forget your wants either. Do you think

they are fools, and blooming fools, to know you have watched after the gal so long, without feeling you were in love with her?

Say, Captain, you haven't tried to disguise your affection for the little gal before them or anybody else. Do you think they need a microscope? And don't you think your little bit of print last month gave them an inkling? ("Who Is She?") And don't you think it gave some other folks a whole lot to bite on? You put the "future mate" in it, and who the devil be that mate if it wasn't you? Captain, won't there be some jealousy among some of your widows, and some of your would-be sappers? Captain, you have chosen wisely. Take that from me. She will never get beyond asking you what is right, and she will never ask you any question you ought not to answer. Haven't you noticed that, Captain? (Will old-time friends come in later?) My dear sir, it will take about one year before she is able to get the power for communication of all that you desire. And don't you ask her to sit, Captain, but you just go and play the organ when she has finished her household duties, and you will see that she goes of her own accord. And in reading your notes, don't mention this part, and you will see that George Wilson is right.

You have no reason to complain, Captain, because, Captain, there is no one you know you could go to and get one-tenth as much as you get now in one reading. You may get a little bit if you want to take your dollar a-fishing. They would do the fishing, and the line (lying) too. Say, Captain, you haven't a designing little lady-love. No, sir. I think she is a darling. Don't you notice how kind she is to everybody? And do you know, Captain, when she goes out of that home, it is going to make an awful difference? And it is just as wise if she would not go back any length of time, because they will be weaned a little away from her. If she goes back it will seem harder to break away. She will have to go home, because you know you have a very independent gal, and I rather like her independence. I notice her every day, and you, too. You are like an eel out of water, you are a wiggler. Well, Captain, may you have a long life and a happy one. You will live very much longer under the little gal's care. And we won't see very many long faces in the home. You won't have a long one, because she won't let you. She don't let you now. And you are the fuss and feather of the family. I don't think either one of you will be going out much. You will have so much to monopolize your time at home. Oh, lordy, by Jove, won't I whistle? I am a ferret, because I go delving, not into S. O., but into the lives of people sometimes.

Well, Captain, I am so glad to be back, and don't know whether I have been able to give you any news tonight or not. (You have fine control now.) This is my vessel. Say, Captain, she is getting very much like my old gal. Don't you sense how easy I can come in? I am going to tell you something, Captain. Will Pritchard's nose will be out of joint, because he thinks the little lady is coming into a greater share of the little that you have got. He is building on that. Yes, and that is why he named the kid boy after you. The whole family have the notion. You never had much pleasure out of your life, Captain, but you will have it, and you will be well looked after, too. You will never have any trouble about that, Captain. And there won't be any trained nurse, neither. The young gal will bring life to you that you have not got, and when you are both happy, what's the h'odds? You want me to tell you something? She is constantly in prayer to those that guide, and George Wilson helps her. Even my little old gal never showed you the same love that this little gal has shown you, Captain. She has seen it all. She don't blame you, she don't blame her daughter, she blames herself for her weakness. You know, Captain, they will all help the little gal to make you happy. You don't deserve it, though, as much as the little gal. It's because you are an old codger. What do you think of that? She is worth her weight in gold, not shillings, but crowns. You might add some guineas to that.

I like the gal clean through, from her feet to her head, and from her head to her feet. She is more spiritually-minded than she is earthly-minded. That is something for a man to know. That's the kind of woman she is, Captain, and that is to be appreciated today, Captain. Love her, man, love her, for she is worthy of it.

(She would be a girl-wife.) Always. Would you not rather have her that way, Captain? She will pilot you through more than one illness, Captain, several, and particularly at the same time of the year, in your beautiful March winds. Well, I will have to get aboard my other ship right here just ready to sail. Say, am I going to have a piece of that wedding-cake? (I thought this was your vessel?) Well, let me see; I would think of quite a few helpers. I could put Warsaw as chief mate, and I might make Mother Mary purser. Where will I put my old gal. She will have to be assistant chaplain. Then we will have your father on board, and then we will have your mother, then we will have to put the two Pritchards and the two codgers, and then there is your brother Joe, your elder brother, then there is your sister Alice. And say, Captain, there is a Mary Ann that comes here. And say, there is a whole lot of passengers to go aboard ship at that wedding. The gal is not one for show, Captain.

Have a quiet wedding, and have the party afterwards. At half-past ten my time is up; now 10-17. (True; he could always tell the time to the minute, in the dark, or in the pocket.) Well, Captain, tomorrow night my little gal and Mary and myself will have the floor. I think I will have to put our friend, brother Beecher, as chaplain on my vessel. And I need a doctor, so I will have Dr. Krebs. I will look around to see another reverend gentleman, too, and I might ask him to join us, and that is the Rev. George Hepworth. There's a Southern minister steps forward, by the name of Edwards, I think. He was a Methodist. (Dr. J. E. Edwards, old-time friend and pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Richmond, Va.)

July 22. At Asbury Beach, 9 p. m. George: Hello, Captain. I was just thinking, when I sail my craft, with the beautiful music to listen to that they have today, we would be satisfied if we had the hornpipe, with one or two string pieces, with the sails in midstream, and a man or two that you have today to play the romantic flute and one of those auto-harps, we would be satisfied with those, but not in the passing crowd of today. I like good music, Captain, but there is something I like better, and that is the beautiful human voice. Say, Captain, you are going to be able to sing better than ever. (With more heart?) You have no heart; it is given away. You have got somebody else's, and they have got yours. (George, you were right about the visiting medium.) You know I could always see things before they happened. George Wilson feels more like sitting and listening than talking tonight. Must be because the medium is not up to par. Well, Captain, you have enough food to live on if you don't get any for months. I am going to call you Hungry Joe, and Thirsty Joe. I am going to call you Cuddling Joe. You might hide from some people, but you can't hide from George Wilson. Well, never mind, be happy. If you can't be happy, what's the use of living? Happiness is a steady growth from within; then it comes out. These beautiful waves don't come in as strong as I would like. Although they are never still, I like to see them high. Good night, Captain.

Henry Ward Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. I wanted to step in and just say a word or two. When once I walked along this part of the country, when I came and gave a speech down at the old auditorium at Fourth and Fifth avenues, it was very different; it was almost a barren wilderness. And now, when I gaze out upon this beautiful ocean and look around and see all the wonderful improvements, it makes me think of how much more there is in life to improve, of the things that we let go by each hour, each moment; and it passes by so quickly. Were we in the life that you are now in, brother, how differently we should all feel. We look at each other in earth with these eyes of ours, and are not always able to see and hear, and we cannot gaze into that thin mirror which lies beyond the grave. We wonder, do we lay away all that is earthly and yet know nothing of the future? You simply use the clay, the tenement, the fragment; the soul goes on and on to the beautiful life beyond. Oh, what does life mean? It should mean to each and all of us all that is glorious. . . . I did not mean to preach a funeral sermon, I simply mean to bring a thought. Oh, be worthy, be worthy. . . . I will help the lady. The life that seems the most obscure is the one that gains the

most ground. There are lives which at first seem to know little, but as they gain step by step and are touched by the heavenly light, they extend far into the realms of life and are able to help those with whom they come in contact. I mean by the very atmosphere they breathe and send out from them. Good night.

Mary: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. (Did you hear Mr. Beecher?) I was listening to him. (Is he going to be one of us?) No, sir. He is one of us. There's a difference. Well, Joe, you seem to be enjoying it here. You do not seem to want to take your little bag and go away. I do not know of anywhere else where you stay three weeks and go away and then return and stay nine weeks. That is the time you will be here. I have but a few moments to stay with Mr. Snipes. But he is not a bit pleased; he didn't say Good Evening. (I do not forget you.) You will never forget me when you have over twenty in one. (In the band?) Yes. Joe, as far as our medium, Charlotte, has gone, you have nearly as many of the dear ones returning to you as you had through my sister Lydia. With Charlotte it is much shorter, because she was in a cruder form of mediumship. Don't be impatient. That was always your chief trouble. (You had plenty of patience.) Well, let me impart some of my patience to you. You are not lonesome any more, and you are really getting better-looking. You are taken care of now. (Will it continue?) Why should it not when the door has been opened? We are not anxious to close it. As you are now, there will be no grief coming into your life, provided you do what you should do, because it is approved.

There will be nothing that will bring any discord. I wish I had known her when I was here walking and talking with you. I did not love my sister then, I did not know her then, and yet the different things must come into our lives and must touch our lives, whether it is for weal or woe. We had to get brightness and we had to get sorrow, and you have had a taste of both. I am going to have a piece of that cake. We will all be there, whether you invite us or not. I do not feel tired tonight. I made no entrance under difficulties. I feel at home. And let me tell you a secret: Before you pass out, the medium will be just as dear to you as ever I was. Now what do you think of that? With the personality of our esteemed friend, Mr. Beecher, he will be able to raise the medium beyond herself. George has his way, I have mine, but I was not an orator, I was not a scholar, I was just plain Mary. A great personality cannot come through a hard-shell Baptist; he needs the negative, the clinging. You never find the best mediums the most positive. Is it quarter after ten? (10:12.) Here comes sister, who wants to come in just a minute.

Lydia: May I talk to you a few moments, Pet? You both have a new girl, but you do not forget the old one. You have a girl that is lovable, the making of a very fine medium, a soulful one, one whose greatest pleasure will be to do all she can when she is fully developed. In less than a year you will rejoice in the advancement, and I will be able to come to thee (her Quaker pronoun) so very often. I am with thee often now, Joe, and with Mary. You will have health and help. The girl studied you to help you, and will help to keep you here in the body. You are as well off here as you would be anywhere, and in fact better, because, let us say, you would not have the care you are getting with the new experience, and it is rather a delightful one. You would miss us, but you would miss somebody else, too, who has grown very much dearer to you than you know. She has powerful influences back of her, and as she reaches her fortieth year, less than two years more, she will have beautiful development. You have been paid in full already. There are some debts that we cannot pay. I am going now. It will be much better at home when you have her to yourself. You won't find that you will be swamped.

July 23. At Ocean Grove Beach. George: Good evening, Captain. Things look rather cloudy, but before any great sunshine there is always a heavy cloud. (Did you hear Mr. Beecher last night?) I think you enjoyed his little speech. You had quite a feast of good things. Well, when we get into our home, and we can have these things, will you ever go out? I think you will stay in all right. You have not felt much like staying in these last few years, and things will take a new light, a new life and a new hope. Well, let me tell you

something. Speaking of new company, the little gal wants not so much company, but she will enjoy the company of her husband more than the company of any one else. Her pleasure will be yours, and yours will be hers. No running off, unless for an hour or so, but none of this staying over-night, and leaving home at mealtimes. (A pertinent reference to past experiences.) No, sir. (The medium has good health.) There is nothing the matter with her physically or mentally, only the mental can be expanded, but still she is not a dunce.

I call her a clever woman, doctor, nurse, cook. I don't know as I want to go home tonight, I don't mind staying on. It is almost three years and two months since I had a good talk with you; in June, before my medy went away. Count back. But we must not look back to sad days. We must look onto the bright days, because there are lots of them in store for you. Well, I will get back to solid facts. And, Captain, next week we will get back to our nice work, because our medy will be in condition, and we will be getting much nicer results. (Delighted now.) Yes, Captain, you feel as if you don't want to go to see anybody else.

Well, I tell you, you never did look for the frivolous side. You were not looking for the ordinary. If you felt that the loved ones were happy and bringing bright things into your life, and you knew that they were progressing, you were not looking to know whether you would be married next week or next year. Instead you were looking just at the communication of love. Most people go to mediums and want to know. Does he love me? Am I going to make a hundred dollars tomorrow? Can I find out about that one? Is my husband sporting with other women? Can I get free from this one and get the next one? My little gal is not that way. No, sir. That is why they use mediumship for her, and the mediums are not quick enough to understand. Many times they take a hand in it, and sometimes money seems to be the thing they are reaching out after, and one is as bad as the other. And then they delve into peoples' wills, telling them how to leave this and leave that. If you understand as well as I do, you would know how people fall into traps, in other words, how they have jobs put up on them; copper mines that never existed; he will leave this property to me, or leave that to me, and there it is, Captain, instead of thinking, What good may I do by careful thought? I tell you, Captain, I am having glorious times these nights. (Beating time to Casino music.) . . . There are conditions that surround people before birth, and of which the child partakes; but when that spirit goes onward and is loosed from the material into the spiritual, after it lives in the spiritual and advances step by step, the atmosphere surrounding it changes and brings music into its life. Do you understand me, Captain? And where the heart is, so is the soul. For instance, if your heart reaches out to some one in New York you would not be here. And the free natural conditions have so much to do with it. All true mediums, as a rule, are born in the cradle. It may take years and years to develop, but if the seed is not there for development, there is no development. And as said before, the too positive mind never obtains very great development. Their over-positiveness throws away their chance of seeing in the distance, they jump at the conclusions of their own mind.

(You seem posted, George.) What I did not know on earth I have learned since I came away. I don't know that my gal herself would know if she could hear herself talk. In fact, I think there are things that should astonish her. Let me tell you again, Captain, you have got a jewel, and you don't believe it. (Do you agree with Mr. Beecher?) She could occupy the platform, the way things are pointing, and when we get a spirit that has the Reverend gentleman back of you, with lots of other guides and attractions, one never can tell what will happen. A great incentive is to know that it would please you most, more than the glory that would come to her. She is not looking for glory, and as you know her better you will understand that, Captain. She has much good to do, she will be helpful to many. The music is saying Good night. (The dance music?) No dancing there. They are too straight-laced. You must remember you are in the supposed Heaven of New Jersey, the Holy City. I think if I let Mr. Beecher come in he will take too much of the girl's strength; he absorbs too much of her vitality. All large organizations do extract more than they give out. . . . When

are you going South, Captain? When you do go, I don't think you will go alone. But I don't think you will want to go. Say, Captain, quit that worry about the rents. Let the other fellow that comes after you do the worrying. But that has been your trouble too long. Not that you want anybody else's money, but your own. Just remember Joseph F. Snipes and think: Well, he can take care of himself; he needs very little of the petty things of life; don't have to be extravagant. If you ask favors, why, you think you will have to grant them. Good night.

July 24. Asbury Park Beach. George: (keeping time to music with hands and feet): Hello, Captain. I could sit here and listen without talking. My little old gal was fond of music. That old Warsaw is trying to push me out. He will if I don't stop napping. You will have a couple of very peculiar letters when you get home. It will make you smile. They are not particularly business, and not particularly social. They are peculiar in their phrasing. You will just throw them away. (Slow music on pier.) Give us something lively. We don't want to go to a funeral. I am commencing to think it is Little Jerusalem. We are not spinolas. I am interested in the little gal, and my interest will never die. And I will be more interested when I have greater liberty. (Will they make remarks after hitching?) Yes, because many of them are jealous, even your Jersey friends will make quite some comments. They have made some already. They could not understand the care you received, and that was one reason you got an invitation to Asbury some time ago. If the young daughter could not make a match with you, the mother might, to keep it in the family. Say, Captain, some people have very flimsy excuses when they have an object. Well, I will tell you something else. Your house would be very nice for them all to live in, to come to New York and get in New York society. You might have froth if you had one of them, but you would not have very much happiness, because you would be in hot water all the time with the big one. You would be a little cockalorum.

The mother is just languid. She talks as if her words came from her toes. If it is not done today, it can be done next year, as long as it don't mean money. Say, Captain, did you ever notice how they screw up their eyes when they talk to you, to see if you notice? My gal doesn't know them. (A perfect description.) George Wilson always tries to tell the truth. (Do you think our girl would let anything come between you and her?) Not even her family. They could go up another street. In that respect she has a mind of her own. Nothing will ever come between you and her when you go into each other's lives. If there is crossness, you will be the cross. Whew! but a look from her will bring you back. She has a wonderful eye, that melts into complete softness. You see earnestness, but you never see hardness, the mouth indicating no unkindness, but firmness. (I did not tell my people of my first hitch.) And I would not tell them of my second venture. They would be pleased to have you give them what you have, and more, too. They never gave you anything, and some of them would grab if they had the chance. Disposition makes the difference. When the medium gets in that house, and there is nothing else to take her time, she will be more willing still to sit. And you will not see any long faces, either. No, sir; she will pull you out of that, too. You will think life is worth living again. No sin in being cheerful and hopeful, but a pleasure. I see you do not see her with a long face. She takes it with easy, natural grace. Say, Captain, your father is here, and Mother Mary, and my old gal, and George Mellish, and a name like Morely. Must have done something for you. Was he a medium? I rather think he was English. He was tall, but not robusto profundo. (Mr. Morey, Englishman, a medium helper in my public meetings years before.) You know that man Corlies? (Yes.) He is a man on that order, only a little heavier. Corlies was a good man; only went too quick. He was a beautiful character. And you need men just like him today. Well, I must go, Captain. It is half-past ten. (It was 10:30 exactly by my watch.)

July 26. Returned from New York. On the beach. George: How are you, Captain? Well, it's a charming evening. (George, we have been looking at the moon with the marine glass.) If the people were to clean the glasses like the sailors who used to peer through the distance, how strangely different their lives would be, Captain. But they let the scum appear on the lens and cloud out everything else, and instead of looking

out and on, they simply look after what is for the hour. Say, Captain, it's a mighty good thing for us to use glasses on our own lives. You know, I feel like picking some people to pieces, different ones. Captain, you haven't been in the most pleasing frame of mind all day today. I was with you this morning, about 9:30, and you had not left your domicile. You had been at breakfast, Captain, but you were reading some mail. (Two peculiar letters, as he had foretold.) There is never a day but what you get some mail, even if you do put most of it in the trash basket and have a snicker smile for some time. You did miss her, didn't you, Captain? And she missed you, and about half past ten you were thinking of her. But you were tired when you came tonight. I tell you the best thing for you is to get hitched. You hate to see the people taking up the time when you are around. Captain, you are a foxy boy. You go fishing to find out whether what is told you is true. I mean the letters; and another thing, fishing from the little girl's father to find out if what Warsaw said was true. The whole bundle of Indians are fighting me, but I am George Wilson and I have the floor. It is George Wilson today. It is night to you, but it is always day to me, and one of these days it will be all day to you, Captain. But never mind, you will not be able to shake hands with George Wilson for some years to come; because, Captain, you are gaining strength, physical and mental, and hourly. You are feeling better in a way than you have felt in four years. But, Captain, blame the little gal. I am mimicking you, Captain. Oh, I tell you, Captain, she is not any beauty, but say, Captain, she has a heart. She has a way that is more captivating than all the beauty; because you can live with beauty to a certain degree and then it becomes monotonous. But with her you never get tired; she wears. Do you know any other woman that would respond so to your wishes, Captain? You will find the majority want to be like peacocks and full of tomfoolery, and wanting to dance off their heels, and have a dress on that shows all that belongs to them, and so on. And that is all they think about. Their thoughts are below their waist. You know George Wilson hasn't forgotten all his manners, yet, and I would not want to be ill-mannered where she is concerned. Say, Captain, brother Charles thinks you have lost your heart completely, and you know, Captain, he kind o' thinks it is a good thing. He has made up his mind it is going to happen. He thinks it would be foolish not to, Captain, because old fellows like you need attention. And do you know, when you go home you are going to miss the attention of the little gal, and you know you won't be happy until you get her. You like New York, but not this time of year. Well, I tell you, Captain, you didn't get so upset today when you were talking of the mother-in-law. You sent out a few feelers; you were probing. You know she is not dense, and you know she is apt to think a whole lot after you go away. But you did wisely and in the way you spoke, you just left a little seed, and when it springs up it won't be so hard to pluck. But do you know, Captain, you will take the mother-in-law much better after you are married? You will find that she is a good soul after all, even if she does think a lot of herself. She thinks a lot of her daughter, too. We all have our little raps; we get on the same subject all the time, and we slump down. And you know she has not seen life enough to get out of herself. She is a hard-shell Baptist, because they grovel in one thing, and can't see any further than their nose.

You are wrapped in her daughter, at least you would like to be. I don't know, Captain, why I like to come here and stay so long. I have such a good time I hate to give up. But never mind, when the day comes when George Wilson will be able to monopolize this little gal, where you don't have boys playing and people bobbing along the deck, why, I will be there, and I will raise the house. Say, Captain, you can't complain very much of your medium. (George, you might have tried a dozen others without success.) Say, will you add a hundred to that? You know why, Captain? Because there is no gloss here, and there is no brass, and no deceit, and no putting a dragging hand in your pocket. (She is not covetous, George.) Say, Captain, it might have been better for her had she been a little bit more so where money is concerned, but money could never be her master. You should understand that. (She scatters her thoughts.) Well, if she does, it is mostly on you, and is it wasted then? If it was not for her you would not be here

today. Maybe you do not believe it, but it is true. In that last sickness you were never left a minute unless by compulsion. So she kept you here, that was all she cared.

You must remember, Captain, if you take three trips, practically six trips a day from her house to your house, over those hills, besides other things, I think you would be worn out, too. You know I was always George on the spot, and on the scents, and the dollars and cents. I think I ought to have been a detective for the Scotland Yard. (Just here the carpet chair parted.) Look out, Captain, before you know where you are, you will be sitting on where you sit down. Say, Captain, this medy is a great worker, and you don't need to be afraid of your home not being taken care of. You are afraid things will be thrown in sixes and sevens. Was it so when she was helping you out. I think she is a brick. Yes, sir. Is it ten after ten, Captain? (Exactly; you must see inside my watch-case.) And I can see inside you, Captain. I must go, because there are others wanting to come. I diagnose that you won't be accountable if you are not married within three months. Every day it is more apparent. (More apparent than a parent, George.)

By gosh! I don't know what I was going to say as you made the joke. I can't help it, Captain, but if she had not come into your life you would have been an old crank. You were just full of satire, and you criticized, and altogether you were getting to be a miserable being, but since then, why, she has combed your hair for you in such a nice way you do not realize it, and she has brushed all that criticism away. You are a little caustic once in a while, but that is only temporary. You have kept me so the other folks cannot come. Mother Mary is here, dear kind soul. She stands here laughing at my jokes. And there is my old gal; and then Warsaw and Manito. You old redskins there, why don't you talk out? Manito is Warsaw's son. Say, Captain, did you hear any little noise in your house last night when you were sitting in the library for brother Charlie? (Yes, I did.) Warsaw was trying to do some pranks. I got over scratching long ago. Well, Captain, I must go now. Good-night.

July 27. Father: Good evening, my son. Your friend will step in later, though he won't monopolize the whole night. He has let us come first. You are happier here, my boy, than you would be elsewhere. You seem to have a pleasant time. And when we are in company of somebody we care for, too, there is greater pleasure. As I meet you and greet you, I see no clouds. (Do you think I ought to hitch?) That is a question for you, my boy. You know where your happiness lies, and you know life has been but an existence for the few years past. If you do, you would have more interests to keep you here. But it is for you to answer the question, not for me. What is your happiness is also ours. You would have no regret. But I never interfere in anybody's life. I have always thought matrimony rested with two people, did I not? Mother is with me. It is very pleasant here, all but the passing of the people. I will tell you, my son, that in your home you will receive the best conditions, and better when you get the lady away from her home.

It would be antagonistic to the forces there. You need not worry about any friction between you. Just keep a little cool, don't be too quick. Now I do not say this in regard to matrimony, but I say this about the little inflaming temperament which has always surrounded you. You will never find this with the lady. I doubt very much if you would want her to get out of your life. Do you think you would? It would be a second loss to you. You must not expect too great things for a little time to come. You must be satisfied with the scraps of wisdom that are imparted to you from time to time. Do not think, my boy, that I have any objection; I have none. I think it would be a good thing, only I want you to follow your own inclinations. Those that are gone on are able to advise much, but they live in a different world. While they are able to see the intellect, and to read as you are not able to read, my son, still you must remember it is what your heart tells you to do, because happiness comes from the inward and not from the outward. But you make no mistake. That is all I can say, it is all I can advise, but do not think that I would not wish you to do it. Why should there be doubt when you need the

most care at your present time of life, more than ever before? You need care, my boy, and you would always receive the greatest of care. She has a wonderful brain, not fully developed. Good night, my son, good night.

Mary: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. I like to come when I may, and George is kind enough to let us have a chance. I have not lost my time of coming and opening the meeting, only for a time until our girl gets her full strength, and then I will come in just as often as he does, and I shall stay just as long as I please, and I will rule the camp-meeting, the same as the Methodists. (George loves to come.) He is in love with the girl. There are lots that would attempt to be winners for the time being, and then leave you to yourself. They would profess affection, but afterward they would have their company, and you might have yours. Fancy-dress affairs would be what would take them. But not so with our girl, my girl. No fuss and feathers. You would never be neglected, not for a moment. There is another thought, of unselfishness. Yes, indeed, Mr. Snipes, she is not selfish. I say it, and I have to smile. I had my serious and thoughtful times, still I never wore a very long face, not even in my greatest sufferings. And you want me to tell you something else, my dear boy? It is this: that when you take the little girl, as she is called, you are going to have some music up at the other end, and if you will have some company, why you know you won't see any more long-faced Joe. But I am wondering, when the little girl is upstairs doing some work, whether you will be down-stairs. I think if Juliet is upstairs, Romeo will go, too. I think so, because Jack will follow Jill wherever she goes. I am going, because there's a treat in store for you tonight. I must not tell you what. Good night, Mr. Snipes, good night.

Mr. Beecher (reported in dark on beach): Good evening, my brother. What a charming evening. (Clear moonlight on ocean.) This is a most magnificent picture. A picture thrown upon the canvas can never be so beautiful as that which the eye can see in nature, as we think of the wonderful love of the Father who has given us all things, the most beautiful things in life, as just a little compared with that which means not life for a moment, for a day, but life forever and ever. And Oh, if we could only see the reality, if we all could but know and breathe in that wondrous life and love, the love which you and all who dwell on earth or in the realms eternal need, and which warms the heart and warms the soul. God never meant for man to exist alone. He needeth for himself companionship and love. God's blessings upon you, my friend and brother. When the time comes I may be enabled, not to preach you a sermon, but to come and give you some little brotherly thought, where I may feel perfectly at home. What a blessing. This is not a prayer-meeting. It is just a friendly talk, because prayer-meetings of today have advanced beyond what they were when I walked this humble life. Still, my brother, we need only to look around to see a new order of things, and as we come in contact with earthly thought, so different is it when we have gone out and on into the realms of life and beauty, to those who make their lives worthy. This is a revelation tonight. I have been able to come easier, the door has been opened. When there is nothing but peace and harmony and love, then we shall be able to make even a better entrance and have a longer stay. I love to see this beautiful scene, but it is nothing compared to the home where love reigneth. Good night.

Lydia: May I talk with thee, dear, just for a little while? (Did you see Mr. Beecher?) We have been listening to his beautiful talk. You are having a treat certainly tonight, and more to come. I am so glad to come. There is everything in communication, and when we do not have it, the links that once were, seem to be broken. Some day I shall be able to talk and tell thee of my beautiful home. (You promised that on Ouija.) I can talk and explain much that I could not otherwise. (Two women passed.) Nothing like human curiosity. I was included in that myself. I was quite curious at times. They seem to be here to stay. (Looking at the moon?) The moon is not troubling them. They can see you with your note-book, and they wonder what it is.

George: Hello, Captain. I have been seeing and hearing. I am just watching

the couple down below. They cannot understand it. Well, Captain, you have had a feast of good things. The little gal is going away, and you won't have Sunday night nor Monday night, either, and Tuesday night, as it looks to George Wilson, you won't have it at the ocean-side. The little gal's brain begins to be magnetized at certain hours. You doubt it, will I, or will I not? Put your doubts in your pocket; throw them back of you, Captain. Are you scattered? Not very much for a year or more, but before that you didn't know which way the wind blew. I don't want to lose any ground, and don't want my gal to get any other influence but the influence she is under now. You can never mix things without trouble. If you are going to do it, do it. If you don't, throw her overboard. I don't think you want to be without her. I don't want anything but conditions. It took a long time to get them, and we got there, and we want to stay. . . .

July 28. George: Well, Captain, this is indeed a treat. Blame Warsaw. You are good friends with me today? I think I worked you up. I think I made you see things in a different light. George Wilson always hits from the shoulder. (A favorite expression of his with Lydia before Charlotte's time.) I could not stand for any reflection on the gal. Well, I must confess I have changed my opinion; 365 days make quite a difference in seeing people and we learn more about them. I wonder if you want to make a trip to Lake Pleasant and see some of the widows up there, some of the lolypops. There are some things for women to do, and one of them is to mind their business. These great speakers of yours have anything but the public in mind. If they would cut their speeches fifteen to twenty minutes it would be better. People don't want to be talked to death. You have no right, no matter who you are, to knock one religion more than another. You can do more harm in one talk of that kind than you can do in years otherwise. You don't know whose toes you are stepping on. We are but a reflection of our parents until we leave off our baby clothes. (Another favorite expression, unknown to medium.) If we are brought up in the Roman church we are Romans; if brought up in the Methodist church we are Methodists; if we are brought up in no church, we are nothing, from a religious standpoint. Let them help themselves. Those who talk the most do the least. I thought we could have others come, but the forces won't permit it. You are going to have a wonderful medium. When she goes off spontaneously it is not like business. It may not be long, but less strain. Au revoir.

July 30. (Notes in shadow.) George: Say, Captain, don't you think for a moment that the gal loves you for any money you have got. If you didn't have any, she could help you. She would be the first one to do it. I have seen the question in your mind lately. Don't you misjudge her, Captain. When you have her tee-totally under your nose you will be surprised to see what is in the gal. And I tell you, Captain, you will be sorry you did not do it a year ago. (Can you see distant conditions?) It has always been a cultivation with me. I like to go where other people don't go. I like to hit from the shoulder and get everything plumb. As a gambler says, show me your cards; and I say, show me your facts. Say, Captain, you will get a lot of facts, and tacks from George Wilson, too, because you need the tacks to fix the facts. Isn't that a beautiful moon, Captain? And there is a beautiful life before you. No mistake this time, Captain. No covetousness this time; no scheming. Don't you notice the spirit of the gal? Has she asked five cents from you? No. And her parents the same, Captain. So you don't need to be afraid there. If you have a simple thousand dollars today, Captain, you don't have any money. It is only a pebble in the sand. I was at the brother's Sunday night; they talked it over. If she surely loved you there would be no objection. They won't stand between you and your happiness. The only thing said that struck me funny was said by the brother. He says: After you get married, see if you can't find a man for Bess. (Who is she?) Sister. What she sees is wrong, other people think is right, and vice-versa. Just a little straight-laced. She thinks the gal here is all wrong, thinks she is soft and mushy. We think we have a flower, and one of the choicest kind, a lily. We do not think, we know it. . . . Well, Captain, you know what you can do, and that is get hitched. Your family would not try to make you happy. You are your own master. They have never done very much for you,

only offered a little impudence now and then, because you do not believe what they believe. To come to the question, Captain, they think you are a trifle off. It has been said South and North, in the home of Catholicism for one, and even by the one that has the four children, Miss Snooty, that can turn her nose up in the air and go off on her ear. Well, they will wake up one of these times; if they cannot here, they will in the next life, and see what they have missed. You will have everything in the girl that a man should have and few men possess. You will have nurse and doctor and everything combined. Believe me, Captain, you can't see as I can see. A little doubting Thomas you have been within the last few days. You will be another man when you get in your home. You will get nothing of that rank lard and fat and grease and soup and slops. She won't send you to the poorhouse. She won't help you pawn that diamond ring there. If she wants a quiet wedding, have a quiet wedding. What display she wants is from you, not money, but affection and love; post-nuptial reception afterwards. She don't like any fuss and feathers. You have lived a life of discretion. You have not drank, you have not smoked, you have not chewed, nothing has weakened your brain forces, you have a good heart, your kidneys are fair, and on the whole, for your years you are remarkable. The last illness you went through will be the making of you. I cannot diagnose your case any further, I am not a doctor. With proper food, and all things nice, congenial company and all, we won't know the gentleman next year this time. It is now after ten; I must go.

Aug. 2. Mr. Beecher: Good evening, my brother. Beautiful evening, this. Well, my friend, it is with great pleasure that I again talk with you, and I trust we shall have many bright and beautiful thoughts together. So few stop to consider the life after death, proving the immortality of man, that it is not to live just for today, but for tomorrow and forever. But each day has its 'morrow. We don't stop to think of tomorrow, but in its stead we think of that which was yesterday, and instead of looking forward and upward and onward, we look backward and downward. He who walked on the water at one time said: He who is my Father is not the Father of those who die, He is the Father of those who live. If that be the case, there are no dead. They all live and walk and talk, and while they are not able to reach those whom they would love to reach, still they do the best they can in their faltering way. He who ruleth all things ruleth you, and by that Power you may be guided. My blessing be with you. (You still have your inspirations and aspirations?) My brother, we meet that Higher Power with even greater thought as we go onward and upward, it becomes more marked each day. You know it was my forte to talk, and I love to talk, and some nights I shall come, and not give you a long sermon, but a friendly talk and argument through the instrument that I am now using. Wonderful power here as she grows into it. When in the quietude of your home I can come and not be disturbed by the elements, then shall we be able, each and all, to approach your hearthstone and leave our blessing. And I shall bring my beloved sister and wife. (Your sister often controlled Lydia.) She, poor child, was not given long life, but she will be a double blessing and shall be able to demonstrate through the same lady we are now controlling. I believe you are to have a feast tonight. The "communion," as we had it, represented the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, but you shall have the father and all your loved ones in communion. Good night.

Mary: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. Impatient Joe. (How about the hitching?) You will quicken your pace. It is good to be here. I am watching you daily in your happiness, and it pleases me very much. You seem to have taken on more vim, to be forgetting much. That I am thankful for, because your health will improve so much more rapidly. You won't have those thoughts. Thoughts are destructive sometimes. You wrong the girl if you keep any unkind thought slumbering, because it tells so quickly in your face. You know you are pleased in a moment, but you are away down in your boots the next. You always was that way. Don't you remember how I talked with you? I was right in some things and wrong in others. But we cannot be right at all times. We have our wrong times and we have our right times, our glad times and our sad times, our weak times and our good times, all kinds of times. Do you recognize me? Well, you wait, and in

a short time you will recognize my every movement. I say with our dear brother who has just gone, that when we get in the home, where there is no disturbance or annoy, I am actually going to dance at that wedding. I am going to put one of my old shoes off, because I often had to sit with one shoe off. (Fact, unknown to medium.) That is simply a test. You impatient boy. Well, we are going to be careful of the girl's voice. The air affects it, and when George comes he is not going to talk so much in her throat as usual. When in the home, and the night air is not about us, then he may use his own voice.

And do you know what I am going to do? I am going to be commander of my own ship very soon, and George will then be my assistant. I will be president of my own wigwam. Joe, I believe you have fallen in love with the visible, that which is flesh and bone, and lots of it. Do you think she cooks as well as I did? You are afraid to say Yes, and afraid to say No. You always did know how to beat around the bush. Now, now, now, you won't hurt my feelings. But she is yet young, and she will be able to cook just as well as I did, because I shall help her. I must stop my jesting. But I am awfully glad of one thing, Joe, that you are learning to regard the girl's feelings under certain conditions, and I am so glad that her folks have been advised. It is so much pleasanter to be above-board, and there is a load off your mind. Do you notice any change in the girl's language under control? By-and-by the same language will be used without being under control. I mean that the phrases will be different from hers, and you will hardly know when she is controlled. (Very susceptible.) She is. Dear Joe, I told you that she always had it in her. It simply needed the budding, and when a thing buds it blooms very rapidly. It is just previous to the budding that the slowness seems to be, but as the bud ripens it bursts. And so with mediumship, that which is true.

I am getting like George. I don't want to go home. Who could help being at home with the girl I am talking through? And when I see how she watches you in so many ways, you would think it was your mother in the manner in which you are looked after; and remember the beauty of it is, it will never change. You will always be first. (Never lose her mediumship?) No, it will go on, but you should not sit every evening. If she wants to do it, it may not hurt her, but when she may feel she does not want to do it, that is different, because you will not get long readings, but the little flashes you get will be comforting and will not hurt her. There will be two quiet sessions a week. You will get many, many little notes. Joe, there is very little difference between her and me. Lydia was never the same disposition as the girl I am talking through now. And the girl here has my still way about things; she is not extravagant, and she is content. Amusements were never necessary to make me happy, were they? Then don't you see some things in the girl like me? And she is patient, and she is generous, and I could name so many traits just like me; and still she is herself, and I would not have her otherwise. And above all, she loves you so very dearly.

. . .

Father: Good evening, my boy. I come in for a moment. We are with you. You have not gone home; why have you tarried so long? You always tired of places and people in such a short time. I do not understand it. Is there any molasses or honey around? You seem to enjoy it. Well, getting away from the ridiculous side and getting down to facts, it makes us happy to know and see that you are happy, and feel that you will really enjoy your life and love. It is both, you cannot separate the two, no more than you can divide the great sea water, and so will your life be, and I am very thankful, and I would not have you turn back for a moment, because, my dear boy, after the life you have tasted lately, and the life you have turned your back upon, if you were to go back to it, it would almost kill you; although you may not think that what I am saying is correct.

You don't want to talk of your past, you want to talk of the future and push the past behind you. The things of the past in each life must be, to bring out the manhood, the womanhood, the childhood. You will look backward, but it will only be a night-mare; and the woman you will get will not allow you to go back, because she keeps from ever looking back herself, and

so each moment brings a change and what has been simply an existence will be a reflection of a life of happiness and brightness. That is all I can say, my boy. And won't it be glorious when we all may occupy the home, when you can have company every night? You won't want any other company. They are all with me, the whole family. (All I want until I go.) My boy, do you think you want to step over the line? I put that question to you solemnly. No, you don't, you want to stay just where you are, you are in no hurry to join us. And I do not blame you, with the little woman, because your life will be so different. Don't think that I would come back in the form that I bore, because it was one of long suffering, but I am speaking of you. Good night.

Lydia: Well, dear heart, I am here, too. The way has been opened. The gates once were closed, but the latch is easily lifted and we may enter. Are you not glad to hear us? You need not question the easiness, because the barriers have been torn away. But in so many lives it is the barriers that bar our entrance. It is so beautiful here, and you have such fine company that it is pleasant to know that you are happy. Taking all in all, you would not be here if it were not for the company, beautiful as the place is. (Do you mean the invisible company?) Well, I'm afraid not, because if you did not have the visible you could not have the invisible. How different things could have been if I had been as simple and childlike and unselfish as she is. But I must not enter into things that are not wise for both of us. We cannot always see for ourselves as we should, because we let other things sway us aside. But, dear, I am very happy to know that you shall be cared for. Your life will be extended into a new life of new love, and practically with new surroundings. That is the word I must use to give you the full meaning of what I am saying. Be patient, and deal gently, lovingly, kindly with the girl. I do not mean that you are unkind, but I mean, be just as loving and just as kind as you know how, because you have a very kind and thoughtful child to handle. I must say Good-night, because my Captain wants to come in. My! I have had such an easy time in talking tonight. It nearly seems as if I were visible on this side, and I have been able to show just a little of my personality. Good-night, dear heart, good-night.

George: Well, Captain, I think I will sail back to England. You don't want me here. They all stay so long, and like me, they never know when to go. Well, I'm afraid it is after ten, about ten minutes after. (Exactly 10:10 by my watch.) But, Captain, an old codger like you needs assistance to keep you happy and out of mischief, and you are a mischief-maker from the commencement to the end, for the simple reason that you would rather give a pun than eat sometimes. Am I right? Say, Captain, you haven't told me when the hitching post is coming on. Doubting Joe. We have got her, and we can take her away from you if you want us to. (We need her mediumship, George.) It is a beautiful thought, Captain, but when you become selfish and self-centred, as you now are when you speak that way, you lose a whole lot. Do you know that? You are loving something that others can give you without loving them for themselves. Well, there's lots of truth in it, but on the whole, you are getting quite normal. We are not going to fight, but going to be jolly good comrades, and hoist the flag of truth.

Say, Captain, I think you ought to be thankful for the good time you are having tonight. Got about five pages, Captain? (Yes.) This is even better than quite a while before my old gal was taken. What do you know about that? (True.) Well, one of these nights you will be getting about ten pages. Not here, though. It will be when the little girl is rested and away from this hub-bub. I mean the ocean and all this junk. (Where are all these people going, George?) Crazy. Fast. Lots of people walking that way daily. You have the stroke yourself, and won't be cured until you hitch, and when you are hitched you will be cured. (You have changed your voice tonight.) Yes, but in the home I will be able to take her naturally. You might say, my house. What is yours is mine, and what is mine is—mine. (George, getting married is a great responsibility.) It is a terrible undertaking, awful, perfectly heart-rending. Say, Captain, a few people will wake up and wince. They will think they have got knock-out drops. (Advise my kin?) I

would not say anything until all is over. It is a matter that lies entirely with you. You have never asked any advice of them, and they have never asked your advice.

Aug. 3. George: Hello, Captain. You know I just love tonight to listen to those waves. It makes my heart rejoice. Many a good night, many a good day, many a good year, George Wilson followed the sounds of those waves, Captain, aboard ship, and I tell you there is nothing like it, nothing like it, Captain. And it is an awful thing for a fellow to be ship-wrecked. But the joke of it is, it is not always the fellow that follows the sea. If a fellow don't steer his vessel correctly on the land, he goes on a reef, gets a cave-in, and then it cannot be mended. Its coil gets twisted, and then he rolls and stumbles, and don't know anything until he wakes up in another life, and then he sees the manner in which he steered that ship, and then it takes him years to realize how different things could be, and then when he becomes immortalized he is able to look back and see the wreck that he has made of his life; and lots of times he has made wrecks of other lives. And so the influence of each life goes out, never knowing to what extent until we close our eyes to the earthly life to go to that realm above; then we look out from the port-holes and view from time to time the wrecks that we have been the means indirectly of making; not that we mean to do those things, but we each and all of us have our followers. We may not know it, Captain, that is the sad part. (Interruption.) One was a stunner. George Wilson likes good-looking horse-flesh. . . .

Have you got tired of me, Captain? I would like to stay a little while longer. I rather enjoy it when my gal is all dressed up. She is not half as pretty in this dress as she will be in the next. I reckon it will be in about two months, in first part of October. You will never be scolded again. You will be like two little doves in a rug. Oh, gee whiz! What a surprise. Oh, lordy, lordy. Say, Captain, do you know, you are going to insult many of your friends by marrying? Friends of my old gal, like the —— lady. She is a proud customer anyhow, without a particle of heart, only for herself. And say, Captain, she liked the old gal for what she could get out of her more than anything else. (True.) There is a certain class of people who like you when they can use you, and when they cannot use you, they have no use for you. That is the kind she was. Now my little gal don't know anything about that. (What about Mrs. ——?) Well, I won't say; some things best to leave unsaid. If she thought this gal would be able to be of service to her, she has brass enough to call on you. You know she has such a catty, purring way. Well, Captain, my gal never saw her. You know she is almost as broad as she is high, she is getting so big around the base. She must weigh two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds. (Correct.) She would have led you a spinning life. I don't think you will surprise the Judge lady much. They are very different people. Mrs. J. don't take as much stock in her as you think. If the truth were known, she wears on the lady; she is what they call a drawer. She thought she owned Lyddy. Say, Captain, you will surprise the P—— lady, and you will surprise her a whole lot, and the lady H——, I bet you. Send them each and all a card, after. And I bet you will send the D—— lady one, too; and to Philadelphia. You don't want any cards before-hand. Say, Captain, you will feel happier after it takes place than you have been since you took my little old gal. It is quieter, more to your liking. Show is never to your liking. I don't mean to say you think more of her, but it is different. . . . And this little gal has mellowed, softened your life, made it better than you would let her know. You know she is honest, and has made your life brighter and happier than you ever dreamed it was possible for you to see it, and mark the words of George Wilson, you will enjoy your life better from now on than you ever expected to enjoy it, even in your earlier life. Yes, because when you went into it before you went in a whirl. Now you have been getting up the steps one by one; it has not been in a flurry, but in a higher altitude, because you have studied your candidate for matrimony; nothing has been found wanting. (Two men passing near.) Danger. I just squirmed the hand all over the girl's face so that they would not know anything. And say, Captain, don't you think you are going to be proud of the gal? You will be just as proud of her as a peacock. Pretty is not pretty face alone. It is everything combined. You are not pretty, either. You are a homely old codger, with your nose

turned up and your whiskers on the bias. I wonder what she sees in you anyhow. I would not touch you with a forty-foot pole when you get the cranks on you. But you won't get any cranks with her, Captain; she won't let you. She won't sputter like my old gal did when she got her dandy. I don't know that she made much by it when she did. Well, my gal used to get on some, up in the air. But you know her health made her so; and her children. So you see you haven't anything of that kind to deal with, nothing like that with our gal. You want me to make a bet with you? Do you know, if the gal did not have any business, and could get ready, I guarantee you would be married before the end of September. You will find the gal will be able to manage the elephant. I tell you I notice the simple, child-like love the little gal has for you, the only kind of love that makes true happiness. Do you want to exchange her for some other gal? I can get you a beautiful girl, but she has an awful icy heart, and she is not a bit mediumistic. A whole lot call themselves mediums, but haven't any mediumship only for the coin. But you have got the facts, and not the fakes. She holds her mind in an attitude of much higher thought. Do you think George Wilson is right? (What about home sittings?) Have two long sessions a week, on Wednesday and Saturday. And it would not be surprising if you have three, another on Sunday. Say, Captain, are you going to let the little gal go down to her church on Sunday morning to see her boys? . . . We are going to have wonderful times. That old house has got to ring. I don't see any ring on there, though. (Pointing to finger.) She is not one of the jewelry splashers.

Father: Good evening, my son. He is a very funny fellow. Cover the girl's throat. Love her, my son. She is worthy of it. We are watching you very closely. We will be with you. George has used up so much magnetism that it is hard to talk. We could not afford to do without him. He states things most truthfully. He will help you more than any of us. He stands very near to the girl. I will say good-night, because there are others coming. My breath seems to be short. The girl is entirely gone in trance. You notice how powerless her hands are; no will of her own. It is wonderful. Good night, my boy.

Mary: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. I think George is very funny tonight. Well, Joe, don't think so deeply about things in general, and the new step you are about to take. There is nothing in it that is going to be of any hurt to you; it will be your gain. You have felt that you were rather impulsive. It is not so, it will be the wisest thing that you have done, because this winter trudging out to meals would have laid you on your back. The draught and things would have their bad effect. So consider what she is to me. Don't you worry about her taking care of you. I have been with you when you have not known it, and particularly in the last few days when this question has been uppermost in your mind. It would hurt her very much if she knew it. You have not as much faith in her as she has in you, although, poor boy, that is your nature, but it won't be long before that nature will go. You will certainly be happier for it, for the change that has come to you the last six months anyway is wonderful to me. You are not the same man, Joseph Snipes. You see it, don't you? Well, who made the change? She was sent into your life for a blessing. (I hope she will live long.) She will live, and I will tell you, Joe, she will live after you, provided there is something to keep her here, but if there is not, I doubt that she will stay, because her love for you is so great it will be so much greater than even her love for us, as much as she would try to place her thoughts with us when you leave her. So get rid of these questions that absorb your mind, or they will make you ill and upset your equilibrium. I will try to be as close to you as possible, and I hope that something I have said will show you that I am close to you. (I plainly recognize your characteristics.) But not as much as they shall be in the home without interruptions. I shall run in very often, if it is only for a few moments when you least expect. I shall call and leave my card.

Joe, my sister is going to come to me very soon, my sister Malvina, younger than Lorinda. She lives out West. She is coming over to the life I am now in. I have not seen her for years. Ill feeling kept us apart. I never held any malice. Ill-will and unkindness were not for me, and I went visiting those that once I loved, even though they had not loved me as

they should. You know I was not friendly with all my family. Well, Joe, I am going to leave you, but you will mind what I say and not brood any more. It is your thoughts that have caused your stomach to be bad. Thoughts govern all things. . . . You cannot call the girl extravagant. Do you find her extravagant here? She will never be different. I think she would cook all right, whether I help her or not. You will notice a greater difference when you are one and not two, and when you do not have to be out in the air to upset her vocal organs; but the air gives back the vitality she loses. You will have her looking very proud when you get her, and I see you surprising her in different ways just to see how her face lights up. Always grateful. Her cheerful air, abounding health, will give you new vitality, and mean years of life to you.

Aug. 5. George first. After lengthy personal advice, was followed by Warsaw: Good evenin', brave. I have two wigwams, the other one where my gal sleeps. (Who was with her last night?) There was a lot, there was an air-ship full of spirits. There was the tall lady, Mother Mary, the little Grace, and the Willie boy, Grace's brother, and there was the big man George, and heaps of papooses. And my gal's grand-father, the one with the black cap, and he wore a gown. Was Captain of the buttons what takes the people up. Mother's father. He down by lock-up where the murderers and thieves go. (The Toombs.) Big lawyer. He over my side now. Ugh! And her Unk had ship what goes on ocean. Had ships in the father's office, small ships, all rigged. And mother's brother. Say, chief, her family old family, old Methusalem family. (All true.)

Mary: Good evening, Joe. . . . The girl's disposition is like mine. She is sensitive, just as I was, and yet I could give a piece of my mind in my own quiet way, and many times I laid you out, and especially if I saw your trousers needed mending. Didn't I? (Good reminder.) I am thankful for this privilege, and you should be grateful that you have unselfish love given you. (Many are simply scheming.) I don't think you will find any here, or you would not have been so long in finding it out. This world is but a wilderness if you stray alone, for it is the company of those we love that makes life worth while. It is not the haughty ones that help us through. It is the thoughtful, loving, kindly ones that light each darkened hour. And if in the future you do not feel that all I have said to you is so, look to yourself, for you have that strange disposition, not yet governed, that makes you suspicious until you know. Be kind, be true, don't look for trouble, but seek happiness. It is yours, for you need it. Find it. You have the help. Don't misjudge for a moment. Good night.

Beecher: Good evening, my brother and friend. It is with great pleasure I again address you. When we come directly to the mighty deep, as these breakers come in, we again notice the wonderful power of the Father, for they speak to us a sermon on the never-ending life; they go on and on, and as they break they speak of nothing but life, the life of the mighty deep. And so with our lives as we walk and talk, and as they break they show that Mighty Power. And, my brother, it is with pleasure that I can come and speak with you just a few moments, that you may know that we are with you. As to the lady through whom I am speaking: Poor child, she may be misunderstood and misjudged at this present hour by people who see no farther than their mouths, because they forget and do not stop to think of what they may say. It is so easy to speak unkindly, and as we speak we cannot take back what has been sent out. Why, my brother, because a few gossiping women cannot understand, that makes no difference.

You know we have classes and classes, those that believe in peace and harmony, and those that can make only mischief and turmoil. It is so easy to be scornful and so hard to be just, so hard to be kind, and as you look out in life you see it is hard for people to understand that kindness, gentleness, truthfulness, are needed more than all else. My brother, I shall be with you often, and particularly around four o'clock on the Sabbath days in your own home. If you remember, there was a meeting of which I was so fond around four o'clock in my own church, and when I had the pleasure of addressing the younger element of my congregation. I am speaking of the Sabbath, because that is the

time I shall endeavor to come to you. You will never have cause to have any regret, my friend, for a single hour, in your intention. I think you realize that. There is so much summed up in the one you have chosen, simplicity, kindliness, love, truthfulness, whose object in life is to bring happiness. What more can be said? On the other hand, impulsiveness, quick speech, over in a moment. One with a smile, and forgetful of that which has passed. . . . (Make yourself at home, brother Beecher.) Who could help but be at home with the young lady I am talking through?

She is not far away; and again I tell you, my brother, it is with great pleasure that I address you, not that in the little sentences I give you receive much thought, much food for reflection, but just the knowledge that I am with you. (And in the home?) There will be none of this musical comedy. There wil be music, but not of that kind, my brother, my son, but music which will sweep undesirable thoughts, and we will be only delighted to come in your midst. And, sir, you will forget each sorrow that you have passed through in your coming happiness. You will bless the hour when you were brought together, as I see you have blessed it already. And, my son, the parents of the girl will miss her, Oh, so much, and you must not in any way try to keep them from seeing each other. Good night.

George: Good evening, Captain. I want to shake hands with a fellow. (Did you hear Mr. Beecher?) Lots of truth in him, Captain. He who laughs last laughs best. I was thinking of Mr. Beecher's speech. I put him in. I cannot say I flung him in, because he is too great a gentleman. There, Captain, they have got more sleepy music. We have a better orchestra than that, two dozen and one, 241. (No. of N. Y. house.) We don't have to go to sleep when we hear it, either, although my gal will go to sleep. You will enjoy it more than you have in years, never alone. I have to listen to the music of the sea. (Better than the other music?) Oh, lordy, that's not worth a ha' penny. Don't you wish you had known the gal twenty years ago? You would have taken her if you had. Her mediumistic quality was not developed then. Captain George Wilson never promises anything but what he tries to fulfill it to the letter. He tries never to make a statement when he cannot tack the fact.

Our girl don't like any splurge, no show, only peace and help and happiness. Say, Captain, when the very people that now denounce know your position in life, and her position in your life, they will eat their heads. They will think she is clever. If she was a schemer you would have found it out long ago. Would you like her bump of combativeness very largely developed on her cranium? Her bump of meditation is very large, and her bump of spirituality is largely developed, but ideality—Oh my, perfection. Well, I didn't know you were going into the 'nologies. Captain, do you believe me when I tell you you will be two cooing doves in a nest? You will always have a soft spot for Asbury Park. It is not the last time you will come here, Captain. You will have the feeling in your heart, if only for a couple of days, that you would like to be here. (She would not take a "flyer" from me?) She would take a flyer to you. Do you like that kind of affection? . . .

Aug. 7. Mary: Good evening, Joe. Brother Charles did come tonight. Poor fellow. His heart is weaker, and instead of beating properly it goes with a double beat. I can see that. With extreme care he will be spared. As it looks now, it will be necessary for him to absent himself from his business for a little while. If he has his vacation extended he will gain. I have charge of my own prayer-meeting tonight. I did have prayer-meetings on this night many years ago before I knew what sorrow was. You are gaining the feeling daily of the happiness coming to you. You see it, don't you? You know you could not go back to the four walls again. It would be like a prison to you in one's own home. You will never be alone again with her and the company that shall abide there. It is lovely and restful here, but simplicity seems so much to my liking in the home. You know, I see changes there, the moving around of some things. I take pictures, and I want to take them down stairs. I go in the parlor, and I seem to take two pictures from the walls. Why, Joe, are there not two pictures there that once belonged down stairs? They are not paintings, but steel engrav-

ings. And I go up to the top floor, in the front, and I see one going down stairs. It is not a companion picture, it seems like two angels, with one in the background. All that can be seen is the face. And there seems to be a ship. Look, please, and you will see what I mean. You know, Joe, I do want to be a help. One picture I see is in the room above the books of the library. (Lydia's materialization picture, after Mary's time.) It should go down stairs, unless you occupy that room yourself. (All remarkably correct as to the removals.)

Aug. 8. George: Say, Captain, I know what you have been thinking about. You want to buy an ocean. (A notion.) You are bound to have a wedding anyhow. Jimminy-cracky, if I don't dance at that wedding. And in my air-ship I shall stand over your head, and all my company. And say, Captain, we will kiss the bride before you do. I am going to have six eyes that night, all eyes. I am going to have some of the stuff that you take; we are going to have some ice-cream, because my gal likes ice-cream, and the wedding cake, I will have a piece of that. . . . You are a pretty good holder-out, because when we don't approve of things you just hold on to your own ideas, but now you have the general approval. We haven't anything else to talk about these days. It is all wedding on the brain, a nine days wonder. Lots of people won't be fooled; I mean they will be. Captain, the father will think it perfectly lovely, but will feel badly on account of the girl's home. She is such a dear old thing, and he is the stern reality. Like some other folks, if you say they are hard, their heart is good. Your little plausible catty kind will scratch you up your back. You know there are lots who are fair to your face, talk very nice, and they could tear your heart. . . . Don't you mistake that our gal loves you. Haven't you found, since you have been down here this summer, in your five weeks, that each day, each hour, shows it more and more? And yet even today you had some doubts. Throw them off and say get back of me, Satan. Doubts are your Satan. You know, Captain, you will be a doubter until the day you go beyond. Exceptions to your rule sometimes, Captain. Don't you notice how she speaks to people? And when they speak slightingly of anybody it hurts her. It is beyond her understanding how people can sever connections under some slight provocation. Captain, some mediums try to cause differences. Our gal instead will try to bring comfort, love and honor in their midst, showing them their weakness. Her great reasoning shows she has got somebody back of her who has great thinking power. One is Watsaw, the other will be our loved brother Beecher. And during these times of talking to people, one of these days they will give her the power wanted to advise and mend their ways, and see things as they should see them, and not with dim eyes. Then, Captain, when people in after years come to this gal, when they come in deep sorrow, she shall be able to lift them beyond their sorrow. She will help them to see through clear windows, and not through dark-stained glasses. It will not be a dominie talking to them, Captain, but it will be the word of a highly sensitive woman talking and teaching them the way to live, and how to live honestly and in purity of thought. She is a power, Captain, that will bring them out of their very thoughts without their realizing that she does it. And, Captain, you know that it is an awful lot to be able to say that you have lifted them from the depths, and that their hollow spots have flown forever.

(You like the lady, too.) By Jove, I guess I do like her. Jiminy-cracky. There are so many of these willy-dozers; the only thing they think of is, why everybody should have so much, and the other fellow so much, and they too lazy to get out and earn it. (That is what she told a lady visitor.) I am awfully glad it was told, Captain. You didn't like it when you heard it, but you said nothing. But, Captain, you want me to tell you a secret? I made the gal tell it. I knew the lady she was talking to, proud, haughty, austere, all in one. She thinks she has a little money, her people have money, too, and she is looking for more. She will have her folks' money when they go. I just have to tie my face up in all kinds of knots when I think of the indecency of some people. My gal gets indignant, too. Well, Captain, go to your home. Take a little walk down here every night and get en rapport with the sea, because that walk will do the gal good, and we will have only half an hour to chat at home.

Aug. 9. Mary: Good evening, Joe. (Are

you still aged in spirit life?) We show ourselves as we leave the body. The spiritual body does not retain the age. We, dear Joe, will have talks upon this subject. It is too great under the present circumstances, because the taking up of the subject of the spiritual body also takes up our passing out of the room, the different ties connected, and in so many ways, that it would be impossible to do it all. I shall try and give it to you in sections, because with the roar of the ocean and my low voice you would miss much. You are not an old Joe, you are getting to be young again. You are almost yourself, Joe, as I knew you years ago when you didn't let temper get the best of you. Although you always tried not to bring it home, you were not always able to do it. Did you ever stop to consider that many times it is not the stomach, but the mind? I am going back a year ago. You have had enough, poor boy, to upset you. We are not going to have that, never; that is a back number. We are going to look for the sunshine and the roses and the beautiful lilies. We are not looking for the lilies that droop their head, but we are looking to the lilies that look to the sun, and the roses that shed their perfume through the air.

(Mary, you are sentimental.) Joe, I do feel flowery tonight as I think of the beautiful mignonette, the flower of our country, the golden rod, the most beautiful golden bells, all abloom. Yes, Joe, I am getting so flowery I think I will go and see all the beautiful flowers which you have here, but which are not near so beautiful as the flowers that never fade, the flowers we are given the privilege of having transplanted around our beautiful homes. Here they seem as if they come in the air speaking of beauty in the gardens surrounding our homes. But I must not talk on this subject, because if I do I shall break away from that which I want to give you in series. It is so nice just to sit here and be comforted by those beautiful waves.

(Will you bring sister Harriet and others sometime?) Later on they will come and talk for themselves, but it is not wise to let too many in now. And, Joe, don't be in a hurry. You are always in a hurry in such things, you persistent boy, always persistent. Remember that things do not come into their growth in a day. Twenty years ago, Joe, you did not know as much as you think you know today. I am not disputing what you know, but you will see things in such a different light. Conclusions, too, sometimes seem to make such strange impressions, but, Joe, life to you, when you reach this shore, will look different to what it did while you were on the shores where you are now sitting. Why, Joe, I don't know, but I seem to have more animation than usual for me. You know I can come very easy now, and it was so hard when I first came to the girl. I did make her suffer. She was very patient with me. She is so patient with you. I mean in her sittings, and when you get off in a tantrum, you fire-cracker, you. Just a little gunpowder and then a little match, and good-bye, Joe, until he comes back. I thought I would scold you a little. (Mary, my sight is weaker.) Imagination carries one a good ways, but actual facts and truths go hand in hand. My own sight had become very dim, but your eyes are not getting bad, you have a little stigmatism, but you have nothing serious, Joe. . . . I hope, Joe, you will gain a temper like that of our girl here through your constant companionship, and if you do, Joe, you will never have any regret, if you have nothing else. We shall be constantly with you. And, Joe, the last three weeks of your waiting will be the hardest three weeks you ever witnessed. What do you say to that?

(Will you do as well home as here?) Joe, we will try. We may not be able to the same extent, on account of the busy preparations, but when they are over and we get back into our home life, and we haven't any hustle and bustle, and everything is contentment, we shall be able to gain a double force; not that you may get more, but that you may get greater and more beautiful thoughts and truths than you now have, because, Joe, we are so full of events, and coming events do cast their shadows before; but your shadows are not shadows of darkness, they are shadows of light and love, and Oh, such joys will rest with you, Joe, not worry, because it is not her nature to do anything to make you unhappy and discontented. She has curbed you wonderfully and much in the short time you have been down here. Now,

Joe, I must go. I feel that you have had a very enjoyable talk. You have not had such a talk for quite a while, but on Sunday we shall announce ourselves, if nothing more. Good night, Joe.

Aug. 10. George: Well, Captain, did you enjoy your old gal? I wonder how many old gals you have got anyway. Sometimes one touches a life for a short time. We come in and we go out. We come in with nothing and we go out with nothing. But we do go out with more than we come in with. When we come in there is no expression, but we go out leaving an impression, and sometimes of anxiety. Enough on this subject, because we promised each other we will leave everything of that description out. Let the dead bury the dead. I mean conditions that have caused anxious thought. Don't misjudge my meaning. (George, your voice is yours tonight.) Well, Captain, if I talk naturally in her voice you would not think it was me. Say, Captain, ha, ha, ha, the Snipes' Nest will be turned into a dry-goods shop. I mean when we have that wedding. Silversmith and a glass house and a linen house. Lordy, lordy. Say, Captain, in having the wedding did you want to make what it costs on the presents? Did you want to be the gainer, Captain? Oh lordy, oh lordy, ha, ha, ha.

Captain, there will be a warm time in that house that night. It will be almost like the Virginia weather, and there won't be any chocolate babies around, either, colored people, and no pea-nuts. I feel like having some fun tonight, Captain; haven't I shown it? Daddy will be there, and mammy will be there, and sister and brother will be there, and they all will be there, Captain. You want me to go to the wedding, Captain? (No.) The devil you don't. And I am saying that in the holy place. (Ocean Grove.) They might arrest me. Do you know, George Wilson is a fellow that always hits from the shoulder, he don't go hiding from the toes up, and if he has anything to say, no matter where it strikes, he says it as long as it is true. The night of the wedding we will have some decent music, we won't have any of that sleepy jing. . . . Captain, I don't know why you don't go to Lily Dale. See what you missed—all the widows. (There are some in Asbury, George.) A whole lot of widows and spooners and schooners. You don't have to have schooners of beer, you can have schooners on the ocean. (George, did you follow me today?) Was that the third house as you went from the corner? (Correct.)

Say, Captain, I can see where you go. It is a pretty good-looking house if they would only put a little paint on it. (Just what it needs.) You will be discharging me and hiring me over again. (Do you know the nature of the father's letter to me?) Every word was engraved on his heart. I think it was a beautiful letter, if he did forget to sign his name. (A fact unknown, except to me.) He will want to come quite often to see you; will you object? And he wants you to come quite often to see him. You will be very good friends, Captain. You will lose your prejudice. You and the mother will get along very good. You will get so you won't notice her strange manners. She is not as bad as she looks. Some of our rough diamonds are our best. Extremely supersensitive, don't know it, very mediumistic. We are around her; doesn't give in, sees often stronger than the daughter, but she thinks people would think she is crazy. And she often sees lights. Not so much in that house, but in the house she left. Hears strange noises, and says it is the spooks, little dreaming it is true. . . .

Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. I just step in to pronounce the benediction. Each service is a benediction, each life is a benediction. This is a benediction of love. My brother, I have locked the hands of the medium because it was one of my favorite poses. I preached, and yet I had my hands locked the one within the other. My brother, this is a test for you. I walked many times on the platform of Plymouth Church with my hands locked one in the other when I got earnest. (I remember that when I sang in your choir. Do you recall Emma Thursby?) Poor child, her life at the present time is not a bed of roses. As I see the conditions, it is not given to you to know the inner language of the soul.

You have not reached the point where you are able to see the people who do not often open their hearts to you, but to those once interested we sometimes like

to give a passing thought. We are able then to see into the life where you did not see it. You dimly read the outer signs which the face displays. You cannot see the heart, you cannot see the internal, the voice giving expressions to the thought. She held her thoughts under her own bosom. (The medium knows nothing of this.) My brother, there shall be lots of things given that she knows nothing about. It is for you to accept, that all doubts and fears shall be swept away. These are the reasons why we bring these little things from time to time to your notice. Good night.

Aug. 17. Warsaw: Good evenin', brave. You pale-face now; you was sick. You got cold in your smellers, no feel good, you all bum up. My gal she like to be kind. Her no harm no one, only she get harm herself. You no get 'zasperated so much. That big, big word. We know what it means. We don't want you lose your head. You spoil yourself, upset your stomach. You got cobwebs all through you. And medy no well. She work hard just same. She no 'zasperate. She thinks only of you, you like the war-whoop. You do all the talk. Ugh! Say, chief, when my gal go away from here, and she leave this awful earth sometime, she have no hard things, for all good things there for her. No more war-path for Indian paint. Me go. Night. Love my gal.

Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It seems quite a while since I have had the extreme pleasure of talking to you, and yet it is but a short week and a day, but it seems as though all the waters in life do not run smoothly. You hear the ruffled waves, and you see the white-caps upon them, and you know these white-caps at the time flow into the channel of the water and are swept away, and so the soul may be swept and drawn in the tide, may rise again, and in time may go under. So it seems, my brother, that we in many ways sometimes send out unkindness unintentionally. It rests with the contracting parties. My brother, do away with the darkness, bring in the sunshine, and do not let the white-caps flow upon the waves of life, the little, white, milky things that bubble and disturb our lives, our souls, because the white-caps are the festering things, the things that scatter, the things that cause our brain at times to waver from lack of judgment.

But let us pass from that, and take up another side, the side which apparently is all sunlight. What does it mean to us? It means that each ray of brightness seems to change each white-cap, and as the white-caps change they develop into something greater and grander and we bask in the sunshine which God gives us. Then there is another side, the seed that grows with the warmth of the sunlight, and that warmth grows into love, and that love has two sides: it is the side of heat and the side which brings coldness. Coldness creeps in and crushes out the heat. Do not let us have such a thought. Let us change the thing which is going to take away the sunshine, let us bask in the sunlight of love.

Excuse me, my brother. The subject that we are dealing with is a topic I must handle carefully with one so sensitive, and it needs the sunlight of love, but does not need any white-caps. My dear brother, I believe the troubling side is with you. You have opposite ways of looking at things. I do not say that the thing is entirely correct, but I do say that hastiness many times is death to innocence, for it is the quickness which kills. I think, my brother, that you fully understand. There are two ways of doing things, a right way and a wrong. The right way is not to be abrupt, the wrong way is to pierce. Go easily and gently, and then no feelings are hurt. When the tempest is over we have the calm. My friend and brother, we have a disposition here to deal with that would grieve itself away. It would not rebel, it would not resent, but suffer. It would not be wise, it would block the very heights that we are trying to attain to. You would be the sufferer, sir. It would be you who would bring the darkening windows. But we shall dismiss this subject. We hope it will not need to be taken up again. I have been asked to say these few words by the lady whom you revered so much in the earth life, who was very dear to you. She said that many times you spoke to her, too, with hardness; and that was Mother Mary. She understood you, and she could give you as much as you gave her, in her own quiet way. The lady whom I am speaking through would not think of doing that. So she asked me to talk with

you, feeling that it would do you more service. I shall retire, my brother. Please pardon me for intruding. (I hope you will continue to come.) This will not keep me from you, because my desire is to help the budding flower, but don't you in any way be the means of retarding that which is blossoming out.

Father: My son, I am going to come from time to time for just a few words, to try and help you to lose some of that quick, impulsive nature. You will not feel hurt, will you? You know, my son, that years ago, when I first took up my work I, too, was quick. I, too, was impulsive. I did many things which brought me folly. I saw that it was not so much any one else I hurt, I hurt myself more, and yet I wounded others not intentionally; but a wound is a wound, and if you remember, I always went into my work with thought and energy. I shall say good night. There are others standing here, and one a lady who was called to work in the same field with the young lady, but who was cut down in the midst of a very great work. She was misrepresented in many ways. Her suffering was the cause of some people saying she drank. It is no other than Margaret Gaul. You probably notice her manner as she makes her entrance. She will not be able to say anything tonight other than what I have given you. She seems to know Mrs. Wakeman, for as she steps up they embrace each other. Now I shall leave you. Good night.

George: Good evening, Captain. Are you yourself again? (Yes.) That is good. Mother Mary knew you would respect Mr. Beecher. Our girl is not in the finest condition tonight. Everybody living in this clime has a touch of catarrh. Nothing serious. Say, Captain, you don't appreciate what you have got, or what you expect to have. (She is absorbed in her business.) Not so much as you are in yourself; leaving you with a selfish streak. Well, Captain, you want to alter your mood. It's a mighty hard thing to teach an old dog new tricks, but I am going to teach them to you. You selfish old codger. I don't believe you want the girl. (Who should be the minister?) How is Mr. Mingins? Say, Captain, you will find that he has left the sanitarium, and that he is visiting old communicants of his church, thinking that the excitement is just a little too much for him to be in the hub-bub here all the time. He is up high in the mountains in a most magnificent country. And say, Captain, people go there who are not sick at all, simply go there to relieve their system. It will be a great pleasure for him to do it. If you approach him and he declines, it would be because he would not want to take the honor away from her own pastor, one who would not want to outstep the other. I feel that both will be there at the same time. (It so happened.) We are going to see that it is a most beautiful evening. We are hoping to see if we cannot regulate the clerk of the weather. (My last time, George.) You old codger, do you want to be as bad as old Solomon?

Aug. 18. Beecher: Good evening, my brother. I have just been pronouncing a prayerful invocation, trusting that all things holy may prevail, that those steeped in that which is not right may leave it for that which is higher. My brother, you did not give utterance to your feelings just now. You held them in check, but you know you have nothing to lose publicly. You know, my brother, women have the hardest part of this life. They are questioned upon what they do, as all our kind are not. If a woman treads in the ways that seem not just proper, she is misjudged. There are people outside now. They hear the voice. It seems too bad that we have conditions so uneven here. You know our instrument we are using is in a nervous state, which makes it hard for us. In that which may appear to the public to be wrong, they never stop to consider the different conditions, and still the person they criticize has many points of interest they have not. We pick a fair apple, we open it, and inwardly it is rotten to the core. We again take up another apple; there appears to be a bruise upon it; we open it; it is the most delicious fruit. That is the way we should be looked at, but it is not so with the general public. They make up their mind to certain things, and many times condemn and hang, and yet the one can be an angel, the other not. I am speaking of people who judge according to the public will. I am not speaking from my stand-point, because, sir, I have learned to be more charitable in my views than I was. When you leave this life and enter into the larger life, you are able to look back and see the way in which you indulged in criticism. We change to a clearer under-

standing, and where you may have criticized you place charity in its stead. It is so hard to give perfection to the object we condemn. You know, brother, it is hard to speak fully when the instrument has not been perfected. Our instrument is progressing wonderfully. We have no fault to find. I heard her conversation today when a gentleman said that one year from now tests might be given. I want to say, as things are progressing now, we shall be able to communicate with many of that gentleman's friends before six months are up. I overheard your general conversation, not relating to the subject, but in regard to your home. And when an interest has been aroused, when the atmosphere is favorable, it will be a pleasure, the gates will be entirely open. You have a steady growth, a steady progression within the last six weeks which is marvellous. Later on you will gain more knowledge of my subject or subjects. I shall be glad to use this instrument, because I see so much in the medium. "Medium" to me in earth life was not the name I loved best. I was not a medium myself, and yet I was an instrument, and I give that title to her whom I am permitted to use. There are many that wish to come in, and I must go. The question is the time necessary for each.

Mary: Joe, you have advanced from the impulsive to the precise. As she gets and gives to the best of her ability, we will not find fault. She is doing very nicely. In six months, I will say with Mr. Beecher, you will be more than surprised. Joe, are you going to promise me not to speak harshly any more? (I was mistaken that time.) There it is; jumping at conclusions. Well, Joe, the magnetism on this side of the room is so much better than on the other, owing to the fact that Warsaw is surrounding you right now. If you could see clairvoyantly, you would see him looking regal in all his Sunday clothes. He has a gun, and is standing with that gun under his arm, his blanket high on one side and low on the other. He and White Feather seem to be excellent friends. (Does Warsaw teach him English?) He learns very slowly. There are others to come, but, Joe, before I go, don't let the girl sit longer than ten o'clock tonight, because that will give you over two hours. (Mr. Beecher had some difficulty this time.) He is a man of facts, and when he could not place them as he wanted them, sooner than disturb he would prefer going. Never mind, we will wait for the last three weeks. You won't have fuss and feathers. I think you will rather like not having society. You are living beyond it and see it as it is, that it is barren of enjoyment, only for the moment, and I always felt that it was, I always liked my own fireside. Many times I felt weak, and when I might have had a ride with you I preferred to remain at home, did I not? But it was to make the impetuous boy happy that I went, particularly the last four years of my life. It seemed an effort for me to get ready, do you remember? With that poor foot of mine, I would need many times to strip off the shoe, for it eased my heel. Do you remember this? (Yes, and the girl does not know it.) How many tests do you want in one? She knows nothing of these things. You have a combination, and it was a safe investment. (Will we do still better after settlement?) The place I like the best is the library. It is the place where many of our good friends will be. We will have some of that beautiful music. Where music is found, peace and harmony reign as a rule, because if there is no music in the soul there is discord. If music reigns supreme there is harmony, whether it be instrumental or mental. (Here another attempted control, but without success.)

George: Good evening, Captain. I had to step in and take charge. The aunt tried to control. She wants to talk for herself. She was an aunt of yours. The disposition runs in the family. I want to go on your mother's side. She would talk a whole lot. She could talk, but she was not always agreeable, either. She had a lot of sisters that liked to talk. She went quickly. The trouble was in her head. Say, Captain, some of these women are so persistent that if they want to talk they will talk, and if they want to push aside, they do that. She was just that kind of a person. Inclined to be thin, with a very piercing eye, and she could say some hard snappy things, not that she would mean them, but they hurt lots of people quite frequently. Your mother's sister; all fire. Strange to say, you were her favorite. (All correct: Aunt Sallie Gill, of Charles City, Va., when I was a boy.)

Captain, this place is all right, but it is not my ocean-side. Have you had a good

evening? I like to please you, so as to make you please others. (George, you couldn't bribe the clerk of the weather tonight.) Only for that wedding; and then it may pour pitch-forks. I tell you it will be a stunner. When our old maids and widows and so forth get the announcement, they will wonder who the devil she is. It is near ten. Good night. (Watch in light said 9:55.)

Aug. 25. Beecher: Good evening, my brother. I come again to say a few words to you. This is a most beautiful evening, a picture that should be engraved on all hearts that witness it, one showing the love of the Father who ruleth all things. We go back into the morning, with its sun of beauty, and go forth through the day and see all the glories we are able to witness, the glory of the ocean, and the glory of the night, showing forth the handiwork of Him who ruleth the destinies of men. Each man and each woman sees with different eyes. Ofttimes the woman chooses the wrong thing, thinking that today she lives and lives for all time under the same conditions. We awaken from that dream without understanding life's many difficulties. When our vision is clear we take up our life, we follow each step, each one going to his toil, and each day bringing its sorrows; the morn bringeth brightness, the noon brings the heights of all glory, and each life comes to its afternoon. We then find the evening of our day; but many times we then have laid away all those who made life worth while. As the light again bursts forth we again take up our life; we take it up in the shadows, we leave the shadows behind, we again are able to meet the day, for in the morning we again notice that light has come upon our path, we see the faces of those who look down from heaven upon us; things seem to be brighter, more beautiful, because we have kissed the sunshine, and in kissing that beautiful sunshine we have a vision of our deliverance from our death; I mean the thought that chills.

I heard your conversation today about the thoughts that chill, and the leaving of those thoughts behind when the sunshine of love arises, when a man lives and breathes in the new atmosphere of life. It is for him to bring that happiness. It never can be said that the lady will bring sorrow, for she will not. She has brought peace, happiness, light and love to each and every one that knew her. Nothing of a life of selfishness here. She has also helped you into a better condition, you have reached a higher position today than in the past. Now, brother, pardon me for what I may have said. May God and his angels breathe their blessings upon you from day to day, and bless you in the step you have chosen. Good night.

George: Good evening, Captain. You seem to be enjoying yourself, if your other gals have gone back on you. They don't seem to annoy you very much. Captain, you are getting a trustful, loving, kind, uncalculating child, looking to give, not to receive. She would rather share than be sharer. I mean by that she would rather give, rather share all expenses than to receive anything without her assistance. Others like to receive and give nothing, take all they can get and look for more. Captain, you wanted my old gal very, very much, but somehow or other you feel you want the young gal more. Never mind, Captain, you won't be long-faced very long. Your friends won't know you by Christmas time. And no matter how cross the gentleman is, when the lady comes around him he will forget all about his troubles. He will talk them over, and she will talk them over with him, and somehow he will lose sight that he had any trouble. Maybe you don't believe that, but it is so.

Say, Captain, you won't care if you don't have any other company but hers. Maybe you don't believe that, either. You will have a few callers, if for nothing else, to see the curiosity, to see what your choice is. And there are a few announcements that will be recognized with some gifts, more on her side than on yours. Do you know, Captain, when my gal, my new gal, leaves this planet you are now resting on, she will go so high up into the clouds, she will become a most beautiful spirit. The name of one you know is Patience. Hers will be Helpfulness. Patience and Helpfulness go hand in hand. She helps you out of lots of difficulties. You don't look like the same man you were a year ago. Say, Captain, if you were in New York now you would be lost. The house would not be the same to you. Do you think it

would? You are going to shock them in Philadelphia in the approaching marriage. Your friend, the lame man (Du Ban) won't blame you, but the son will scratch his head.

Mary: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. It is so nice to get back again to our favorite spot. How nice it will be when we come to the Nest. (Chair broke down.) Well, Joe, always in trouble. It is not split pants, it is split chair. Do you remember you were always wanting a patch? I am afraid the girl will have to learn the art. I tell you, you will have to spicker up and be different before a few months are over, because you will be properly attended to. You won't have any more dirty wristbands. If you want to wear them that way, she will tell you she will go around dirty, too. I am talking to you like an uncle tonight. (Interruption.) They are making fun of you and your little chair. They know you are not sitting on your thumbs. . . . Your salvation is to dispose of the house to the best advantage. You know, Joe, there had been much darkness in it previous to your entrance, and taking all in all it will be best, not that anything is going to happen to you or to our girl, but these houses will come down, and on the Avenue west of you; they must have very large apartments, and they are striving to get the rest of that block. (Big apartments all around since.) You have a girl who is practical, too. I heard the name that George called her, Helpfulness. He has helped me out of difficulties. My difficulty was the care of you. Your life will ring once more with laughter, you will know no more interference. Good night.

Father: Good evening, my son. I have been watching you, and find you a child again. She will be our daughter very soon. And, Joe, my boy, if you had had a girl like her years ago, how contented your life would have been all these many years. Our dear friend made up for much, but it would have been so much better had you had a wife, like the one you are getting. And, Joe, you will be very, very happy in your new life. And when the minister will be preaching the service, I shall rest my hands on the head of each one, and add my blessing, also. I don't have to struggle so much any more. We have got a willing subject, showing her willingness in all things. My boy, it will be many years before you will come to me. The life that is really your life will be the means of helping you to remain very much longer, through the care which you will receive. Money purchases some things, but it cannot purchase everything. You have had a chance to find that out. You tried to do all you could, and yet, Joe, you would prefer to have loss and have happiness than to have more and not be happy. Good night, my boy.

Lydia: Good evening, Sweetheart. You do not seem to be lonesome. You seem to be quite happy, enjoying this beautiful scenery, with the woman we are all learning to love so dearly. There is not an unkind thought that we hold. I am speaking for more than myself. She has much that I had not, I had much that she has not, so there is no room for any feeling from either one. I was older; my life had done its work in the sphere that you enjoy, and yet, Joe, I never was, and never could be what she will be to you. I don't love you less, dear soul; why should I? You are there, and need attention; I am here. If you were ill, I could only hover near you. She is where she can aid you. You know we must not be selfish. I am going to leave you now, Joe. When she comes from this sphere, when her life is ended on earth, I, too, will be with those to meet her. So there is no feeling in this matter, only of love and respect, and the knowledge that you in your last hours shall have the attention and devotion which you shall need. But, Joe, it will be a long, long while, years and years of waiting, before you come. You are doing wisely. Good night.

Aug. 26. Harriet Beecher Stowe: (On sands of Asbury Park, almost dark): The beautiful starlight night, lovely the blue above the waters, and so near the waves that break upon the shore. Oh, glorious night, bright with light, that shows its reflection on the wave. The fruits of love, the fruits of labor, are the inward speakers of the things of nature, of Him that doeth all things well, who lifts us out of our darkened domain, who sends the sunlight of better days, who treadeth the threshold o'er and o'er of him who seeketh to do the will of God. Oh, the blessing of

faith and hope and trust, the three in one. They cause us to seek and hold them all when clouds of darkness arise. I come in just for a moment, and I thought that by just giving you a little word you would recognize me. We shall have more good times together. I may say brother, because it is brother in the faith, but I am a strange influence to the girl, and do not care to keep her long. Good night.

Warsaw: Ugh! Ugh! Good evening, brave. You got s'prise, lady just spoke. You like s'prise. Chief, she lovely. She got snow-white hair, blue eyes, she no very tall, she quite stout, she got strong, full mouth, high forehead, eyes no just like brother, he big eyes. She not got nose like my gal. She longish nose. She smiles. She says me photo her. You don't know what you going to get. (Warsaw, too many on the beach.) You know this, big chief, this not made for you alone; this is public. You want fence all 'round? This beautiful weather, and all bright; the lady likes because it puts her in mind when she wrote. She loves to drink in the beauty, not that she wrote by the ocean, but she got her first ins'pration, she got the kernel by the water, she says, the kernel of thought, took the kernel home. She say gal got good brain to work through.

George: Hello, Captain. Did you like your new visitor? . . . Somehow you wish your few weeks were over. I was once in love myself. And I got out of it. It was not the right kind. It was just a fancy. I never married. Well, Captain, this is a glorious night. I tell you, it makes the old tar feel he is a tar again. You know, Captain, I would like to be able to sing "Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main." Can you picture in your mind anything more beautiful? See that moon, how it bursts forth in the heavens, and how it overshadows the dashing out of the water. And see the ripples and the foam and the breakers coming in. The reflection is beautiful, Captain. This is one of the nights when Captain George would like to remain all night. I suppose I must go away pretty soon and let some more people come in, but I hate to relinquish my post. . . . I am going to stand on form. If you don't write me an invitation, I won't bring my air-ship and my twenty-six guests. I have picked four more not belonging to you. You can't have everything. I have picked the gal's grandfather and grandmother and two little kiddies, Grace and her brother, and you know I may advance higher than that before the time comes, get some more. Think you can serve them all, Captain? It worries the father that he cannot have it in his own house. Captain, they have not got the room anyway to hold one-quarter of them, while with your big rooms you can get them in very nicely. Captain, the mother is one of the best of women at heart you ever met, only she wants to do things her way, and you want to brush her the right way, you don't want to get your porcupine feathers up and meet a snag. Never mind her moods, because you are going into the family, and she will try to do anything in her power to get it for you, but don't say any cross things with a double-action meaning. That is my way of saying it. If you call a banana an apple, it is a banana all the same. Shall I go home? Jump on my boat. (Where is it?) Quite a way at sea. I just glide over to the land. (How is it built?) Built in thought, if you think enough and get to work and build. You have got to work, and you have got to discover certain things before you can have them. If a fellow dies tonight after living in debauchery and sin, do you think he has a right to go to the highest pinnacle? No, sir; he has got to slumber in a condition until he is awakened out of it. Sometimes it is a short time, and sometimes it takes ages. He has to grow out of this condition. Or sometimes he takes some poor weak fellow along the way and draws him down, and yet he cannot help it, because he wants relief. That is a part of the meaning of the sins of the father descending upon the children. Not that it is to be forever heredity in the family. I am not Mr. Beecher, but I am just drawing that simply in my own way. . . . Well, I might as well close my shop and jump aboard. I am going to make you used to me, so you won't make faces at your father-in-law. He is very sensitive, very conscientious; runs in the family; all bills paid when due; owe nothing. Want any better character than that, Captain? Well, Captain, I must say good night, really. You know you are such an interesting fellow just now, I don't know which one I am most interested in, the old codger or my gal. I think she is doing wonderfully well. She

is giving some pretty good tests, and she waits for them.

Mary: Good evening, Joe. I'm just going to say a word. I have not come to talk, because it is time to close the meeting. It is quarter past ten. George just told me the time. (Exactly.) Well, Joe, are you lonesome? It won't be long before you are in your own quarters. Say, Joe, you want to watch the girl, or she may fall off this chair. We are getting too strong a hold through entrancement, and she is getting dizzy. . . .

Sept. 1. George: Never mind, it won't be long before you are hitched up. Can I come and see you, Captain? There will never be anything like pride, nor any contention, nor any graft. It will be a smiling ecstasy, because you will be happy and always smiling. It has been a sea-shore business all along here. It don't do for man to be alone; he needs company. If you need anything, she don't let any steps go before it is done. You are first in her mind, Captain. She has one of the greatest hearts of sympathy, and that the mediums need, because when that strong tie of sympathy is there, it opens responsive power that our heartless people cannot have, because they are looking for the shillings, and when sympathy comes the shillings step aside. You are not the only one where she has not considered the commercial idea. Do you know what I would like you to do? It is to write the gal's parents and tell them you are very pleased to learn that there is no objection. You are the fellow to do it. . . . (Who is present with you?) Well, here comes Mother Mary up the walk. Old Warsaw is there, all in his warpaint. And here is my little old gal. And there is daddy, and George Mellish, and John Pritchard and his wife, and the two kidlets, and Mary Ann, that is your mother. And there's another Mary with her, mother's mother, Aunt Polly. (Correct.) The doctor is here, but he cannot come tonight, because the gal is not strong enough. They must consider her, too, Captain. I mean Dr. Henry Ward. You think more of him than of me. I am jealous. Do you want me to tell you something? Your little gal won't want any wine at her wedding, no whisky punches, or gin-fizz, and no cocktails, no champagne; nothing like that. I guess you are not sorry. Captain, you see that beautiful moon? My gal will be surprised when she opens her blinkers and peeps at that moon, because it was asleep when she was awake. Don't you wish you were hitched, Captain? You know what you will be sorry for? That you have been waiting most two years now and didn't do it then. (Have you followed her all that time?) No; I have only been with her really since you were taken sick, and I saw the manner in which she tried to help you, and I said: That is the gal for me. I do not say I have not been to her and helped her to know it was I, but I mean to be generally with her, and if you look back you will find I am telling you what is correct. (Who first reported you?) That was Slim Jim, or whatever you call her. (Ruth Getty), and the first time the medium called George was a year ago, when I was down at Asbury.

Sept. 3. Lydia: Good evening. It is I. (Storming.) The weather is bad. It is hard to come, but I am glad to be here. It makes conditions uncomfortable and heavy. (Gave a perfect description of my physical.) Your friend, Dr. Krebs, is just giving me this. He stands right here. A very jolly man. When he laughs he does not show his eyes, and he is very corpulent. And, Joe, it is a great pleasure to see him laugh, because with his chubby cheeks and his marvelous forehead, with that skating-pond upon his head, he is quite a picture. Just wants you to know it is he; that is all. (Perfect; medium never saw him.) Charlotte will sit for us often. I think you will have her very much in evidence. Joe, don't be hard on others. We are not all perfect, not even you, and, Joe, when you come hither, then you will see your imperfections to a far greater extent than you ever dreamed of, as I have done; and many of them, if it were possible, I would blot out, for when I was with thee I was not satisfied, there were others that my heart longed to see, with a yearning that was constantly restless, to be with you and away from you, and more away than with you. I wish I had known, as I now know, and that I could have seen as I now see, and you would have been saved much. You know, Joe, had I known the end was so near, I would not have caused you pain. I did not see my end as I ought to have seen it. Well, the public to a certain extent had satisfied me so long that when I came to the quietness of the home, and after the hours of rest, and after

the first part had worn away in our home, I then had a longing, and in that longing I was encouraged, and I would fly; but it was not that I did not want to be with you, but it was still the love of the mother. You have not known the love of a father, or you, too, would have felt the same as I did. It was foolish for me, but while we are in the body we do foolish things. And then when we are able to stand by the casket that holds that which was a part of us, the box that holds the body we once occupied, and when that body is shattered and placed in that box, we can stand and see those who loved us, and whom we love, and the one who mourns unselfishly, and then we can look into the heart of the others and see that while they loved us, they were selfish at heart. And then, Joe, you know you loved me more for one thing than you did for the other, and that, too, preyed upon my mind. It often made me cross, it made me quick-tempered, so that I was very easily irritated. If you look back you will remember I would fall to pieces in a minute. I kept much of it from you, because I knew that your heart was in the mediumship and not in me. Joe, love the girl. Do not love her mediumship alone. I want to give you just a little warning. She has not got the temperament that I had. It would have been good for me had I had such a temperament, for I could have avoided much trouble many times in my life. You know that in our mediumship, blessed as it is, we are able to penetrate the lives of those that come in our range, but we have not the power to discern our own lives. It is given us to read others, to bring a blessing unto others, but we are not able to save others, because we are pricked to the very heart, we run against the thorns. Joe, you know, even though we get a warning, we may pass it by. We halt and we wait, we wonder we are not able to grasp that which is given us; we go blindly. That is the reason, Joe; not myself alone, but others likewise. We shall be able, Joe, to do very much with this girl. And, Joe, there is one more point I want to give you: Do not think unkindly, do not let her carry too much burden in the home. While she will be willing, do not let her do too much, because, Joe, her best art in mediumship cannot be produced under too much strain.

You know, Joe, these were always my sentiments, if you remember. She is a willing subject. She can bring more pleasure into your life by doing what I am telling you than to do all the hard tasks. She loves you and will do anything in the world to make you happy. She loves you, Joe, more tenderly than I did, because, Joe, in the last years of my life I was tired, the end was coming. I did not think what the results would be. I was looking for rest. I got that rest from the hard work which had crowded upon me, I could see that life would have been easy with me. I received my punishment in not being able to remain long to enjoy it, and through that punishment I brought greater pain to one who in his way loved me. My work he loved more. I regret the payment he received. (Its brevity, Lydia, was the disappointment.) This won't be such a disappointment. Joe, remember her people are a family that will not hang on you as a drag-net. They don't want any of your money; no, they are not looking for it. They are people who can live fairly well, not extravagantly; never would they ask you for a five-cent piece if they were starving. I will tell you what kind of people they are: They are proud, they have lots of character behind them, for generations people of great refinement. I mean people in the relative line. I do not say they are void of any refinement themselves. I think when honor is theirs, they do not get it from a stone. If they had been of the heavenly, they would have the heavenly nature, but instead we say, they try to be as honest as possible. I cannot say that of myself, Joe. There is some part of my life that I would like to wipe out. I do not know as I mean myself, but still I was connected with it. . . . I do hope to be able to come to you often, very often. I want to love the girl I have taken. I see that you do. You love her childlike nature. She is the same at all times, tries to be the same under all conditions. When you are cross she looks at you and says very little. I see that crossness going from you, Joe, through the manner in which the girl treats you. . . .

I have enjoyed this little talk, though I have given to those who belong to me and mine some pretty hard rubs. Joe, it is only through the truth that I shall be able to progress as I want to. Joe, you have just as impressive a medium as I was.

I think, for her time of development, you have one that is more easily controlled than I. Be careful with whom she sits. She cannot sit very much for one year. I would not go very much to the so-called meetings, on account of the sensitive conditions that she gets in. Her spirit of wanting to help is so large that it runs away with her energy, I would not like to say judgment, she has very good judgment. George is very much pleased with the effect that he cast upon you last night. That is the reason he placed me in tonight, thinking it would bring you back to good temper. It is the first time I have had the pleasure of opening the meeting, and to find I have been able to control her for some time. You know, Joe, it will be a greater treat when we get in our home, and when I shall take the little girl into the library and place her on the large chair and curl myself up in it, with the little cushion beneath my feet. That is where I shall come to you and will talk of my spiritual home. I can do so much more through the word of mouth than I could on the piece of wood, although the wood was a stepping-stone to your advancement. And, Joe, you forget it was she I am talking through who was the cause of that. Joe, you have so much to bless her for, more than you ever had to bless me for, because I would not have the same motive. Even for that she does not take the credit upon herself. She leaves it entirely to us, I mean her mediumship. Good night, good night.

Mary: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. You enjoyed my sister? She was always nice; tried to be. You know when we are honest we are always glad to return and make confession. Joe, your father and mother are here, and if you gain as you are, you will live many years and be as old as your mother, if you give up all worrying and not upset conditions. My sister gave much good advice to you and to the girl. I was with her, holding her hand much of the time when she was talking with you, and wish you could see those eyes light up and that face in merriment, because she did have a face that lit up in brightness; the same smile. She is learning to care very much for our girl. . . .

George: Hello, Captain. I have just stepped in to give the girl a little magnetism. I felt she needed it. (How is her father now?) Captain, you are rather a severe critic. You know he does not dance attendance to anybody, and if he thought a person had more than he has he is not the one to cringe; he feels he is as good as any, and those that belong to him. He doesn't feel that dollars and cents make the man. (He is working for them.) Very hard, and as I can penetrate his mind it has always been his wish that the girl may be independent were he called away. It is not selfishness. When one marries it is a close partnership; it is not, or should not be a money-making scheme. . . .

Sept. 4. Beecher: Good evening, my brother. I have just called for a little talk. I was here last night and heard the talk of the lady upon astrology, and much she said I agree with. Some things are destined, but each man is a saviour unto himself. Some of our churches believe that the washing of a soul and the consecration of certain years release it from sin. That is the minister's idea. No child is accountable for sin until it reaches an age when it understands right and wrong. That which we call our conscience should teach us to know the difference. It is not, it never was the fault of another that which we bring on ourselves. We can go back and consider the stars and their different names, but we find the palm has been given to the different planets. We say, for instance, a person is influenced by the planets indicated in the hand and fingers, like Venus, the goddess of love. We go into history and find that Venus was the most beautiful of women and that she, too, had besmeared her garments. We take up Mercury. As a rule, that leads one to be talkative; that gives a person the power of oratory. Mercury means, or should mean, the power to operate along the lines of medicine. We then go to the sun. That in palmistry means money. In each era comes forth somebody of strong scientific mind who is able to discern something that others have not observed. That is the meaning of a saviour. It saves from different conditions, we see the true soul forces, we assuredly are led in strange and marvelous directions. We take the blade of grass, the lily, or the other beautiful flowers; no two are alike. No two minds are alike. Then why should another's mind be governed in this way? . . .

I am privileged to talk today in the

earth life. It is with great pleasure that I come. You, my brother, may understand the subject I have taken up. I heard those chance remarks. As far as palmistry goes, I always knew there was something in it. Each life registers in different directions, then why not the palm as well as the footsteps? We are given different things to learn in earth life, not that I would take palmistry alone, I simply take it up as something to talk about, to bring out some little ideas, to show that while the lady visitor knew some things, she did not know everything. I want it understood that, as far as another saviour is concerned, we have saviours all about us. That is the thought I wish to leave with you. You yourself are a saviour. Sometimes, my brother, we are blessed in so many different ways, we are not masters of ourselves. Before we know it, we are in the dust, or just as if the ocean were before us. We can see the vastness of that beautiful ocean and those wonderful waves. My brother, we are unable to read life's history. If we could read it, would we do differently?

Each life has its different walking, each child learns to walk in a different way, each step at first an effort; each step we take in life is an effort on some part of our anatomy. We come into this world not even knowing how to walk until we are spanked. Then we try, then we slip, and we work, and we smile and we slip, and so each step, each day, brings its own gladness and sadness and weariness and helpfulness. Some falter by the wayside, others are strong and mighty. You, my brother, who are able to look back in the vista of your life can confirm me in what I am talking about. You can review your checkered life, I do not mean wrong-doing, I mean your life, my life. Each life is practically a checker-board. Each should aim to walk with an object in view. We sometimes forget that money is not the only good, for we have so many different avenues of good. Some lives are given to long and wide experiences, others are narrow and contracted. (And death does not kill, brother Beecher?)

The so-called death is simply an awakneing, for we then awake to the knowledge that we are not narrowed down to a few short years. My brother, when you, too, cross the river you shall come to the same conclusion. And as I see the manner in which your mind is grasping life, you should step forward from the little things that would trouble you and weaken your energy. The lady will lead you out of them. She will show you another avenue. You will be broader, you will be kindlier. Living in her atmosphere, you cannot help it. My brother, I am working and going to work through a wonderful mind. By that I do not mean in education to its fullest, but she has the spiritual power which will gain that which is lost, the close communication. With the care of your partner, her loving cheerfulness and close attention in all things, you shall always be nursed back to health beyond your years. You are not expecting more than you will receive. We are not dealing with a frivolous or frothy woman, we are dealing with one who is practical, gentle, with a strong sense of right, strong love for doing all that is in her power. There is much more that I might add, but I do not think it necessary.

Father: Good evening, my son. He is a most remarkable man. He advances by leaps. He brings a power wherever he goes. You are most fortunate to have him talk with you. I am afraid he is more attached to the lady than to you. He is able to talk and lecture through her, he is not able to use you. Her strength is gaining through her attachment to spiritual conditions. I would not like to lose her influence, and you, my boy, would be more like the restless ocean. You would not know where to turn your head for consolation. She has been gaining upon you, and so rapidly, so rapidly in your faith and love. You cannot have the one without the other, under certain conditions. Don't you try to change her. Her attachment to spiritual control lies in the purity of her mind. I see in a short time in that home such perfect communication and such happiness, my son, that you will lose much of your restlessness. You have already.

Did you notice you are able to sit down and talk longer, and be quieter than you formerly were? You can talk deeply with her, she would enjoy it, but it is not the talk of the philosopher that I mean. I mean that you are able to bring your mind

to gentle thought, to rest you, not so reckless and running from one thing to another. And you astonish me sometimes. I will tell you how. I have seen the day when any opinion was given you would jump almost into a passion, now you rather look to her before you make a decision. Her way of thinking seems to guide you, although you would not want her to think that it does. I do not mean in spiritual communications, I mean personal matters. And yet, do you know that whatever she says stays with you and leads you? Do you know that? It is the quieting atmosphere that is produced by her. It is not herself, it is the spiritual influence which surrounds her, which encircles both, binding the two together. I mean the different inspirations between you; the same thing is thought of by you that is thought of by her. You both open your mouth almost at the same time to say the same thing. Rememeber that your daddy sees you when you least suspect.

(You control this one better than the other.) Conditions are opening up beautifully for us. When people begin to get in years they are harder to impress. It is so psychically, it is so materially, it is so in all the walks of life. The child is most impressional. You, my son, have so much to be thankful for. Guard her as the most precious jewel entrusted to your keeping. When you come, there will be a tender chord broken, and there will be anguish for a time until you are given power to return and she feels your presence. My son, I left the body at about your age. I was not given the same extent of life. As a rule, scientifically the girls favor the father, the boys the mother, therefore you run in the line of your mother. Her family lived to greater age than mine.

I think with Brother Beecher, you will fall asleep very gently and very easily. (And willingly?) You may think willingly now, but when the time comes I would rather say No; because that which holds you to life will be the lady. You would feel if you could take her with you your happiness would be crowned. She is not looking for what you will do for her, what she will be looking after is, how can she make you the happier, how she can help you to forget the clouds that have been. In that which you are privileged to receive from time to time there can be no doubt of improvement, or doubt of the truth. You are given, and have been given, food for thought that her brain is not capable of receiving if it were not given under these conditions. Can you see what I mean, my son?

George: Hello, Captain. I am doing head-work now; you are doing nothing. . . . There are two kinds of affection, money affection and affection. But I think you will get too much affection now. (George, are you and I the same age?) You will be ninety-one on the 31st of next February. . . .

Sept. 14. Beecher (after playing of Crossing the Bar): Good evening, my brother. We each and all must cross the bar. In fact there are many of us that have bars placed in our way. We do not seem able to surmount them. As I look around me this evening and come in your midst, I feel quite at home. I feel that here, too, shall be my dwelling-place, at least not all the time, but I will try to be with you much. When we assemble here for our Sabbath afternoon meetings, and hold communion with those that have passed over that bar, and know the many difficulties that keep the loved ones from them, we know it need not be a bar by the ocean to those who love most dearly. They cannot understand that they are right near them, so near at times they almost breathe upon them. My brother, the barriers have broken away. I think it is in E. P. Roe's works we find The Barriers Burned Away; and so much in that wonderful book is so true to human nature.

I do not believe the instrument I am talking through has ever read that book to be able to refer to this. And yet we find a willing mind, a helpful hand, and a lady giving us the standard we are looking for. The atmosphere which she brings, instead of being burdened with sadness, is full of upliftment, full of cheeriness, and she sheds brightness wherever she goes. You will find so many blessings, you will be benefitted, Oh so much. There is nothing more blessed than the one life joined to the other, both walking side by side and entering into the same thoughts, the one guided by the other. So few people start life aright. The majority start

it selfishly; it ends selfishly; it does not end in love and affection. Instead, there is always argument, always a turmoil, caused through each one not being willing to be guided and go hand in hand. (I still notice your easy diction.) I am glad you remember my voice. I always found, my son, that the easier you address the people, the more weight the voice carries, the more ground for conviction. I mean by this, you are always able to persuade, you are helping yourself and you help them, and when you hit them with a sledge-hammer you lose your point. You know I did not believe in that religious creed which goes along with the hammer and the axe. I believe in that which grows, that which comprises the inner man, simply shown by the inner tones that come from the heart. The thing is to gently sow the seed, and then it brings forth, if sown in proper ground. You know, my brother, when I went to church, and when the church did not come to me, we did not need any picture shows to hold the people; we had other means.

George: Say, Captain, no more loneliness, no more critics and criticisms in the old way, only occasionally, when all she will have to do is to put her arms around you. That is my prediction. No more fuss and feathers, no more keeping from talking for a couple of hours, then run away. I mean like my old gal. She won't pout and try to bring you around by keeping quiet. I think it is half-past nine. (Exactly by watch.) Say, Captain, can you wait the next two weeks and a half? I am glad you are going to have temperance drink. I tell you why: Because so many take their first glass at the wedding, and I would not want our wedding to be the means of sending some poor person to destruction. Say, Captain, if it had not been for the conditions in your after state, you would not have known our girl. She was indirectly led to you on that account. Something comes to over-balance. You get a sorrow, and then get a joy to bring you more happiness than you ever had before. You will find, Captain, your last hours will be your happiest hours.

Chapter XXXIV.

OCTOBER 2, 1912. Married by Rev. George J. Mingins and Rev. H. G. Mendenhall, in the home, 241 West 103rd Street, before eighty guests. Professional caterer, general congratulations, and social enjoyment until a late hour.

Oct. 5. Father: (Charlotte entranced): Good evening, my boy. I am so glad to be here, glad to have witnessed the festivities of the occasion, and happy over the change in your career, for you are daily losing much of your troubled conditions that sapped your very vitality, and where you have selfishly lived with that one idea; now your life will brighten, and you will receive so much more of the good things of life. We have watched you in your boyishness these few days, but it will be that way for all time. Each day you will gradually forget that which was, and live in that which is. We shall all love your wife, for if there was anything that would have kept us from loving her, her care and attention to our son would have cast that away. With your keen wit and observation through all the years you have never met one like her, one with a mad infatuation, with one object in view. It was a steady growth of thoughtfulness to the very last minute of the proposal. It has upset some of the family, but that makes no difference to you. My boy, your illness this past spring demonstrated her worth to you. Selfishness sometimes warps many lives. They can see no further than their own doorstep. My son, live while you are permitted to remain. Do not think of those who would not think of you. I have told you many times to enjoy that which you have, because much of it that others would receive would go by the wayside. Why not enjoy it, not alone in the daytime, but much in the evening? Your quickness with your pen brought you much. Foolish, my boy, if you do not enjoy it now. You have opportunity to enjoy your life and your home, and to love and be loved, and not waste. You have not got a wasteful lady. Now I must go. I am so glad to be able to come, my son. I shall be able to tell you of my existence here, of my home, not paved with gold. The life must shine on earth to receive a golden reward. I shall be glad in future to give you a little talk along these lines, but tonight seems to have the spirit of congratulation. Good night.

Mary: You are not very anxious to become a spirit; the time has passed. On two particular occasions you did. The girl did not know that. With me it was affection, with my sister it was half-way, half love which would have turned to entire love and infatuation; but with our girl it will be another love, because her disposition makes you love her. And, Joe, there will come a time when you will not want her out of your sight. You may not believe that. You will begrudge the years that have flown, you will start to realize what you have let slip by before you have been married a month. . . .

Oct. 6. Beecher (walking with dignity): Well, my children, this is my afternoon with the young people. It affords me great pleasure again to talk to my young people and children. There are many of them right here with me. You may not see them with the physical eye, but that makes no difference, they still are here. I have in my audience Sister Wakeman, my beloved Sister Harriet, and your departed wife, and George Wilson and a few Indian braves. My object is to start a series of meetings. The instrument I am using is not perfect. Her throat is troubling her some, so we will have to overcome that difficulty. Every Sunday afternoon, at 4 p. m., a portion of it will be my hour. I could not, and would not be selfish in thinking of consuming the whole time. We thank the dear Leader of all goodness for His kindness in giving us this day as the day of all days for our good. Many thorns we bring unto ourselves because we are not the flowers of perfection. If we were, we would attract nothing but what is glorious. May our light so shine that we shall attract all goodness, and as the light pours into our souls, let Harmony be the watchword, and when kindness dawns it is always followed by love. Our footsteps

falter, and yet there are hands reaching out to help us mount every step of life. We do not see those hands, our weakness sometimes is like the magnetism, we are not able to overcome it; but when we do overcome it, then does the light of all blessedness pour upon us. I want to note the changed conditions of your heart and life. Now comes into your life an unselfish girl. At the time you had no thought other than that which most men have, but there was something there which showed that she was different from those you met, even in the highest society, the childlikeness. We are told that a little child shall lead them. It may not mean the little child as a child, but it is the nature, the unselfish nature of a child. It is not always fire that doeth good; that sometimes burns up. We find the balance-wheel; you have found that balance, and into your life shall pour love, affection, protection. You are going to lose many of your so-called friends, not friends, merely acquaintances. Yes, many shocks have occurred, not among the people you care about, but people who are more fond of the gayeties of life. My brother, from now on we will try to give you information of spirit life, what we do, what our home is, how we start from the time the spirit leaves the body to lead one upward each little path in life, from the cradle to the grave, to that Great Beyond, the universal life. We are but a part of a community, a wheel within a wheel, a spoke in the wheel, each a part of the whole machinery. Good-bye, my brother, I can say no more today. Love and cherish your lady. You cannot find perfection in anything. You are not perfect. You do not find many imperfections in her, my brother. She has a wonderful disposition. That is much.

Phœbe: Good evening, brother. (Who is this?) You will have a few guesses before you will know me. Probably you may know me from some things I may say. I shall not give you my name. Echoes come from heavenly spheres to mortals far below. From earth we gather all the joys, at least we think we do, until the chord of life is cut, and upward then we go, to reach and find our heart's desire, our dear ones ever near. We part the curtain day by day, and close to loved ones come. They cannot see us with their eyes, and so they bolt the door, but if each soul could only know that we can hover near, their tears would dry, and love ascend to lead them on their way. Even so, my brother (I always called you brother), I have been enabled from my sphere and teaching to grasp those little things which before I was compelled to write, but now they seem imprinted right in the atmosphere. I want to congratulate you, my brother. This will finish my little talk. Mother Mary Wakeman brought me. She was dear to us all. And yet, my brother, the one sitting by your side will very soon be just as dear to you. It is surprising how her life in that direction has come to you, for even from the hour you took her for your bride there seem to be so many spirits about you, and her constant companionship with you since has made you love her three times as much as before that evening. Good-bye, my brother.

George: Well, Captain, you should be mighty happy. Forget what has been and live for today. You got mad with me once down at the ocean when I was telling you about your matrimonial plans, and it was hurried in the end. It was a few weeks earlier than you thought, but you would not change Joseph Snipes today for Joseph Snipes two years ago. Enjoy the little you have got and take pleasure in your life, and never mind anyone else. Some outside people would not give you a picayune. They never even sent a handsome card to the girl. It simply shows their craving. They will say you were demented on Spiritualism. There are two of them that might contend for what you leave, the third would not. Your sister understands conditions. Her eyes have been opened to the selfishness of her children, the boy's waywardness and the girl's disposition. Your sister understands that you have been just to all; she understands your goodness to her, your care for your mother, your care to the best of your ability for your father. She feels that your first care is for yourself. You denied yourself all your life, why should you deny yourself now? They would not have it very long; it would come easy and it would go easy, and no matter how much you would leave, there would not be very much thanks. Your body would not be out of the house before there would be scrambling, and the cars from Virginia would bring them to New York. When my old gal was here they did not feel the same way on account of her years, because they knew, in case of her death, that whatever you had would not go

to her people; but on account of the youth of your bride they feel that she would be here to enjoy it, and that is the reason there would be music. Excuse me, Captain, but I am giving you the truth. You know the boy will be nice to your face, but he would help you cut the rope, because he and the Mamie are better friends, and the other does not like the religion of his wife. Don't read this to your girl.

Oct. 12. George: Hello, Captain. I've been from the Narrows up to the Divil, between the gunboats and the man-of-warsmen, and all the little diggings. As Warsaw would say, I 'vestigate. Heap different from what they were when I was traveling on the ocean. They had great shells in those days, with their side-wheelers, and now they are afloat with their curves to them, the bow and the stern guards. Then, Captain, the guns were set in a different manner, and instead of their being able to toss them around, they were stationary. And that is something the little gal here didn't know. And another thing, Captain, now you can raise them against your enemy, and then we had to turn them with a crank, and it was very slow. You need not be afraid of your girl doing anything intentionally that you do not like. Huh, huh, catch my old gal doing that? Captain, if you would not be happy with her, would you be happy with an angel? So appreciate, Captain, what you have got. And you will never weary of her. You will get so you will rather have her than all the company in the world. And do you think you would get my old gal to do the things she does for you? No, sir. She knows how to get up a whole lot. (Did Lydia?) She could cook, but did not like to do it, but she did early in life. Her folks were not well-to-do. If your girl was not fond of children she would not have the nature she has. And we find another thing in her disposition: she is so careful not to cause any offence to anybody. Now to go back to Mother Wakeman: We find in her one always beyond combustion, and yet when you had any combustion yourself you never got the best of it. She would say to you what she had to say in a nice, motherly way, and if you did not see it, she would leave you alone until you got back to yourself, even if it took a few days. (Very true.) Well, you don't find this in this girl's disposition, Captain, and it is that difference that is going to keep the old gentleman and make him almost a child before he passes on. And the anxiety when that day comes, many years hence, will be the leaving of that which he loves behind. It won't be his house, or anything of material value that he had on earth, but it will be the woman he leaves behind that will trouble him. Captain, I will come to your Sunday-school meeting tomorrow. I like the preacher.

Mary: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. Joe, I am with you so often when you are wishing me to be with you. Do not be so impatient. Just use your common-sense. You have everything to make you happy. You have one who would do all possible to gain that end. I was thinking of the change, and how much happiness it would mean to many families if there was the same devotion from the wife to the husband. You have been most fortunate in your selection. You have nothing to regret. Do not mind family relations. You are not compelled to live with them. Joe, you were always given to be critical, sometimes saying things that wound, not always intentionally. We none of us have been perfect men or women. Others again have folded themselves up and become like the morning-glory at night. In the morning it is beautiful; at night it looks like nothing. In the early part of their life they have been more open, but mingling with people in their older life they thought they had been wronged and hurt and bruised, so they cannot live beyond it. Do you see my way of explanation, Joe? The soul is pure and good and helpful; but the mother lives alone too much, and now since the treasure of the house is gone, she will live alone more. Do not tell these things to the girl, and do not keep her from them.

Oct. 13. Beecher (standing up slowly): I guess I won't be able to keep the medium upon her feet just yet. Good evening, my brother and friend. We have had no music. (What do you like?) "Abide with Me," also "Scatter Seeds of Kindness." Those were my hymns. (He often called for them in his church.) I wish to bring in a part of those little hymns in my talk and interview with you today. Our meeting should have been opened with prayer to the Father who leads us in our way. He gives us that help we need to breathe and talk and walk and for all the movements of our being. He endows us with the many faculties that we have, the main one being perfect health. He who is the

giver of all things knows and sees our wants day by day, and fills our lives with blessings we lightly appreciate. If we were able just to leave our body temporarily, so that we might be in the atmosphere and be able to view the surroundings and all the changes, we might know what others endure. When I look at the vast realm of Nature and see the changes constantly taking place since I departed this life, it seems rather the work of different minds that know not and do not understand there are brains back of them working, pushing them on to achievement. You, my brother, understand it partly, but although you know so much of this work, you have not yet been able to penetrate the inner workings. My brother, as we walk to the foot of your streets and view the little submarine boats that glide under the water, so none of us in life understand and know the danger to each life that enters those boats, both in this country and abroad. We do not recognize the loss of life there in the trials of these boats for Governments, and yet, my brother, we forget the lives that are constantly submarined through sin. We are exactly what we make ourselves; as we sow, so also we reap. We see and speak of the sunshine, we do not hear it. The sunshine comes in the soul. We might see the beautiful sunshine and yet be blinded to it, because we cannot bring ourselves to be receptive to conditions. Of that I might accuse you, my brother,—days and weeks and months and years not seeing the sunshine as you should. You walk as it were at noonday, and if the sun shone beautifully it did not bring any warm feeling to your heart, because you walked in one groove of thought; you were not looking outside of yourself. We find that in all lives. We are like children, and when that little spark leaves the body, it comes groping into the atmosphere, until kind and loving hands take us and lead us away from earth conditions. It may seem strange to you, my brother, for a man to be at his own funeral, and hear the different ministers speak of his qualities. My brother, our qualities live after us; we do not need them heralded, and when we see those beautiful flowers heaped about our casket, they only surround the shell; we are not there; we are not in that empty box; we are gone—it is only that shape that holds our brain, which is such a queer instrument. We sometimes try to think of one thing in concentration, and at the time we are thinking of the one thing there may be a dozen things uppermost in our thoughts, and yet we cannot be wholly to blame for scattering our forces; it is the conditions which surround us. My brother, you oftentimes appear to concentrate your mind; you do fairly, and yet I find you, too, scattering; but there is one thing, if you have a purpose in hand, you try to carry out your purpose, and you rarely do a thing until you understand and know you are doing what is right. And yet you, too, make mistakes, as I did. I made many in my life. I shall sometime tell you of a few, and yet I have been accused wrongfully. We all have been. . . .

I hope I have left some word which will be helpful. You know it is not always possible to hold a conversation as we would like, so if you find defects, excuse them. And in future, I insist on music. That was my hobby. I wanted good music. If I did not have good music, I could not give good work. And the brain of the lady requires it; she has the most tender feelings. The young lady who has now gone from the door can never have the feelings of the young lady I am using; you could see it instantly. It again shows the difference in parentage, the thoughts of the parents, the beauty that surrounds the mother in maternal conditions. It should be all love, perfect love; these things reign at birth. Sometimes one receives greater perception than others. We can all be mediums to a certain degree, but there are so many deeper degrees. That is the only way I can express it; you may read between the lines. If it is not there at your birth, if you are cold and supposed to be strong-minded and arrogant, you do not receive the same degree. Your brain must be attuned, the same as the piano and organ, the beautiful harp and violin, because the finer chords must be played upon. That is the reason we find in this person whom I am speaking through quickness of thought and act, a feeling which almost knows your mind without hearing what you have to say. Those are things, my brother, which go towards mediumship. I detest the word "medium." I liked the word "instrument" so much better. You remember that I told you this on the ocean-side on several occasions. I could talk by the hour, but the instrument is not physically strong just now. Oh, my brother, be careful of your instru-

ment. You will receive much happiness through her mentality. I am going to tell you something else, my brother; you may not like it: Did you ever know that one finely tuned to the spiritual world, and artistically inclined, never agrees with the housework of a menial? You know you never could put dirt and diamond together—one has to outshine the other. The beautiful flowers need fine soil to grow. The more meanly flowers, vegetables and fruits, that amount to nothing, need squalor. The lily of the valley does not grow in the mud-heap. You cannot take a sensitively-organized person and place him among a lot of ignorants; his nerves will not stand it. So, my brother, be just a little lenient and not too severe. I must go. May angels surround you with their blessings. May your life so shine that glory and brightness may attend you, and faith and hope and love be the watchword. May your abiding place be filled with joy, and seeds of kindness be scattered all around you. Amen.

Warsaw: Evenin', big chief. Me come, lighten things. Him 'sorb everything. Him good. Me like. Big chief, you going to send gal home to mudder? Me like fun. Me like gal, me like you, me like everbody. If me no like everbody, my gal not want me. Her hold no thought 'gainst nobody. Me got to be like. (Did you hear Mr. Beecher?) Got other meets. That's reason he 'point time. He know what her poss'bility be. Your past life 'sperience you met none like her. She only a baby. (Warsaw then proved his presence with me while I, investigating advertisers, bought for delivery a cut-glass closet in 157th Street, up five flights, correctly describing the lady owner and her husband, the stairs, price, etc.)

Oct. 17. Beecher (after playing "Face to Face"): Good evening, my brother. I could not resist that wonderful music. Do we understand the meaning of those few words, so often spoken but so seldom known to mortals in their true meaning? We shall meet our father face to face, our mother, our friends; and all injustice done by us to anyone meets us face to face, my brother. All kindness shown we meet face to face. If we hold bitter thoughts, they meet us. We need no accuser. We are grown-up children and small boys of earth. Do we understand ourselves? No; I answer the question. Why do we not understand ourselves? My brother, too many of us try to understand someone else and forget ourself; we go to picking flaws in another. Do we think the same things as true of ourselves? No, no. We see beauty in one face, we see sternness in another, kindliness in one, coolness in another. We sometimes take a beautiful face—it seems beautiful—and yet, and yet, when we look back of that mask of beauty, there lives a greater devil than we think. We take the ugly face, appearing to us in ugliness, and yet we delve down almost into the soul, and there we find beauty in disguise. I simply mean to show the soul forces, my brother, that the outward is not the inward. In earth life we see only the shadow; we cannot reach the inner envelope. And then we come to the joy we know, the joy we can meet, and know as we are known. To some it is a wonderful thought, others want to flee away, because of the wrong they have done. It is that which is death to the soul, the consciousness of knowing that you have wronged someone so unkindly and thoughtlessly. Fancy, my brother, taking that into your last sleep on this earth and having it reach you face to face in your new birth. Can you think of anything more degrading to the spirit, knowing that you must outlive that condition and awaken into a better one where it requires years and years to work out of it? I cannot hold the instrument longer. You have made no mistake, my brother.

George: Hello, Captain. I had to come in here after that. I like to have a finger in the pie. The devil can't keep me out all the time. Say, Captain, he shows you all your miserable doings, and everybody that hears him. You are not only the only sinner—lots of us. Our little gal is going along swimmingly. She never in all her life, Captain, would be able to take those things out of her head and pick things to pieces. If the Rev. Mr. Beecher keeps up the good work, she won't talk of flowers alone, but something stronger, dealing with the soul on a different standard. Instead of flowers, she will take the nature depths of the mind, or anything that may be given. She will not take three subjects, four subjects, five subjects, and take time to study them up. We are amazed at her progress. It makes me smile, the speech you received tonight. And, Captain, his friends here will recognize him a little later. I will have to let the gal go now and come back to herself.

She looks on her work as a most beautiful gift, never shirking, always willing. The other gal was compelled, and there were coins at the other end of it. This little gal, big gal, wonderful gal, is not seeking anything, only to do what is right and bring joy; that is all, Captain. It will be only a short time when people will come into her presence and will feel that the very atmosphere she breathes is different. And say, Captain, do you know that you are being lifted up mentally and spiritually through her, led up higher, and forgetting the lower portion of life? It is the little things that lift you away from other things; you go into that mind yourself, you do not think of the darksome little things you used to think of with a double meaning. Am I right?

And as the months and years go on you will be surprised at yourself, and you will take yourself to task and pick yourself to pieces and say, Well, I am not the same fellow I used to be. You know what her father thinks? He thinks that you are one of the most fortunate of men. He is not mercenary. No, sir. That has not been a thought of his. He has thought of that wonderful disposition; and that, Captain, has been a part of his illness more than anything else. He would almost as leave not go into the house, it has seemed so strange. She brought life and brightness in the home, and not coldness. You have learned to love her more than the old gal, and you hate to admit it. Have I guessed you right, Captain? Well, Captain, you won't recognize our house. I think it will be a Clark mansion before you get through with it, whether fit for copper kings, or Government men, or Standard Oil men, from Montana, or Kingdom Come. I'm going to give you a warning: Don't let the gal sit too much. It is all right with an experienced medium, but it don't do to have her sit too much. If she does, and she insists on it, don't let her sit for more than half an hour. Captain, I'm afraid no one else can come in tonight. The reason for that is, you had two or three sittings yesterday, and Thursday you had two. When she goes to bed at night to sleep, another spirit takes possession, staying so long that it absorbs too much of her magnetism. That is one reason I am going to close the service. If any one else tries now it is apt to cause a dizziness, and we cannot afford to have her health affected. Too many sittings would do that.

Oct. 20. Beecher: Good evening, my brother. While you were playing that beautiful hymn, it brought to our recollection the thought that you little dream what the Bye and Bye means to us. We live as it were in the yesterday and today, and we forget the Bye and Bye. What we want to remember is, that the little barque that carries us down life's stream will always touch the Bye and Bye. It means that as we live today so shall we bring to us a fullness and richness of blessing tomorrow. It is just a journey from one home to another. You journey to your home day by day. You love your home, and you want it bright and beautiful. It is only a mind degraded that is not looking forward to the richness and fullness of home. Home! Does it mean four walls? No. Does it mean one room? No. It means that that which is home to us is a part of us. And, my brother, as we travel on to meet each reward, we are journeying to that Bye and Bye which we all hope will be crowned with glory and beauty. You pass on to that eventide which means the time when you, too, shall cross the threshold and be immortal, when you shall become one of the Great Majority of the invisible throng. My brother, think you, if you were to open your eyes today and were able to go with me where you might touch them, that you would be alone with one or two? You would meet the many, many of those gone from your own life. And you know, my brother, a beautiful, beautiful privilege has come into your own home life, the ability to talk with them. The little infant comes into life not of itself, but is brought into life, sometimes through love, sometimes it is an act of sin, and under the conditions it has to carry the mistakes of the parents. Many times it has to be spanked to make it behave. Then we go on with the child life, we awaken in that life a little hunger, then the child commences to teethe, then to speak, then it grows into youthhood, man's estate, woman's estate, and it goes on and on until, as a little vine that creeps onward and upward, it becomes entangled in other lives. There is not one thing lost, not one. I will not say any more today, but later I shall be able to give you quite a little discourse. The music always helps me, my brother. You cannot open

your meetings with too much of it, and beautiful music calls forth and helps your instrument who is music itself. Music always gives me inspiration. If you noticed, many times in the pulpit this was my favorite position (right hand raised) with my eyes closed, particularly in the musical part. And then I had another facial position, which was this (hand on right of face). Your instrument did not know these things. And then just before I commenced to talk, this was my other favorite position (hands folded). I did not do very much rapping. I could make myself understood quietly, and they would understand my meaning. Have I given you enough to make myself recognized? (Very naturally.) I will go. Others will follow.

George: Well, Captain, I enjoyed the dinner and the prayer-meeting. You can have a dinner any time, but you cannot always get a talk like that. He knows how to handle his subjects. He can pick you all to pieces and you wouldn't know it, and you do not mind the manner in which he does it. There is one thing I am happy about: There was a time in your life, since the passing away of our esteemed friend who had her body cremated, when you thought you would do the same. Captain, I am glad you are not going to do it. It was her wish, but I am glad you will not. It is many years hence before it will be necessary for anything of the kind, but I tell it as another test from George Wilson, for the gal knows nothing about it. I like to do a little ferreting once in a while, so as to give you the truth beyond question. It is one of your tendencies at times to doubt an angel. Am I right again? And in giving you these slight messages again it keeps you from doubt. You will never doubt your wife. You would be thoroughly satisfied, strange to say for you, if you never had any other company today or for all time. In your younger life you liked changes, today you prefer her company to all the world. Is that correct? . . .

There is someone here who calls herself Charlotte W——. She was not quite right in her head before she went away. Tall, hollow-eyed, had kidney trouble at the end, like a touch of Bright's disease, brought on partly by starvation. Captain, there must have been a time in her life when she was quite shady. She made money, but it went out much quicker than it came in. Some kind of a speaker, wasn't she? Was it something along the theatrical line? Half a dozen things, and master of none to perfection. (All correct, and unknown to the medium.) There is somebody here, a man, by the name of Cole. Did he ever work with you. He is full-faced, slightly bald, florid complexion, hazel eyes, rather thick in the neck, sixty to sixty-five. Went out of life quite quickly, looks like strangling. When you first went into the oil business it looks as if he was in a part of the building where he was transferred. I see him going upstairs. (All true.) . . .

Oct. 23. George: Captain, I see somebody's husband has spent the most unprofitable three weeks of his life; he has been crashing and gnashing his teeth in despair, and has been made most miserable. He has desired a cancellation of his wedding day, because his wife, if she keeps up her extravagance, will send him to the Island, there to work out the balance of his recreation, and there he will learn to work, and when they meet again they will forever hold their peace. Amen. Well, Captain, how do you like it, the peace plum? I want you to forget your old worries. There is enough left in the vaults to take care of you while you are here, and some to spare. Do not worry about others that do not worry about you. They don't care, only from a selfish standpoint, whether they hear from you or not. They showed their lack of interest, they put on the pouts, and they would not care whether you were here or in the cemetery. You were kind to them. Why not put a two-cent stamp on an envelope and piece of paper, and a little memory thought; why not say a word to Uncle?

A thought of love is always returned in exchange and brings results. When they go through this world testy and looking for trouble, they always get it. It is a bad thing to have our imagination shattered. Jealousy is a green-eyed monster. Excuse me. They think you have a woman who will run away with your money, and they would run away with it much more if they got it. They do not believe her whole thought is for you. She has proven what she is even far beyond your imagination. There are not many like her. If there were, life would have a better meaning to many; homes would be brighter and sweeter. Contentment reigns

in few homes, and spite in many. But you know what harmony is. . . .

Oct. 26. (Who is this?) It is I, Margaret. (Gaul.) I have tried to come before. Don't you recognize the snapping of my fingers (rubbing chest), the conditions I passed on with, and the confusion of the brain? Brother and sister in the faith, we have much to learn when we reach the borderland. Indeed we are more helpless than an infant when it cries and raises its hand. When we come across the line, we notice the people and surroundings, but we are unable to assist ourselves. I cannot say much tonight. If I do, I will weaken your medium, so you would not hear from others. Coming the first time, it is not well to absorb too much magnetism. My mission now is not with one particular medium, but to help all. I shall help her to the best of my knowledge. This I will say, that my bitterest enemies, not all, that tried to hurt me all they could at the last moment before I was in my tomb, went on in such measures of grief outwardly that very little was genuine. I am speaking of another society whose jealousy should not have existed, and who have done Spiritualism harm, instead of increasing it. Not that I was incapable of mistakes. I have learned that I made many, but still it was the attending conditions. As you know, each brings his own vibration, as the electric current is crossed at times, so were the mistakes through no fault of mine. We are our own saviours in each and every world we enter. Good night. Give my best regard to the "good Miss Jones." (Miss Gaul's designation in life.) I little dreamed I would find her the wife of the finicky Mr. Snipes.

George: Well, Captain, we have to have surprises in this world. We will be at home pretty soon spending money. That is what is killing me the most, makes me mad as the devil, spending money. Poor man. Well, never mind, Captain. (I did not look for money by marriage.) You were looking for other qualities. You have not missed much money, because you are getting what is worth more, devotion. Captain, you are enjoying excellent health for a man of your years. Other people start to go down at sixty. But you do not go out and breathe in fresh air enough. You do not take the walks you were accustomed to. You have almost forgotten yourself. Good thing if you had forgotten yourself four years ago. The gal's father would give his life for her tonight. (Who is with you now?) My old gal. Does us good to acknowledge our faults. Your father, Mrs. Wakeman, Dr. Krebs, Mr. Newton, Dr. Hepworth: beautiful mouth, kindly, considerate, careful of what he says, never tried to hurt people. While you get indignant, he got thoughtful; where you answer crossly, he would weigh it and think, well, it might be worse; another chance. Then you take his eyes, and they were soft, straightforward, kindly and full of determination. And you have a thoughtful forehead, not too high, broad, brainy, far-seeing, and when he opened his mouth he opened it with such feeling, sympathy, brotherly love. (Very correct description of Rev. George H. Hepworth.)

Oct. 27. Beecher: Good evening, my brother. I thought I would give you a rest, owing to your inability, much as I love music. As we are rather late assembling, we shall have a little heart-to-heart talk. Our medium has become scattered. Usually it is the speaker who is late, this time it is the earthly gatherers. And the physical condition of our instrument is not tuned to the best results, owning to the depletion of the magnetism. My dear brother, she had entirely too much of the spiritual touch. There is so much in a little home of this kind to attend to it is a strain upon the system. When we do not have our physical health, life loses its charm, no matter whom our companion may be. You know, my brother, you have cause for great joy. Not a pain or ache you may have on the mortal side, but your wife will try to give you relief. I do wish that many had less education from a wordly standpoint, and a little more common-sense. It would add to them greatly. They ofttimes would be able to give immediate relief to those with whom they come in contact. It is healthful to us to breathe the same atmosphere of beings of this kind, for they shed nothing but sweetness in the path of those they meet. They are not looking for troubles—the petty little things which bring such ruin in the home. They are striving to uplift and to help each and every one that comes in their way. You will find indirectly that you are going to have some unkindly words spoken of your wife by someone you have known, who will come to you under the guise of mediumship. I read it in the atmosphere. It will make no difference with you; it is rank injus-

tice seeking to bring a barrier between you and her in regard to her mediumship. It does not come just yet, but within the next six weeks, through the mail. It is not made too pointed, but knowing your keen mind, they give it to you in small doses. It is done through carping jealousy. We find that little green monster entwining itself around so many lives, ruining so many homes, degrading so many people, bringing injustice upon the children, making life miserable for all who come in contact with it. Would that they learned common-sense, would that they knew themselves and viewed themselves aright, not looking for trouble among others. I did not mean to give you a sermon, but somehow my former life leads me that way. Well, there is nothing in the life of this lady who is your wife that you would ever be ashamed of. (Like a child.) That is the cause of jealousy, for rarely does she ever open her mouth to say unkind things about anybody, and then she must know them to be true. I think, my brother, you have found this out ere this. It is a blessing for you. Were she dark and gruesome in thought, what pleasure could your life be at your time? It is now that you need that sunshine to bask in it, it is now that you need that help in your daily walk, that the sunbeams may kiss your brow as given you late in life. You shall keep it while you are here, and the last years of your life shall be the brightest and the most beautiful.

Nov. 1. Beecher: It is again with pleasure I address you. My address will not be on any particular subject, other than that I am glad to be with you. You know, my brother, when I was here we could make our money go much further than the generations of today. They did not need as many things as they imagined they needed, and we were not always able to get all we wanted, forgetting that today we may have, and tomorrow may not have a place to lay our heads, and we do not always have a way of making it or to bring it back into our hands; the moments lost are gone forever. Today I cannot see many idle moments in this house, for if this our instrument is not busy at one thing, we find her at something else, and if nothing else more important, we find her enjoying the company of her lord and master, and he enjoying hers. He is a different man, whether he recognizes the fact or not. Is it not a blessing, particularly in the pleasures—we do not mean of the body, but of the mind and the communications? You have learned to love your wife very dearly within the past month, more dearly than you had ever expected. Have I adjudged you aright? Inasmuch as you love her now, you will learn in the months and years to come to love her five times more, if it is possible, so much so that at times you will begrudge the moments that she is out of your sight. Do not forget, my brother, no matter how much you love her, and I would like to keep her right with you at all times, that you owe something to others, because you would narrow your own life and narrow her life, and you would become crotchety; in other words, you would be like a miser counting his gold; instead, you would want to be with her the whole time, and that would not be the wisest thing for either of you. We have all learned to love her very dearly. Her nature evokes admiration, and her willingness to be an instrument for good. She is not looking for applause; she is quite content to silently do her part and to help where it is in her power to do so. Never change that part of her temperament; it is so much for humanity. I went last night where her presence and face lightened the hearts of her friends who were in trouble. And besides the lady who had risen was one of our goodly company. In memory I was at my funeral. Mine was more elaborate; mine was banked with many beautiful tokens of friends. She had but few, poor sick, weary child, who had shaken the shackles and traces, and had come to sojourn with those who had loved her. God grant that the power shall be given to those who at this moment are so much distressed, daughter and son, and grant them and their grandchildren peace. Those boys need the sunny presence of the girl, just the same as you need it. Life to you has been made so much sweeter; your world has opened much more beautifully; today you see the beauty and the warmth of the sunshine. A year ago you were walking through the haze and the fog. Your very atmosphere at times was repelling, for you permitted yourself to be caustic; today you have no occasion for that, and are content.

Now, my brother, you have received enough. It is so beautiful to be able to address a friendly and kindly spirit in the body. We both have lots to be thankful for, but those of us who are able to carry on the

work many times are compelled to slacken our pace for want of someone to continue the work we left, the work where we left off, to be just a little more grammatical, as I am talking to a gentleman who picks up the people. I never was too big or too great to meet a file, like my friend Mr. Cleveland; he, too, was never too great a man not to acknowledge a mistake. A great statesman, one who received more respect than any other President, or any other man in high office, and who ranked with Lincoln and Washington. We find Grant taking a lower seat than he. Grant fought his fight, it was simply the opportunity, and he embraced it; but we find Cleveland embracing the opportunities and turning war into peace, and who was the greater statesman? We find the thoughts of diplomacy turning the tide of anger into peace and harmony. Grant had the genius for fighting, and we find the same spirit, more combating, in Mr. Roosevelt. We again find in Mr. Wilson some of the traits of Mr. Cleveland. The prospects are today that Mr. Wilson will be your next President, without the tide of wrangle creates more votes among the hovels and the lower elements in favor of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Wilson's strength will be out West and through the South. Had not Mr. Roosevelt met with his accident, he would have gotten very many less votes than he will receive, but as a rabble usually follows a man of his cloth, I am speaking of the men who have to be bought, and the men who do not know their business while voting; each one lost in a vote means making the opposite one stronger. I was always interested strongly politically, yet I felt I was in the right, although I never believed very much in mixing up my religion with politics; but away from church a man may be what he likes, and has a right to set an example. . . .

George: Hello, Captain. He is always nice. You seem quite happy today, Captain. Is it because the dividends are tumbling in? Expensive to have a wife, and yet you wouldn't mind having it if it was twice as expensive. You would be lost without her. Your wife is not like the old gal, she will never ask what you do, and my old gal would not do that. There is a fire in the neighborhood, down Broadway, don't amount to much, taken in time; got no strong wind. (George, this is the birthday of the girl's mother.) She funny old lady. Never mind, Captain, she has a good heart, easily imposed upon, good to the family, Captain. Won't take all you have got, won't try either. They don't interfere as long as you are good to their daughter. You are a sweetheart boy, they are satisfied that you love her. As Warsaw says, they won't hitch you. I think we are mighty glad we had our courting days. Wouldn't exchange it for 241, because 241 is stone, and courting brightens life. You would rather be in two rooms with your little gal than to be in 241 alone. You have had more uninterrupted happiness for the past month than you have had in the past five years. Is George Wilson right? Mother Mary passed out of life in 1907, this is 1912; it was a year after that you were married. The old gal did not bring you the happiness that the young gal has given you in a month, because my old gal had flashing ties, and my young gal has no ties, and don't care very much. My young gal can do something with a dollar that my old gal would not do with ten or fifteen. (Here George made other true comparisons.)

Father: Good evening, my boy. I wanted to let you know that I have been watching you through your month of happiness, and appreciate the change. Give our love to our new daughter. I cannot stay any longer, she is commencing to feel the depletion, so I will not hold her.

Nov. 3. Beecher (medium lying on sofa): We thought it advisable to let her rest. She is not up to standard. We do not wish her entirely depleted. Well, my brother, we will about open our prayer-meeting. I do not wonder that the first piece that was sung by the colored singers gave our instrument the chill and fever. It was indeed trying to those black men, and yet, while many were better off, there were many, many who had hard taskmasters. They who were their masters have long since gone to their reward, many of them. We have meted out to us exactly that which we give another. We do not go where we want to go, we go where we are sent, we cannot choose, be it a black man, be it a king, it makes no difference. We find among the black men many a king—I mean in spirit, in truth—and in many a white man a heart as black as any; in many a brute a nature gentle and tame; we find the reverse in mankind. We again take the animal: Will it drink? Will it degrade itself in drink? No; but we find God's greatest

invention, the man, that which he took the greatest care to perfect, stooping below the level of the meanest beast, and wallowing in the lowest depths; and yet, my brother, we also find that where a man is born and brought up in proper environment he may wander away from the path of good, he may live for years in that path which brings shadows and unkind thoughts; then we may follow him and many times he is able to retrace his steps and get back in one way in God's sight, and yet do you believe he gets back in perfect sight? No; the shadow is there, the sting of sin, of despondency, these things meet us. We little dream in life that they are going to be the first things to which we awaken. Then it behooves us to live a life that cannot be reproached. We none of us are saints, we none of us are angels; but we may aspire and live to be kingly. We find those born to kingly thrones descending to lower standards than their subjects. At times those of whom we expect the most give the least in return. Some from whom we expect the least give much. We trace this thing back and many times find it comes down the line of life, born in the parents' life and the grandparents', and that the child inherits the sin of its descenders. It may descend to the family, and then again it may escape the female, or it may come down the male line, and vice-versa. Many times that condition is brought on through highly-wrought nerves, sometimes causing insanity. If we go to some of our insane asylums we have some understanding of it. Did it ever impress you, my brother, that there may be just a few good instruments placed in the insane ward? Harmless we are told, and yet they become insane, seeing visions, and not able to interpret their meaning to those who would think them subjects of insanity, fit for Bellevue. You may doubt that, but that is the case. . . .

Now go back to the song that was sung by the tenor, Oh, Dry Those Tears, Life Is Not an Empty Sorrow. I believe that is the passage. Life was not meant for sorrow. Why should we go sorrowing through life, with all its beauty, with all the life surrounding you? God gives us beautiful things to look at. In each life there should be love, light, helpfulness. That life should touch other lives, and there should be a glorious response. We will not live here by ourselves, enshrouded in our own thoughts; if so, death would be preferable to many. If the sun does not shine, the life sees no beauty, it sees despair. Many times through thoughtlessness the most beautiful thing in life is destroyed; that is the heart. I will go back in the life of the instrument we now use. I find a part of that life where, if it had not had the strong influences and training it had, it would have wilted. You would not have known it, it would have been in the ground, a hovering spirit. But in that early life it was recognized by those who had gone on that there was good, there was power, there was development; it was brought on and up in a strange manner. I do not mean, when I say strange manner, mean things; but I mean it had to go through certain things to pry away the briars and open the beautiful buds which were backing the instrument for good. I can go where we found her this morning, surrounded by the boys. You cannot recognize all the good that has been shown by her, and these boys will never bring a blush to those they know. It was not so much through the teachings of the lessons as it was the inspiration given at different times, brought about by spiritual advisers surrounding her many times; and those boys will be men, some of prominence, and would do anything for her in their power. Then we find her lighting up lives that were almost faded and of little worth. We somtimes put away certain things and our life seems to go with them; we do not recognize the good that may come after. I may say, a certain person today is better off for having known the lady through whom I am speaking. I mean you, my brother. That has been the work that was set forth for her to do. You have not been the only person, there have been lots of others. At some future time I could give you more of other lives that have been blessed through her. She has been a blessing to her parents; she will never cease being a blessing to those who know her, ever bringing the sunshine, ever scattering the fears, and always trying to dry the tears. I shall leave you, and hope I have said something that will be pleasing to you.

Nov. 9. Mary: Good evening, Joe. It is so nice to see you making yourself generally useful. I always did like busy people. I never liked to see people sit around and fold their hands when there was work to be done. Well, I thought I would open the meeting

tonight, and not wait for the music, but the music does help. . . . Life is made up of disappointments. Had we all sunshine it would not be appreciated. Rain must fall in order to show us that we need the sunshine. Joe, when you play my favorite "Face to Face," it holds the same beautiful melody, it always helped me in my work. It is so nice to know that though gone we are not forgotten, that we are able to cross the dividing line, and we know we are face to face with those we love. Still they are unable to see our faces shining above them. It is blessed to have your wife, it is so kind of her not to battle with us. I want you to love her. We love her, too. Who could help it? But, Joe, do not let her sit for the old man (a caller). He is a worse leech than you are. I do wish I had known her in life. So much pleasure would have been mine. You would not have become the sour, cynical individual that has passed out. You are fast becoming lovable, tolerable and kindly. Now, Joe Snipes, there is a recommend fit to bring you into any society where before you were always looking for trouble, and going along with your head down to your feet. Instead of having your head up in the air and drinking in the sunshine, you were drinking in the raindrops. Good night.

Nov. 10. Beecher: Good evening, my brother. I am glad to be with you again. As in the beautiful verses of that beautiful hymn "Lead Kindly Light, Lead Thou Me On," the light of kindness leads us along life's way. It means so much to us, the beautiful light of day; and Heaven sheds upon us the most beautiful light of love, out and on into the world of space and in eternity. We are able to join those again whom we loved, and meet them face to face on life's upward pathway, as we climb the rugged rocks of the mountainside and reach its height; and when we reach the summit with all those we love, and stand upon its highest peaks, many of us slip and fall over in thought, and do not allow ourselves to stay up on the summit of the mountain-top. If we would, life would hold more sweetness; but instead of that we go down into the valley. And, my brother, this is for you. You were in the valley this morning. You go up to the mountain-top on its heights, and just as quickly as that (snapping fingers) you are in the valley. I want to go around eleven thirty or twelve o'clock, while you were sitting in this room; and previous to opening those papers you were in the cellar of thought, your mind was clouded. (True.) Let your thoughts ascend again to the mountain-top and go steadily on. I know, I see, I read in you that life without her would hold nothing for you but clouds of disappointment and darkness blacker than any disappointment that has come to you in years. But, my brother, fear not, hope and trust, do not lodge around her thoughts of death. You know as well as I do that if we hold such thoughts they are most distrusting. You would not want anybody constantly in your atmosphere who brings you death-drops. They are administered one by one, that is the law. I see the sunshine which she creates around you; your life will be one beautiful walk with her; no shadows. . . .

There was a time in my life when I was compelled to be economic, for I was born in an humble home. God be blest for that humble home. The man as a rule who makes the most of life is the man who has been brought to it not so much through conditions as by a brain which makes him active and not sluggish. Most of our writers, preachers, presidents, worked their way up, those that ever amounted to anything. We take that beloved man Lincoln; we even take my esteemed friend Mr. Cleveland, who came up from humble circumstances and achieved the highest honor ever given to man. Do you remember that I am quite correct in my observation? There are so many whom I might mention, so many. Our great generals came up, step by step. And you, my friend, started from a lowly parentage; not that you have gained anything marvelously, other than manhood and standing; not brought to you by outside influences, but by industry, by sticking to one thing, and by concentration, and knowing that you had just so much to hang on to, so much to put away for a rainy day. You have grown up with that, it has become your very nature and part of yourself. You, my brother, ought to be praised, and yet remember that you should take a part and be thankful and use it justly and wisely for yourself without any thought of tomorrow, for tomorrow will take care of itself. I am not trying to meddle with your business, I am only trying to take away from you the worry, because you have no need to worry,

if you never had a tenant. I could go further down among your kin and tell you of hard times that were in your home life; and when the little children and the parents had such a hard time to make ends meet, not alone in your family, but in the connections of the same family; not two families, but more, both on the father's side of the house and on the mother's side of the house, coming partly through the ministry of your father's early life, and causing him to enter new lines. Am I correct? (Exactly.)

The medium, our instrument we are using, knows nothing of this, sir. I give you this as a test. Your mother in her early life did not have the comforts. There was no steam heat; there was no water in your house, it had to be carried from the wells. There was no fashionable dressmaker, things had to be made by hand. And when those little things were felt, and the different little ones went out of the house, it was bad enough; but when the doctor and the undertaker had to be paid, making things seem as if they crept on one after another, those were the things that weighed upon you, and your full thought was, when you grew up to be a man, how you would strive to economize. I wanted to tell you these things so you would know that the instrument I am using never knew them, so as to give you confidence. The other mediums you have gone to never brought this up to you. Our instrument never knew the reason why your father got away from the ministry; that he was unable to support his family as they should have been supported. Had he been in the ministry he hardly would have been able to give you the education that you received. Yes, my brother, be thankful. I only wanted to give you something which would be to you what you would call a wonderful test, so as to prove beyond a doubt that Mr. Beecher knew what he was talking about, and to bring you back from thinking too much of money and too little of yourself, showing you the two extremes.

I want to tell you that a little later we are going to have a wonderful instrument. She is making steps onward. I am one of the least. Again, we have an instrument who seeks for nothing but the highest. She is just as lovable with children, listening to their prattle, explaining to them different things; and she would rather do that than be in the great sociable gatherings. I want to say, It does my heart good to see her surrounded as she is, and was today, with those young men. A credit and a prize they have had in her. Seldom do you find such boys, without they are bought by presents, all of such stable worth. I do not mean money, I mean qualities that those boys have. Their mothers have lots to bless her for. She has been one with them, they surround her, they each will amount to much. (Verified.) Would there were thousands more like her. It is not all sermonizing with the childish mind; it is the getting down to life and the mind of the Master as the child grasps it. You can look back in your early life, your Sunday school days, with their many teachers that left an imprint on your life. Now I think my time is up. I am so glad to have been with you. I shall probably call upon you again during the week, but in my absence remember that your wife, like the bird and the flower, must have the sunshine and the air.

Nov. 17. Beecher: Good evening, my brother. I am glad to again announce myself, but I do miss the music. There seems a hardness and a coldness without it; one cannot get his thoughts in the proper channel. Well, my brother, I feel quite sorry for your visitor who has just left. The trouble is he does not look far ahead, and he has fallen into a rut. He has called upon you almost as a last resource, and once before. His trouble is, or was, that in former years he had too many outsiders depending on him. He has been good to his own, the same as you were good to yours. Even now he has a sister whom he helps. My brother, the pennies make the dollars, and the dollars make the hundreds and thousands, and so on. When you could walk, you walked; you never paid five cents more than you had to; even if you had to walk miles to save five cents, you did it. You cannot say I am wrong. Many a time, I would be safe to say, you walked to your business and back and so until you were making fairly good money, you would go that two miles a day between your breakfast and your supper. (True.) In those days it was supper, not dinner. You had a bite between, a sandwich. I call that a toothfull. But had you been like others, you would not be in the position you are in today. I mean financially; because your salary was not such a large one, and had you used it to the fullest

extent, you would not be where you are; you would not have a home. But I want to say, out of each dollar you earned, so much you saved, after you reached the age of twenty-one. (Correct; not till then.) My dear brother, I walk back in your life step by step. You were not always getting the same salary as you received in your last place of employment; there was a time when $15 a week was quite an item to you, when you came up North. You had just taken up stenography. It was that that brought advancement; that is how I get it, and aside from your work there were earnings, when you again made a little money with your pencil. Where you saw a chance for earning money it appealed to you; you were never too tired, wanted to start again; but you started to break down about twenty-five years ago, and when this condition centered around you, it was about seven years before you gave up your position. (All true.)

Our instrument did not know these things. I simply wanted to prove to you that the controls understand and know what they are saying. Last week we were able to go back into your life almost from your babyhood. This week we follow it up by coming around the age of thirty and upward. I wanted to give you this, not that it was necessary, but as tests of the present and proof of knowledge of the past. My dear sir, I want to go back in your life to the time you left school, and around the age of fifteen or sixteen, and I find at that time, probably a little later than that, those years were the turning-point of your life, where you made up your mind, if you were spared, that your life would not be the same as that of your parents and your relatives. (True, just after leaving college at sixteen, in 1860.) That is something she knew not, the time when you branched away from your home. At that turning-point you decided you would seek to build up, even if you died under it, you would not, you could not stay in the same condition of mind that they were willing to live in. (When I left Virginia for New York.) And I want to say, a very few years after that you were able to give aid to them. (The Staunton home?) No, that was years after; after the father left the body. (Correct.) It was the stepping-stone in the starting of your being able to accumulate a little. My dear sir, these are the things that are brought to you, in the fullness of what you now enjoy. I mean God always helps those that try to help themselves. He never helps a laggard or drone. They eat themselves up. I want to say, it was partly the condition your father went through that has caused your feelings in many respects towards religion. You felt that merchandise paid far better than the ministry. (My parents intended me for the ministry.) And you also failed to see the amount of good that one who was a true minister is able to do. It is not all of life to live, and yet we may want many things that are not necessary, for we take with us that which we have done, and not that which we have, and he who lives best here is he who lives best there, to the best of his knowledge. Dollars and cents have no value here. Helpless we came into life, helpless we go out of it. In our last moments, last hours, we need assistance. In our childhood, coming into life, we need assistance. When entering the new birth we need assistance, we are helpless. Woe unto him who has nothing to look back to that is good. Woe unto him who has laid up treasures which moth and rust may devour, but glorious is he who hath laid up beautiful deeds, acts of kindness, love for humanity, uprightness, honesty; unto him be glory and life everlasting. Little do they dream, my brother, of the small things in life that count. Most people judge the small things, yearning for the large things, and the large things never come. The stepping-stones to large things are the little things. They take them one by one, place them together, and so we eventually find the large things. We cannot all be President, but we all can be helpers.

I believe my speech is ended. The forces surrounding you, crowding in, are your friends who have been unable to speak heretofore. (It is your meeting.) It may be my meeting, but I always gave way to the ladies. I hope you will pardon me, my brother, if I have said anything painful to you in the past, but I would like and love to be able to show you that our instrument had no knowledge of that which has been given you. (Shall we sit on the park hill again?) I never did like the basement; height changes the atmosphere, the lower down you go, the closer. At all times there is more inspiration on the mountain-top than in the valley. When you are on the mountain-top of thought, you are walking in air; when you

are in the cellar, everything is gloomy and dark, shutting out life's most beautiful things. You would not be on the mountain-top, my brother, if you did not have with you the lady who is by you now. Wonders have been yours in the past few weeks, particularly in yourself, sir, whether you notice them or not. You have left the old man behind, the young man has entered. Truth is proof of all things; falseness breeds contempt; faith lifts up the soul, and hope brings perfect life, while mean reflections bring death. Good night.

Nov. 23. George: Say, Captain, are you going to the poorhouse next week? Which would you prefer, not having anybody to love you, and plenty of money, or have somebody love you and have less money? I did not care for the farthings and I am happy yet. I did not have any strings to my bow. Before you were married I could tell you of the approach. When you were at the ocean I could tell you of the events that led up to the next, but now Warsaw, my Rev. friend Mr. Beecher, Mary, my old gal, Dr. Krebs, Dad and myself are oftentimes on the same ship, and the Pritchards and their family, and your mother, her sisters, and your sisters and brother. Now, Captain, what more can I tell you? I will tell you something, though, if you won't tell anybody. Did you know we had an accident in this house today? No? Well, I will tell you. It happened to my young gal. She was almost controlled by that Julia, and went downstairs a little after twelve before she knew it, pretty near it, and that is why she was upset when you came in. Do you know when she held her side in this chair? You wanted to know what was the matter, and she would not tell you for fear you would worry. She fell three steps. I saw it. It would have been a fallen woman. She was thankful you were not here. Strained the muscles in her left side, but she will be all right. That certainly waked her up, and you, too.

Say, Captain, you haven't got tired of her yet, have you? We don't do that in our country. I tell you why she wears well. You are pictured and mirrored before her so that she knows almost every expression. If it is illness, she gets it clairvoyantly, you say intuitively. If you are blue, she gets that, too, and other women would flare up in a bunch; but she don't, she is very calm, and she tries to get at the root of the evil and help you that way. My little old gal would go all to pieces, humpty-dumpty; she would have a pet and would pay no attention to you. This is my ship; I go aft, you are allowed the stern—reality. Say, Captain, have you had a strange feeling in your nose? (Yes.) Well, get rid of that; use your jigamaree. Brother Charles gets a comfort coming here. The valves of his heart are weakening, because there is a pressure on the colon. And say, Captain, that drum-major of yours that has not quit his fire-water, as Warsaw says, will go under if he don't. (H——.) . . . But he is a countryman of mine, and he knows it all. He is one of those fellows who thinks an ordinary American is not worthy to blacken his boots. He puts on a lot of bloomin' airs; and that daughter of his, she talks too much. I mean, if she gets any gentleman friend, she talks on a line which, instead of encouraging him, disgusts him. She flops all over. Is she about thirty-four? If she is older than that, she dresses about thirty-four. Her eyes are dreamy and look quite crowquettish. She likes to crow at times. I am trying to make a pun out of it. My gal has not met the lady, and I think you will find it is a fairly good description. And she sweeps in with her head one side and comes in with a skip and a jump. She could be so gracious to some, and cold-hearted as the devil to others. That's another point. The gal has not seen her. (All correct.)

Nov. 24. Beecher: It is with great pleasure that I again address you, my son and brother, after listening to your most eloquent music. Its eloquence lingers with me, opening up the cells of the brain. There is nothing in the world like music. Flowers give to us something, but music is a tonic to the brain and soul. My brother, I was here previous to your entering the parlor. I overheard your conversation when asking about the speech of Ingersoll at the tomb of Napoleon. Two great men, one a great fighter and leader, the other a man with a marvelous brain. I was never able to enter into his life or writings, nevertheless a man is a man for a' that. He was a man of great principles, although I could not believe his teachings, and true, my brother, you may care for the man and not be brought to believe just as he believed. He had lofty principles and tried to live as near the Golden Rule as he was able to do. On the other hand, when we

enter into Napoleon's nature, we see dignity and commandership. The one life was moral, but of Napoleon we cannot say the same, and here we compare the two great men, one at the tomb of the other. (I remember you shook Ingersoll's hand in your pulpit.) My brother, why should I condemn somebody for not believing as I believe? What right have I to do so? Aside from one's faith and views, we meet as man to man, or woman to woman. Why should I dictate and take a person by the collar and say, Here, you come my way? That is not the proper teaching. You must lead through kindness. Why take a man's liberty from him, whether it be religion or whether it be freedom? If I dictate to you and say, you should go that way, is that my business? You are master of yourself.

No more, my brother, do I believe in death-bed repentance. Is death-bed repentance going to save a man from the darkness he has to pass through, simply because he thinks his sins are forgiven him in the last moment? When he tries to live a life as correctly as possible, trusting the Almighty nearly all through life, and falls, as he believes, in the arms of Jesus, the hosts of angels are the appointed ones to come and help this one and that one to cross the bar; but when a degraded life brings him down to a shell, to a state of illness where he is unable to help himself, then the minister is brought in who is unable, sir, to forgive him his sins. When he passes into spirit life those degrading things meet him face to face; he has to be helped as a child. Some people are able to live above those things, according to their convictions, just as they are able to grow, and as you grow in this life, so also you grow here, my brother. If you are open to conviction it is all the wiser for you, but if you are not looking for these better things, you do not receive them. Can you understand my meaning? You follow out the lines that you have laid out for yourself. If you die in degradation, it takes an eternity to overcome it. I thought, my brother, as you were playing that song, years hence when you are called to leave the loving woman who is your wife and my instrument, and when you can come back and see her sitting at the instrument, and you using her body to play that instrument, the blessing that will be brought will be a help to yourself. Did that thought come to you? I want to tell you, you have only commenced your courtship, only commenced to live your life, the past had nothing to compare with your future. Your sorrow will be that you had not met before. You may not think that I am telling you what is correct, but before two years are over your head, you will believe you are in heaven on earth. I do not know why I was brought into this thought; I was not thinking of it, but that beautiful music of the masters suggested it. Never will there be greater masters in the world than those that have gone. The old-time music today is not appreciated. We hear the jingling trash, but there is nothing left to elevate. The music masters as a rule invite the highest thoughts to the hearer; one holds you spellbound, and you want to listen, and the other has no lasting effect, none whatever.

Well, my brother, I am afraid I am taking too much strength from my instrument. As I grow stronger in my leadership of this instrument, I trust that some day I shall be able to take this lady, and when she gains my entire personality and is strong, it is altogether likely that somebody whom I once loved shall have the pleasure of recognizing me. But remember, my brother, the work is in swaddling clothes; it is in its boyhood; it has not even learned to talk, the instrument is not able to bear a long talk, the magnetism is not strong enough; but remember what I say, your greatest hope, your greatest pleasure when you join my ranks in the years hence will be to come back and play that instrument through the lady whom I have the pleasure of talking through. You may not feel that way now, but it is so. Your life will be centered in the one you leave behind. The dial on the clock does not change until the mechanism is worn out, but the clock up there never changes. The clock where I am goes on and time is not counted, the moments, hours, nor days. Yet people say Time and Eternity. But, my brother, we do not measure our time by your time; events always cast their shadows, even an event of matrimony. Many times that which may be about to happen is prevented, some other event may step in before it, and many times the spirit friends may be wanting something else to occur, and you will just turn around and go the other way. Then there is another point: So many times we look for so much from spirit, and so much brings disappointment, for much depends on the mortals;

therefore the spirits are called the basest kind of liars. Excuse me. The world in general has forgotten that the mortal does not open its reasoning to the power of the spirit. You and your good wife have given them an entrance; care has been taken that no undesirable entrance is allowed in her high spiritual thought, which is one of the greatest achievements along the line of spirit return. If the thought were not high, spiritual, I should not care for your instrument. Dependence, my brother, can be placed in her. Another thing that we appreciate is, that great love of doing the work and not wishing to be praised for it. People would come and clutch all things from her freely. Some people extract so much more than others. Her father and mother will be gone before her, and you will be father and mother and all.

Nov. 30. George: You see the condition your wife is in today. She is not able to give too many readings. This is her third today. You must not expect too much, Captain. I said months ago she was not ready for public readings, I said it right here. We cannot have any strange influence, without she unconsciously goes into it herself. Anyone who sits with her, Captain, who is not perfectly attuned, perfectly in harmony, whose life is not sweet and clean, will leave his influence and affect her. She is not strong enough to combat with them. (How did you like the Reception?) Fine. I and my twenty-six. I tell you that cooking was smacking good. Mother Mary was here and enjoyed it. She was glad to meet Mr. Donnelly again. (Medium did not know him.)

And the Joslyn lady likes your gal. She, too, is mediumistic, but her health is a detriment. Very spiritually minded. But, Captain, I rather like the cricket you have here sometimes, the little Clifford that dances around. She is a good soul. Nothing mean about her. And she thinks the world of your gal; and say, old man, who doesn't that knows her? Your friend Charles is commencing to be infatuated himself. He likes her spirit and cheerfulness. His wife thinks her very nice. You were quite fortunate in securing it; good surety without any taxation, domestic quality, U. S. protection. She is your best half, and you are her best half. Say, Captain, with all due respect to my old gal, she sees your fast increasing love for your wife, and she feels that she is not wanted by you. She has said that to me.

If you were clairvoyant enough you would see a lot of those passed on who were very hard drinkers, and who often overshadow some poor fellow and make him their victim; and they quietly get into the saloons and absorb the fumes, so satisfying their taste. I would not say I went into the saloons, but I followed some jackies around. They are fond of grog, because they have had poor opportunities shown them, and the smartest thing some of them think they can do is to drink. The smartest thing is to be able to say No. Captain, I was with my gal today. The father of the gal she went to see (Miss H——) must be very careful, or he will be snapped out like that (snapping fingers). He is not so now, but the conditions are around him, cold and pneumonia, same thing he had before and nearly went out with. He is one of those fellows you could not caution. Your little gal has some beautiful thoughts, Captain, if you but knew it. What would you do if you didn't have that voice around here? Well, Captain, I think I will get aboard my boat and go on. We tried to get your little mother to talk, not Mother Mary, but your own little mother. She says, My boy has lumbago sometimes, but not as much as I had. (Also mentioned other past facts unknown to the medium.)

Dec. 1. Beecher: Good evening, my brother. It was rather hard for me to get in today, partly because the musical department was too brief. If we are careless of ourselves, we forget when we go beyond three times twenty. At your age we should be more careful than previous to that; our systems are depleted, our blood is thicker in one way and thinner in another; thicker because it does not flow from the veins without obstruction. As we grow older, instead of the warming fat, we accept the cold air, because there is a clogging there. I was seventy-four, a little over, but then the years that have come and gone since my passing over I would not recall. I would not wish to return. My life here I am able to make beautiful. I tried to lay the cornerstone. I faltered many times. We all falter, but faltering makes perfect; and as the hymn speaks of the mansions far away, I want to say, those mansions we are building. Do we build them aright? We can feel the

influence of those we love best. We need not talk our thoughts; they are known without our talking them, they are felt most by others in just the thinking. So many beloved ones stand around to enter. So many are crushed and fallen through the narrow and open door. Do we give our ear to the multitude who stand about us, ready and willing to help us over the strand? No, no, no. It is not so, the preacher says, and yet not one true minister of the gospel today will refuse to accept the truth for himself. He could not give it out broadcast. If he did, they would say he is a lunatic. What did he mean by the silent watchers? Are they the angels, the spirits that left this world two thousand years ago? Is it to them alone the privilege is given to come and minister to strangers? No, sir. It is those we call dead, after they are risen. If we could but watch the closing of an eye and see that spirit wafted up in the air, like a little cloud, going up and up, and able to return and attend its own funeral. Those about him may say, He was a good fellow, and probably before he passed out they would say he was a rogue. As a rule, in forty-eight hours he stands looking downward into the face of him they think is dead.

And, my brother, why cannot they give up the flowers when we are walking your earth, not when we are dead? A dead man cannot take flowers with him. Let it be flowers of speech and not of thorns. These little jealousies, these little sneaking things. Oh, how they cut, one by one leaving a large wound to fester. Bye and bye the whole personality becomes festered and cancerous. I do not mean a cancer that needs an operation; I mean the whole being of man, losing all power of action, when only a few short years those same friends with brotherly love could have lifted him over the stile step by step; when we see those who knew him best pull their skirts away and say, He is a leper, we want nothing to do with him, turn him away. Woe unto the conscience of anybody that turns down any soul, for there shall be a reckoning the one with the other. The leprous soul is just as good as ours, but it takes a little time after leaving the body, if good is in him, to rise out of this condition; but, my brother, he stands as good a chance as you. Nothing is lost, nothing dies. We can kill much, we do kill much, and it seems human that those we love most are the ones we try hardest to kill. . . .

When we come to the sea thought, the shipwreck on the ocean, we neglect to apply it to our daily life. The shipwreck takes with it so many hundreds of lives into the Great Eternity. My brother, they are nipped right in manhood. When they have all gone onward then they have our sympathy. Does the poor devil on the street who has been wrecked so many times have your sympathy and mine? In nine cases out of ten of the shipwrecked, those upon the ocean are not morally depraved. The poor fellow whom we meet, who is battling against the winds and the storms, who is being dashed against the rocks of life, his ship almost shattered, is the one that needs our sympathy. We had but a short time ago such a catastrophe. The friends of those friends who went over and met us need the world's sympathy. But in future, my brother, remember that those souls gone out and on need your sympathy less than the shipwrecked souls of earth. Whenever you see such do not feel unkind, but let a thought of help to them ascend to the angels above, those messengers of peace.

Dec. 12. Warsaw, in broken English, made truthful comparisons between different past friends, proved his company with me when downtown, that he saw what I was buying for Christmas, naming the articles and the tag prices exactly, said he saw Mr. Boenau getting something for me, naming the article, confirmed by the gift afterward. I had bought a cut-glass punch bowl and other articles at Macy's, kept the fact a secret; but Warsaw told what they were before their delivery, and how, in the medium's absence, I fitted them in place on the buffet, found them right, and hid them from sight till the holiday.

Dec. 14. George: Hello, Captain. (Referring to above purchases): You will have them all arranged before she gets down. You paid about $16.97 for the bill, and if you get the glass that will cost you about $14 more; that is $31; and you had to pay about $1.69 for the reflector, and for the ladle $2.98; that is nearly $36. ($35.64; all the figures correct.) You will take just as much pleasure out of that as the gal. It is not foolish. I will imagine a punch and a strawberry in there every time for me. Say, Captain, I tell you what, we have a

smacking cook around here. We can cook on wind with a little gas, both natural and artificial. You are pretty happy. There are enough long-faced victims of matrimony. They make mistakes. Say, Captain, you are going to get more glass; I think your wife will get four gifts of glass, in the same way. You will be collared around the neck by the gal. It is a happier time this Christmas than last. This is your happiest Christmas since 1906. You did not have your old gal Mary in 1907 at Christmas. (She died in September, 1907.) She was with me. I did not know her; five years now. Look up your paper and you will see. Even with my old gal you had no such Christmas. Had some icebergs sometimes, just as icy inside as out.

Let me tell you something, Captain. If you had not hitched to my old gal, and if you had not bought this shanty, you would not have come in contact with your new gal. So you see it takes a wrong to make a right. And if you had not had the Irishman you would not have met her through the caretaker. So all is well that ends well. Captain, you could have had some other gal and other things more detrimental than my old gal. She was the pampered darling of the public; and your young gal will be that, too, some day when you won't be here. You won't see to the full extent, but you will see it, because you will be the one to push it ahead. Your pleasure will be to work through her. I think you have got as good tests through her as you did from my old gal, just as accurate. She is like a glove. Well, Captain, I think I will get aboard my ship and sail, for I will take a trip to Philadelphia. Some people owe debts, don't like to pay, part of some people's religion. But take the gal's family: if they were starving they would dispose of everything they have before they would do it. It is that pride that runs in the blood and flows through the veins; and if they were at the point of starvation they would starve, you would not know it. You would not catch the other people doing that; they would bleed the arteries if they could.

Dec. 15. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. I am glad again to come to you near our Christmas time, a time when all seems joyous, and yet to many a time of joy and sorrow; sorrow to some for the passing away of those whom they loved; sorrow to others for lack of nourishing food, sorrow to the child life for the lack of toys, sorrow of old age, sorrow for loss of health. Good cheer should reign supreme. My brother, there are so many topics I do not know that I shall touch them all; the first the art of living. Some give that they may receive one hundred fold; others give that sunshine and brightness may come into their lives; others give with the expectation of return of greater benefit than the benefit they bestow on others; others give without selfish interest. Unto him that hath shall be given. That is the saying that has come through the ages. Unto him that hath not shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have. It is not the starting out in life with a heritage, a blessing in worldly goods, it is the starting out with the talents that lie dormant for a time, but that through energy bring forth fruit. This is the type of person we wish to speak of today. Unto him that hath shall be given. So many powers at times lie dormant through lack of intelligence. Others cloud their talents through disgraceful lives, bringing disgrace wherever they go. Some come into life with just one talent; they make more of that one talent than sometimes he who hath the ten, because one with the ten feels that the power is his, where he who hath the one feeleth it is his duty to progress. I shall take you in your life; I do not mean that you have not talent, but I mean this: that you did not scatter your forces. When you got to certain degrees you held there. The little you had you put forth only where you could see a benefit arise. Others would have disposed of it long ago, and at your years had nothing; so we find the one talent progressed, progressed, until it budded into a most beautiful flower. So, many times the little ones that come into life are pushed aside because it is thought they have no brightness. It lies dormant for a while, but, my brother, if the root is shown and the talent is there, it must bud forth. Take another child: the first years it promises great things. The two grow up side by side; the one who has promise falls into evil paths; it is flattered, flattery kills it, but the one we take no notice of blooms out into beauty.

We do not always find the Christ spirit in the wealthy homes; we sometimes must go to Nazareth. Good cometh out of Nazareth, and good may come out of hell—the hell we create about ourselves. We never

find the lily in perfect soil; we find it hangs its head in the marsh. You know that, my brother. It is not always kissed by the sunshine, it is also kissed by the shade, and we may find something there that will interest us body and soul. It is not always the beautiful bird in the golden cage that gives the most harmony. No more is it the most beautiful, gushing woman we find in fashionable homes, cold as the marble statue, almost lifeless, sometimes noticing those around her, at other times not seeing them; but it is she that comes out of humble circumstances, who smileth as she goes, shedding sunshine everywhere, bringing no deception, always standing for truthfulness, always with kindly heart, who giveth unto the needy; not always money. There are some things more than money, my brother, the kindly word spoken at the right time, the taking of the hand when one is despairing in grief, the leading of a child upward, not by showing it its baseness, but bringing out its beautiful temper that seems hidden under the bushes, and it pushes the bushes aside. We take up that little nugget, open it carefully, and see in the child life all that is beautiful. Sorrow, why cometh thou to me? What have I done to deserve thee? Thou knowest not, yet must I meet thee that casteth out all things that are lovely, which must come to lay my head low and strip me of my pride. What have I done to deserve thee? forgetful of the fact that if sorrow never comes to thee, thou wouldst not bask in the sunshine of love; thou wouldst not see the joy of living each day; each hour, each moment would be the same to thee; thou couldst not see the pearly gates just across the river.

The art of living. Unto you is given a son. From him thou dost get life from the time he enters the home; unconsciously he is the leader of that home. You watch his every movement, his every speech, each thing he handles; you watch him step by step; he goes forward; your hopes are centered in him; you look forward to the day wherein he shall prove that he has been worthy of being called thy son; each day, each year, up each rung of the ladder, it is up to the parent to know which way that child is going. It is watched in its earliest infancy, each little trick corrected just the way it should be corrected. The compliments it receives, its natural youthful companions, the society it mingles in—all things count. He has been given for a purpose, be the living good or evil. Sometimes we blame the Father who ruleth us; but, my brother, He is not to blame, the blame is our own. It is a poor stick who blameth somebody else for his trouble. If we look into our lives and enter therein, we will find out the source of all the trouble. It is ourselves, our temperament, our disposition, our love, our life. We do not harmonize ourselves, we do not gravitate where we should. All the time, my brother, the child seeks the example of the father. Never tell a child to do anything that you do not mean it to do; never let that child see what it has no right to see. You cannot bring a beautiful blossom out of a turnip-patch, no more than you can bring a beautiful cow out of a pigsty. Therefore you cannot bring a perfect child out of imperfect natures.

My brother, you must not look for perfect domestic competency in your wife. She does well, but psychics and menial work do not go together. She tries to do the best she can, but if you are looking for perfectness in domestic life, you won't get it. You may get a perfect domestic home, but not with a psychic instrument. There are too many influences about. You have received a jewel. We are able to get domestic people who will keep our homes in perfect order, but we can find few instruments who seek to become servants. It is not their temperament; they are grasping higher things, reaching out to help others; if so, they cannot grovel to the earth; they are able to do just as much, and we cannot expect them to do more. Instruments do not gravitate to dirt. We take up just what we are capable of taking up. Sensitiveness will not come down to hard material. That which has a tendency upward must go up, cannot go down, no more could some of your company of previous years satisfy your longings; no more can the hard stolidness of housework appeal to a sensitive. I never liked it. You have one very independent; so was I. You would not exchange that independence for other things that you received early in life, and if you could see yourself a year ago, and see yourself now, you would not want to shake hands with the other self. You probably do not think that, but I see it. You look like another man; you are absolutely getting handsome. Then at times it was hard work for you to smile, now you are smiling all the time. Then

it took but this (snapping fingers) and away you went, I do not mean out of the house, but in the air. Now occasion does not demand it, and we find things going smoothly, just like a glove. (Mr. Beecher, you still have your humor.) Spiritual life does not mean we do not see fun in some things. If we do not see fun and brightness, what is there in life, either in spirit or on earth? He who made us never intended we should be long-faced. He means we should feel the joy of life and brightness and sunshine in all things. . . .

George: Hello, Captain. I only came in to say Good evening. He was fine. Well, here's an old friend here, Mother Mary. Here comes my old gal tumbling along. She did know how to tumble, laughing so her stomach shakes. She has got her daughter with her. And your father and your mother, and Mr. Morey. Says he used to speak for you. Was in America a good many years. It seems as if he was my own countryman (English). Dr. Krebs, and the old redskin Warsaw.

Dec. 16. Warsaw entranced the medium to say that one of the two fancy punch bowls I had ordered from Macy had a flaw, as I would see when it arrived. (Delivered the next day, I found a flaw in the red bowl and returned it for another.)

Dec. 21. Beecher: Good afternoon, my brother. (Glad to see you, Brother Beecher.) I will be glad when you do see me. My idea of the celebration of Christmas is, how blessed it is that families united know that they know not when the order cometh to call them onward. My idea is, not alone to receive, but to give; not so much to give unto those who have, as to those who have not, to make them happy. Christmas means much to the child with the toys, the invalid confined to the home, to them that stand at the doorway of those they loved, seeing but the shell. Then we go to one who thinks that wine, food and gluttonness mean everything. I have a strange way of drawing comparisons. Then we go to humbleness, and we find out what true charity is. It means the bringing forth of that which is to open the gates; showing the devotion of father, son and child, showing that each child as it cometh forth into the home should be evidence of power and ownership and love and devotion in that home. That is my definition, I know of none better. It also means, as the child grows up into manhood or womanhood, into the life it lives, no danger should come, gainsaying the motherhood, the fatherhood of the child, and the responsibility of bringing it up. It seems to some people easy enough to have them, but the having of them is the least. Not that I believe in the growing idea of having children if you have no prospect of leading them into proper ways; I do not mean that they should be in homes alone of luxury, but I mean their lives should be ruled by high moral subjects, for immorality is death to all good that may be in the child. I feel, my brother, that that is a mistake, more so now than ever; and I think that anyone who knew me when I was on your sphere knew that I always liked to look ahead and point the way, and that was to point the way forward and not the way downward, because the life brought into life without the common heritage of nourishment, and with all the passions of the body, is certain death. I do not call common existence, or drudgery for common existence, or ten to fifteen feet in three rooms, life. I call it hell, for the simple reason there must be microbes everywhere. I do not call it life in one or two rooms, families begetting more family before the eyes of the older children. A child copies what it sees its elders do. If the father has a fault, and the child is old enough to see it, that child is apt to have the same fault, and if you talk to it, he will put the blame on the father. . . .

I must say, my brother, that this is one, and will be one of the happiest Christmases that you have spent in years. I am going back in your life for many years, and even when that sainted soul was here, with perplexing conditions at that time. Now there is nothing perplexing, we have walked out of those conditions into brighter things, we have left back of us that which must have been a passing cloud, at one time almost submerging us. Now we find there is happiness, there is cheeriness and no lonesomeness. (As a spirit do you see my past, or hear about it?) I have been told. You must be a little calmer, not quite so fiery, and just a little more thoughtful. Your girl is constantly watched and guided and will be taken care of, my brother. She has no evil habits that I can perceive. (How about accidents?) She does no walking alone, for God and the angels are watching and guarding. Con-

stantly trouble is evaded. She would be in no more danger without you by her side, with her perfect trust and confidence in their safeguarding. Natural accidents are just as apt to happen to you, collision with cars, and other things. . . .

You have softened and lost all your satire. When you meet others under that condition you usually find or inspire that condition in them, and your losing that condition causes them to lose theirs. If we are looking for trouble, we do not have far to go to find it. But if you should try to get up anger with your wife, it would be a trial for a time, it would not last; you would have to break down and let the sunshine in. Your riches are many through her, you are content now. You only existed before. You take pride now in much in which you did not take any pride before. I believe you are as satisfied today as you ever were in your life, and more so; do you know that? And yet you would not say that to your wife. She uses every effort, she is the last consideration in the bargain. My brother, if you will sit on Christmas morn, about eleven o'clock, and play a couple of anthems, I will be pleased to come in for a short time. Good night.

Maggie Gaul: Good evening, my brother, I am so glad to be with you. Of all the seasons of the year, this and Easter were the two grandest ones to me, one foretelling the other; the advent, the resurrection, showing us that we are not dead, that we live. It is good to be here, thanks to Captain George and Mrs. Wakeman. I listened with great pleasure to the reverend doctor. Our ideas are changed, changed. When on the earth sphere our minds do not change as a rule at once. It takes time to change all things, even the little budding flower. At first it looks to us like nothing, it looks to us as if it were just a little particle of green; until it later unfolds and buds and blossoms and dies. So must we, the Christmas showing the birth; the Ash Wednesday in my church showing the preparation for the death. I was a Romanist in my early life. I was raised in a convent. The Thursday before Easter means the going out of life, and the Easter morning the rising. I only give you this illustration to show you the change that gradually comes, and when you have arisen you will find you have changed just the same. I am not attached to any one medium. I prefer being a missionary in the Cause, helping those that are true to the work, but not helping those who claim me at all times, who do not try to do all the good they can. There are those whom I work through, but I do not work through everybody. There are those I would not want to work through.

Baltimore was a pretty good place, not quite as far south as your home, but far enough to take a part of the southern pride. Grateful are we if we are able to reach those whom we love, and those whom we love are able to reach us. I am afraid your earthly attraction influences most people. Do not place your wife's psychic gifts before her. We have one who is interwoven with so many bright and beautiful gifts, I may say more than most women. Some women have gifts, but not the spiritual. Some use their gifts not always for a right purpose, some cause disturbance through their so-called gifts. You have none of that. Much is yours to appreciate and be thankful for. I shall leave you, wishing you happiness, brightness and love. This is near the closing time of my meetings when I was on the earth, about a quarter to five. Build up in your life that which you will want to take with you; for thoughts are things, and evil thoughts evil things, bright and beautiful thoughts the beautiful home. Your wife has sent much of that before her. Do you likewise. Good afternoon.

Dec. 25. Beecher (hand through his long hair): Good morning. Merry Christmas, and many of them. Christmas brings happiness once during the year to many, although to many it brings sadness through different causes. To you, my brother, it has brought bright and certain gladness this year, more so than in quite some years of your life. Am I right? I cannot speak in my usual tone, owing to the condition of the throat of the instrument. With the musical influences of the day, and the reunion and the talk which changes the mental attitude, it brings happiness, and it is a day to be remembered by all. I was pleased with the piece of music that you played. To me the "Palms" is always one of the most beautiful pieces, appropriate for the day as well as for the Easter day; the one the birth, the other the resurrection, the commencement and the end, and not the end as it is looked upon, only the beginning; but many view it as the end, and they think, when the cold

snow and damp weather are trickling down upon that which once held the form of their loved ones, that that is the last. Oh, no, that is only the commencement; it is the last to that form of earth; but the spirit, that which occupied your body at life's close, goes on from one stage to another in the course of evolution. Would that we could instill this thought in the many, how much brighter would be their ways, how much less sadness would be theirs. They would see the flower even though the snow is on the ground, because it would be the flower of hope; they would see the light even in the pouring rain, for the light would be in their hearts. The sun may shine for you today, my brother, tomorrow it may seem dark; but in that darkness there is always the light of another world which shineth for one and all; but rarely is it seen because we hold ourselves down in such lowly grooves, not knowing whether we go hither or thither. But the Christmas day, when I held my services in old Plymouth church, was always a day of gladness, a day of rejoicing one with the other; for it meant the reuniting of friends and families, and many times forgiveness for our foes. And then, have you done your duty, have you reached somebody who knows not the time when he can have the food which he requires? If to one of these you have given, you have done wisely; for many go without the knowledge of the day, or knowing what it once was to them, either having lost the proper sentiment through the winecup, or through poverty, poverty brought about by their own hand, sometimes through others, and then they sink down into the ditch, and do not seem able to draw their feet from the mire, to get them upon solid ground where they may walk. Here we see the child, the babe with the little toys that wind and spin, then we see the larger child with his book; these are a sight which means more to me than all others, for the innocents, with those baby voices, and the little gifts they receive, and shall get much pleasure from, are not looking forward to greater gifts, but pleased with the present. May you receive the many blessings that you deserve. I must go because of the medium's throat.

Mary: Good morning, Mr. Snipes. Merry Christmas. And yours shall be merry today. I shall have some lemonade when you meet and drink from those tumblers. They did not want those things when I was young, but few could afford them. I am so glad that you gave them to your wife. This is a beautiful Christmas day, but don't forget to play my favorite, "Face to Face." (Which I attempted to sing at her funeral.) And, Joe, love your wife. You chose wisely. You are well taken care of, my boy, not selfishly, but with devotion, with love. I wish it had been when I left. Much trouble would have been avoided. Joe, it was a schooling you had to pass through, because much of your high temper you had previous to that has been broken; in other words, your pride to a certain extent has been mellowed. You are able to see that. If your wife were taken from you to where I am, you would not be able to live without her.

Dec. 29. Beecher: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen; good evening, my brother. It would not be wise for me to stand up while using the instrument. Serious results might occur in an unguarded moment. My friends, we are about to place in the casket within a few days the end of the year 1912, and as we box the fragments, may I ask: What have you done, or what did you do in the past year to bring sunshine and happiness into some other people's lives? What scandal have you been interested in? How has the world used you, or how have you used the world? In other words, has it paid you to be just, of service to others? Are you your brother's keeper? My friends, this is a conglomeration, but as the old year goes out and the new comes in, we all seem to stand and plan what the next year is to bring forth. Will it bring forth good or evil? Will it bring joy or sorrow? Will all things planned, all things not yet planned, turn out to your satisfaction? When I was upon your plane in life, there was a time when I made resolutions, planning what I should leave undone for the next year of my life, things that had passed and were passing out of my life. When I looked back and saw them at the end of my life, my brother, I felt it was no use forming resolutions, as those I formed I generally broke. Old Adam makes its appearance; we must bury the old Adam before we are to make resolutions to keep. We are what we are, through what we try to make ourselves. Therefore let us not condemn. We are not living other people's lives, and they are unable to live our life. In other words, let us keep our own cellars clean and our parlor

floors will take care of themselves. But when we go sweeping dirt, and this one's failure, and this and that and the other, we have a whole pile we better have left alone. So we have crevices in our fence, and are constantly waiting and twirling, constantly picking, not ourselves, but the other fellow all the time. This year let us resolve that we will pick ourselves to pieces. After we have improved upon ourselves, then let us try to improve others, not by showing them their faults, but by showing them an example, and then they may profit, but they cannot profit when we are picking somebody else. And as the new year comes in, let us see what good we may be able to do to those we come in contact with. Let us do good by refusing to look back in our lives to pick out spots that have become moth-eaten, that the worms have torn apart, that rankle in our mind and memory at times. Let us look into the good in the person that caused this rankle, and so forget the moth-eaten patches. When they may have honored us, let us think of how we may have honored them. Let us question: Have I always done my duty, the best I know how? Immediately the answer comes back: I owe no man anything, only good-will. This is an infamous untruth. You do owe some man something. If you owe him nothing else, you owe him the hand of brotherly love, you owe him beautiful thoughts, you owe him the best you have yourself. In return, he owes you the same amount that you give to him. As we give, so we receive, and sometimes with interest not to our liking. We turn the second page of our new-built resolutions and as we enter that second page there come into our lives misunderstandings. What sadness there is to people when misunderstanding creeps in, for if we do not understand another, he may not understand us. Being misunderstood is one of the mysteries of the ages that breeds so many cankerous sores. It freezes the heart, killing all the good that may be living there, bringing forth all the bad instead of the good. My brother, let us each understand the other, not looking for the little thin covering, not trying to pierce through it so as to discover some little thing that may not amount to much, only as it goes forth and merges into something large.

Do you know why I say this? It is quite a habit of yours just to look at the underpinnings and brood over them and put two and two together, and two and two make four, and the four and four make eight; and when we have lived in the day of imagination we are prompted to imagine a lot we should not, and these things moulder in your heart; you look back to these spots that have not been covered with the happiness you desired. Do not think of what might have been, but of what has been escaped, going its way; it was a step that may be for your good, and not alone for you, my brother. When you may be able to forget much that has occurred, your advancement will take rapid strides to more perfect health of body, health of mind, and more health of soul. You are learning, I am sure, to love your wife devotedly; still there is something in your heart that keeps you from forgetting what has been. It is not that you have found any fault in her, but it is the way you have been used. Will you promise me on the entering of this new year (I do not ask you to make resolutions, they are so easily broken) to try and forget the unhappy conditions of the past? I want you from this day to forget those things. My dear sir, I was looking at you this morning. Do you know that when your wife is about, you are another man, and when she is out, you are out, too—of sorts. Others may have good wives, but they could be surly, too. You could live with yours a hundred years and not have a word. Good night.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JAN. 3, 1913. Wiona, the original Sioux squaw, daughter of Warsaw, and early control of Mother Wakeman, entranced Charlotte for the first time, in her old familiar way; said if I got another piece of cut-glass for top of cabinet and would hide it, she would make medy tell what it was and where it was. Warsaw took control nearly every morning or evening, or both, with talk about the events of the day; wonderfully acute and correct. Asked me to hide the gift somewhere else as a prank on his Wiona.

Jan. 4. Wiona, at table, controlled again and said she would lead the medy to the gift in the closet, first left-hand corner of the pantry; and Warsaw said I had thought of buying another piece, priced at $3.98, but that I chose a better one at $4.98. (All correct.)

Father: Good evening, my dear, dear boy. I am not able to use her as much as I like, but I want to leave my calling-card at the first of the year. It pleases your mother and me to see your happiness, and to know that you are not alone, and to see how your people-in-law remembered you in the last festivities; not that they were great or grand gifts, but useful gifts, and the thought that you were made to feel that you were a part of them, not alone your wife being remembered, but that you should be. It is not what we give, it is not how we receive it, but the spirit in which we take it. I do not think you feel it is too much, whatever you do, to make her happy, although she is not one that needs expensive gifts to do that. There is much happiness in store for you, much brightness, your life is not a mistake nor a mismanagement. There was a time when it appeared that way, but all obstacles were overcome, and permit me to say, you are given the privilege of being just as happy as you are able to be. All do not receive into their life another willing and striving to help the other. God bless you, my son, God bless you.

Jan. 5. Beecher (standing up, hands behind his back): As we again draw near in this sanctuary of peace and harmony, may light and truth be given to many. We have heard the strains of beautiful music. (The Blue and the Grey.) As part of the peace offering between the North and the South, today we find that he who wore the Confederate grey, and he who wore the Northern blue, walk side by side. Sometimes among ourselves we wonder whether it was a wise thing for us to go to war in regard to the black man. Many years after I sometimes thought about that problem, and yet, my brother, I want to say, if today I dwelt among you, I would do the same thing. Did God ever place one mortal upon the earth that was to be more than another? No; be he black or white, his soul is just the same, the difference is in race. It was never meant that one should marry the opposite. Their souls are just as white as the white man's, be it they live to the best and highest purposes of life. Liberty is a good thing, freedom with all things is good, yet sometimes it brings harm. You may notice that the negro from the sunny South as a rule still looks up to his master, he looks upon him as his superior, he recognizes his higher position. He who is African recognizes these facts. Many of our Northern growth today are bulldozers, very independent, not with the higher purpose of the Southerner. You will find the Southern negro does not use as much liquor as the Northern. Then when we go to the South which was the land so beautiful before the war, we see the homes made desolate by those who have gone on. We lost lots of Northern boys, but not as many in comparison as the Southern. Homes that were most beautiful before that time even today have not been able to return to their former splendor.

We find, though, another side of the question: that we have not quite as much laziness, excuse me, my brother, in the South today as we had then. Even the whites have found their dependence, or independence, I should say. They find they must depend on themselves. It is brought into

those cities, towns, businesses, which never would have come to anything but in a very poor way. It has brought the Northerner and the Southerner, with exception of a few of our Southern dictators, to recognize each other. I myself, though, would like to export some of the negroes to the other side of Jordan, when I see their great independence and superior feelings towards their superiors. It seems strange that I should get upon this question, but the playing of the wonderful piece with all its beautiful variations, recalled the scenes from the beautiful sunny South, where in my mind the Northerners never have those beautiful sunsets and glories; still we are more enterprising. Where they are not enterprising they are ahead of us in much. They have some institutions which we would be quite proud of, whereby education is given for a much smaller amount than we are compelled to pay, aside from our public schools. Our children there are brought up with a different class of manners. They are taught (I am not speaking of the negro population now) that their elders or their superiors are not their inferiors. That is a contradiction. I mean by that, many Northern men are looked upon as superiors. Here the child speaks first and the parent after, and we call that smartness, brightness. I do not; I would want to spank the child and put it to bed. Traveling in the South we find that the Southerner will always make room for the ladies. In the North they always push them aside, if there is anything to be gained, but the Southerner will permit the lady to go ahead. And with all our public schools in the North, I find that the majority of the Southern people whom I have met are by far of finer education for their limited opportunities. Here, from the time the child is, as a rule, about seven years old, it is ready to quit the school at eleven or twelve, and instead of taking up something which will be of assistance to him, he gets back in a corner playing craps, throwing dice.

That is the Northern education for you. I must say, among the negroes of the South I saw this, but not so much among the sons of our whites. Here we find our families sheltered in apartments and rooms; there, as a rule, they have not come to the apartment plan; if it is a three-room hut, it is a home. There is your question solved. . . . (Were you influenced by spirits in earth life?) I did not take any credit for it in the first part of my life, but after years of experience and the loss of my beloved mother, I learned that I was led. Like some ministers, I did not like to sow it broadcast, owing to prejudice, but in the end I cared not; I would just as leave give them Spiritualism as anything else.

Jan. 7. Wiona: Say, white chief, there's a whole lot of strange lookers. I mean men of all kinds of heights, Dr. Beecher, bigger than all the rest; he at medy's back, and Dr. Krebs. I got the gal topsy-turvy. Me going to make fun. The Jeff'son man here. No much hair on his head. He go with his wife near twenty-five years ago. Wasn't that when you was down on 14th St.? (Yes.) He had another wife after that. He had been dead about fifteen years. Didn't he have something matter with his spine? Then he had pneumonia. He was one of our kind what had wheels in the head. That's what public say. He knows the Davy (Davis) man and you, too. He say you have books of experiences just as good as his books, if you weed out some pussonalties. It's the facts you want, things like that Red Wing, good. Much good. If you lazy when you walk now, when you come up spirit world you still that lazy, no interest but self. Stay back generations. (Any other spirit here now?) There was Colby. Was he from Boston? He used to write for the paper. Him kind o' smiling face, great big eyes, not too fat, high forehead. Him died with his heart. He had another partner, and he interested in Spiritualism years 'fore he died. (Have you seen our old-time statesman?) You mean Mr. Paine? High forehead, big chin, great grey-black eyes, hasty in younger days, made mistakes, slower in old age; talk to Mary.

Jan. 8. Warsaw called at breakfast, and with usual broken English spoke of persons, things, conditions; had seen my figuring, and named correct amounts made from ownings, also dividends and interest of past year. All exactly correct.

Jan. 9. Wiona said Mr. Bunn, a visitor, had received a letter today with check for $100. (Found correct.) (Who was here last night?) Tommy Paine was here, my Capper George, Mother Mary, your father,

mother, and Mrs. Lyddy. Me like crowds of peeps. That takes out of yourself. Make you laugh all time in here, instead of cloggy. Brother Charles better than in ten years, 'cause he wake up to truth he was getting to be chronic invalid and might lose his business. Remembered couple of words by your gal; too much in himself. If you all right in your mind, and the body half right, you all right, 'cause your mind able to overcome your body. He puts blanket around him. Thinks you had experience, but him don't care much, don't want to understand. That sister of his not in the right location. Too far from the elevator and from the sub, neither east or west. Peeps don't like it where houses all huddled together; and a lot of Jews there. Me think a Jew owns that house, German Jew.

Jan. 11. George: Hello, Captain. When you have that darned old redskin every day, do you expect us every time you sit down? I told you you were a leech. You never get your fill. Well, Captain, we are glad to be here, glad to see you are alive. Say, Captain, I find you are all out of sorts, more mental than physical. It is the condition of your house, the people, but you have got no cause to worry. The landlord won't put you out, he will let you stay another month. The tax-payers' association won't ask you for any money until next May. You can't have the gal daily, nightly and noonly. That is all there is to that. Too taxing with all other work she has to do. I absolutely forbid the proposition of the visiting madam. Some people are looking for all they can get, when it don't cost them anything. (Lydia sat for her.) This little gal don't have to pay any debts. Some of your former wife's friends make their appearance wanting reading.

Does this gal have to pay the debts of any one else? If your old gal had had one-sixteenth of the love in the new gal, you would have thought heaven was on earth, or earth heaven. You would have been considered, not everybody else. Madam —— would look upon it for old friendship's sake. You never knew her until you had hitched, just a short acquaintance, immaterial whether keep it up or not and besides, Captain, I don't think she very much cares, because the girl is not in her class. She wants a pretty, gay time, half way. She can take her little nip, show her teeth, and blow about what she has got. She would like to make you feel it was a favor thrust upon you, but we want her to understand it is we who are conferring favors. Here comes your old friend Mr. Newton, just to be recognized, not to talk. Why does he say Mary? Mary will come to him soon. (His wife.) Her life's work is ending. He says she is holding out fine, has been a valiant soldier, with many ups and downs. I am not speaking of money, but of the rocky road to Dublin, meaning the many rocks that have been placed in the way of Spiritualism, holding valiantly to the cause.

He wishes me to tell you he met Isaac. (What is the last name?) Begins with an F. Would he be a doctor? Mr. Newton holds a little round piece up. He tells me you have a picture of the Widow's Mite. (Dr. Funk had a friend connected with that.) Is that friend Mr. Beecher? (Yes.) Looks slim, gray, has a spot on his head like you, longer things down here (beard), taller than you, eyes very dark-brown, but a very piercing eye, heavy eyebrow. He had a habit of doing this (stroking beard), also this (hand to ear.) You don't care how you dress; he did. He used to wear a silk hat, and he liked his cane. (All true.) I would rather have the gal's good-night than all the helocution. (Who else is present?) Your father and mother, the Pritchard family, Mother Mary, Grace and her brother, Dr. Krebs. Another giving the name of Richardson. Taller than you are, and he is dark. He had a very peculiar mouth. Talked with it a little too much sometimes, and one of the fellows who knows it all. Am I right? (Yes.) He was older than you, three years. Wasn't he a little round-shouldered? (Yes. A friend of my youth in Richmond.)

Jan 12. Beecher: Good evening, my brother and friend. For my subject today I shall give you a short talk upon What does Death mean to you, as it means to me? Standing by the water's edge, and the waters rushing by, I seem to think that I sleep, and nature in her pleasure is rushing on. Death to me was simply passing over the water, just the lifting of the veil, seeing those that had gone on. Oh, had I but known they were yet so

close to me. Still for long years I felt their presence. It was as if they gently reached their hands to me, and I took hold of those hands and crossed the bar. It was just the sand rolling on the waters between me and them, and as the storm raged and the ship was tossed about, knowing not whither or thither it went, so you, my brother, you and I, and all others, have that barque upon the ocean. It goes crosswise and lengthwise, and eastwise and westwise, knowing not just where to anchor. Your anchorage now has been placed upon solid ground, the sands have stopped crumbling on the waters' edge, strength has been given you, and death is far away. Few, however, live to be four-score. In the approaching week you shall pass another mile-stone.

Soon you will be entering the last of three-score and ten, looking forward to the four-score. It is a birth-day token I give you. Much have you to be thankful for in the years before you, years of usefulness, ripeness and love. Let your light shine brightly, let no filthy lucre stand between you and your happiness. We have so many kinds of deaths. Greatest among these is jealousy, that poisons and stingeth like an adder, chilling the vitality so that you have no enjoyment in life. My brother, death to hate means love, death to love means hate. When we hoard in our memory evil thoughts, the wrong-doing of others to ourselves, the tearing down of confidence, the unbuilding of a life, the soul still goes on and on, groping in the dark, groping for light, life and love. Any animosity on your part toward any soul that has gone on I beg of you to forget and forgive. They have enough to answer for, without holding any thought of unkindness for anything they have done; for when the time comes for you to go hence, I want it so that none shall hold you back by one unkind thought, by even a sarcastic word, hard though it may be for you to pass over that little gentle reminder of wrong from the other person. My brother, give me your hand and promise me that you will try to get rid of your spirit of sarcasm. It was born in you from the Hughes side of the house, not from your father. Theirs was a quick sarcasm, some of them very unforgiving. Early in life you were more unforgiving than you are today. May I tell you that the partner that you now have will do more mellowing for you than any one living in your life?

Warsaw (referring to Madame ——): Her already had two husbands. Looking for third. Some man goes to see her. Him think her own that shanty. Not at all. Not clear. She would have to support him. (Described her home correctly, never seen by medium.) You go up stairs, go in parlor and dining room back of parlor. Then you go up to some bed rooms, and another floor with bed rooms. Two-story house and basement, front of house square; no bay window. Say, big chief, her sister not so old as her. Is her anywhere on —— St? (Yes.) My gal didn't know that. Is there a tree near her door make it kind o' damp? Her was awful proud woman once in her life. Her like to be called Madame. That's one reason why it's hard to change her name. Think it honor to be 'duced as Madame ——. Her try to look stately. Her cross ocean half dozen times in her life, and with her husband, too. Was he Hungarian? (All correct.) That what me see, he was so dark. Been dead about five years. Didn't he have 'sumption? 'cause me have to cough with him. (Right.) He no friendly, peculiar, no much take to. They no get along much good together. No real happy like you. (You have all the news, Warsaw.) Me Morning Post, Evening Telegram. (He then repeated names on New Year's cards correctly.)

Jan 18. My 70th birthday. George: Hello, Captain. I congratulate you on the years you have been sailing that barque of yours. And, Captain, you steer right this time. We saw you going backward, now you are going forward, haven't all the hair that blows. There was a time when it had curls, now it is a billiard-ball. Haven't got more hair on your head than when you were a baby. In your case you came in with none, and you will go out with just as much. At least it grew when you were an infant, now it won't, it grows less. (I understand it grows under ground.) We are traveling up another street, and go aboard another boat, the boat of life. We have broken the back of another life, and as we peel off the shell we find new life, new happiness, and bright cheer every day, we want to walk the deck and shake off the shackles that held us down. . . .

Mother Mary: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. Do you mind my taking your chair? Do I see a pair of pants on that chair? They are kind o' holey. (You used to mend them.) You would never say anything about the little holes. Good night, Joe, and many happy returns of your birthday. You are 22 years younger than I am. (Correct.)

Beecher: Good evening, my brother. Do you mind my taking your chair? I always needed air and breathing space, and tonight I need more. It is the birthday thought in the home, childhood to youthhood, youthhood to manhood, man's estate to prime of life, prime of life to middle age, middle age to three-score and ten. I heard a gentleman say he never knew that he had reached the old man's estate until he knew he was in his seventieth year. I want to tell him he is now commencing to live, not the old manhood, but the middle manhood. My brother, you are just as old as you feel, not as old as your years. Years count for little where happiness is. I could go back in your life twenty years ago when you were just as old as you are today, when the hair was brown, before you laid down your labor in poorer health. I find you then a nervous wreck, not alone working in your office, but you seemed to be interested in outside work, writing weekly. You did that for about twenty years. Well, you were ambitious; had you not been ambitious you would not have done double duty; it was double duty that helped place you where you are today. Until my last moment I was just as full of vitality, and younger, because I had learned to take life differently in the last years, and knew that I owed Henry Ward something outside of the public, and that was to take things not with a rush, but to take them easy. And that you have been doing. And so get this girl of yours to take them a little easy, for she is a steam-engine when she gets a-going. The reason is, she places her mind on what she does, and that is why it is accomplished quickly. Wherever your heart is there is your mind. If your heart is not in what you do, your mind is wandering somewhere else. I shall try to step in some time on Monday, if our instrument is in top-notch condition; if not, we shall let it go until Wednesday, for by Wednesday she will be well. (Nothing serious?) No. God shall permit her to be the last to close your eyes, and hold in clasp your hands, and place her arms around your neck, and help you to step across to Jordan. Be not afraid, be not alarmed. I would not talk to you unwisely, but I think you shall reach your mother's age. You take so much after her. I do not know that you realize it. You could have imitated your father had you not made the change you had with your wife. Really, my brother, you take much of her physical strength unconsciously to both. If you look back to your marriage you will be able to notice you are far stronger now than you were then. Do you recognize that? Mentally, physically and spiritually. That was one of my pet phrases in the pulpit, when I would say, How about it, my brother, my sister? What say you of these things? Here speaks sweet charity, kindness to all, love, love each day. May that sphere of life be broadened, with peace on earth, good-will to men; may the angels whisper their benediction, and joy, hope and courage be yours, my brother. Good night.

Jan. 19. Beecher: May I call for a glass of water? My brother, I am not in the body; different bodies need different stimulation. In order that I may be able to talk with you I need a little lubrication. One sweetly solemn thought comes to us o'er and o'er. I wish to change a little of the phraseology of those words. Do they know and do they greet us when we leave this border-land? Yes, they know us, they greet us with a shake of the hand. It may seem strange that I take this subject, but it is due to the going out of one by one of my flock in my old church in the old days. If we possess but one sweetly solemn thought of something that impressed us during our whole life, which created in our mind a memory, a sweetness gained through that sweet thought, it has served its purpose. Let us not hang on to those thoughts which can be of no help to us. We bury our dead, our so-called dead; yes, they are dead to us as we look down into the casket which holds the bark, we know we shall place it away, but in placing it away we must remember that the sap of that tree has gone onward, upward, heavenward, and if the passing away of that loved one has left the solemn thought behind, solemn to us simply for the parting, let us pull the curtain away and view that land just beyond our sight, and as we view it we shall see the difference in the faces that are there. We see one sad,

another clear and shining, because it has awakened into a life beautiful, a life wonderful, a life with its woven effects on every one. We start to weave as the weavers do, and as the little shuttle goes in and out and spins, and as we see just a little bit of that which we weave, does that shuttle look back? No, it goes steadily on, one little point to the left and to the right of that little shuttle, like the weaving of a garment. Then, my friend, let us remember that one unkind thought may be the undoing of some grand noble character. Oh, thoughts mean much to us. Our thoughts are that which we have with us at all times. We take our thoughts with us, we carry them constantly in the life we use, have them on our beds of illness, have them in our last hours. If our thoughts are not worthy of us we do not reach the worthiness due us beyond the grave, for as we sow, so do we reap. If we sow the chaff, we reap the chaff.

Jan. 20. Beecher: . . . If we place a man steeped in sin in the company of pure-minded, high-minded people, is he happy there? No, he is like a fish out of water, he needs to swim, there is no peace for him there. He may go into the most beautiful country where nothing but beauty is to be seen, can he be happy there? No; he must live amongst that which he is accustomed to. We see it on all sides. (You remember Deacon White?) Mr. White was a little too critical. At one time I did not hold it against him. Coming down from his ancestors, he was just a little dogged. I mean by that he did not weigh things; not that I wished to carry my side of the question. No, I did not, but one can be fair in all things. I do not believe in a man going one way just because somebody else goes that way. I believe in using common-sense and understanding a case, not because somebody else thinks a thing is proper. I have not arisen away from sore spots. I felt I was misjudged. I know it. Sometimes the people of one's parish think that if you do not visit them you do not care enough for them, but I am afraid I think that it is a great mistake to visit lots of people, because jealousy is the ruin of so many lives. But, thank God, my good little wife always had faith in Henry Ward, and no matter what the story was, it could not make her believe that it was true. My brother, it was not true. That is a sore spot in my memory. I was just telling you that jealousy is a sore spot. Then sometimes we seem to reach a height in our life, and it may be that we are going on too fast and we need something to take us down a peg or two, it may be that I needed that for chastisement, my brother. After the life, it is smoothed over, before that it leaves a chilling sensation and is so hard. People are always ready to say the wrong thing and not the right. But those things have gone by. I have risen from them long ago, but still they leave their mark. Remember we never do a wrong but what we must right it. It may take a thousand years to right a wrong, but it must be righted. We have heard it said that there are people who have to pick up scandal with their nose. Memory is what we take along with us. May great peace and no darkness enter the soul with life's memories.

Jan. 21. Warsaw: You going to have argument with a man, your plumber man. (True.) Me give gal strength and common sense. We have to meet with people we don't like. Me gal say they can walk the other side of the way, but if I meet 'em I say good morning, aft'noon and evenin', and say no more. (Warsaw then said he would keep medium in chair and increase her weight two hundred pounds, and with all my strength I could not budge her. Told exact amount of money I had in pocket, and relieved medium of influence of child who had choked to death.)

Jan. 25. Mother: Good evening, my boy. I promised to come. (Stroking my face and neck as in earth life.) I knew you would know me by that. I am kind o' weak. Again I have come to the new girl. She does not make it hard for me. Do you recognize my voice? (Yes.) I can stay no longer, because George told me just to report tonight. I am very happy to see how happy you are, and to know that you will always be happy with her. You are not anxious now to come away. You will be happier than you ever thought. Joe, we have all those things to go through, and they make us grander if we but know how to take them, and your wife has smoothed away all the sorrows. I am glad to know that you have her. It is dreadful to be alone. And even our impetuous boy that lives near you did not come and look after you as he

should; but you have somebody who will watch your every need, and you will be given more health and help than you have had for a long while; and love her, my boy. It is not often you find choice flowers. There are lots of thorns, but you have escaped out of the woods, on firm ground. Go ahead, my son, be happy. You are my good little boy yet. Your life has been shown me more since I left the body, and I see some of the ruts you fell into by the wayside, but they come to many, and I am glad you went through them as clean as you did. You learned many bitter lessons through those experiences, but, Joe, you have not forgotten some of the things your mother taught you. Good night.

George: Good evening, Captain. Every fellow likes to see his mother, if he is any good at all. She never had a strong, that is, a harsh voice, and will improve. Do not forget your water in the cellar. You seemed to have a hard time down there with your matches going out. You see I can give a test as well as Warsaw. . . .

Say, Captain, when a fellow is rapping you up again, just kindly say, good morning. Over by the desk. Simply wanted to let you know I was about. The gal knew, and you had a faint idea. That was what woke her up. I tell you, if any man ever had a gal that loved him, you have it. Sometimes you look at her and wonder if it is all true. Are you worthy of it, Captain? Would you like it to cease? Do you think, Captain, honestly, if it was not the right kind, that it could be put on, on all occasions? There would be a flaw in it somewhere, and it would be quite perceptible. The trouble is, I do not like to bring up any sore-heads, but your experience was such a tough one, that is the reason you distrust so much. Now, Captain, won't you give me your hand not to distrust from this hour? You might fool somebody, but, by Jinks, you won't fool George Wilson, and you won't realize what you have got, Captain, until you are on this side with me, and then, Captain, you will realize the prize you have won; and you will be absolutely proud of her.

I want to get at the little old wedges of your cranium. George Wilson saw things when he was down by the ocean-side, and what George Wilson predicted there you will find will come true. Well, Captain, when you come to my side, you will look back with pleasure and delight at your gal for the love and esteem she will always hold for your memory. Then all petty doubts will be removed from your cranium. That is the reason, when a doubting Thomas was around today, I thought I would let him know. Well, you are in first-class hands, Captain, sick or well. Don't you know every fellow needs the air? Then why the devil don't you take it? What business have you spending the afternoons or days writing me up, or any other fellow, while the sun is shining? Do you want to shorten your days, and break your gal's heart?

Mary: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. For a moment I will leave my card. You had the pleasure of your mother's call tonight. I was so glad. She feels very happy over her coming. (She repeated her earth-time petting.) Yes, she gave you that as a test, because your girl did not know that, and it would remove all doubt from your mind after doing that. It was evidence that it was your mother, and she wanted to give it to you. You have had more convincing proofs from your girl in a short time than you had in five years from me when I first started. She is so unassuming about it. Warsaw has taken a liking to the parlor. He is sitting on the settee. He can go through the door.

Jan. 26. Beecher: Good afternoon, my friend and brother. Again we come and gather around this home, you not knowing that the space is filled with silent witnesses. . . . As man enters this life he comes as a babe. In that babe are many of the elements of nature; we shall call them elements. As he grows in mental life in his early training, he is taught to look forward to the highest, or he reaps the lowest. He oftentimes reaps that which he sows long before his manhood. And we find that animals in many cases live higher than man, for if we place drink before them they refuse to accept it. We place glasses and bottles of liquors before men; they acquire the habit, the habit does not always stop at moderation, but instead man loses his identity in the froth of vice, one step leads to another, the brain becomes clogged and cloudy, and he has not the power to think, the power to project. He who is born to fill a part in

this universe, filled with pleasant things, what a life he has chosen for himself, what an example he has set for his family and his friends and his acquaintances. We see it everywhere, even with the little children whom he sometimes brings forth in passion, caused through his being contaminated by those with whom he has no right to be; he goes into these places, he becomes acquainted with women of loathesome habits, so he lives a life that draws him down to the lowest depths.

This is one phase of our question. We were all born a wheel within a wheel, you cannot do anything not correct that does not hurt your brother, we are all brothers, all sisters. We hear the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Where is it? Is it up there, is it on the street, or is it in the home? The kingdom of heaven, my friend, is dwelling right within your very walls; the harmony that you create, the influences that you send out, are your own kingdom of heaven. As you live in your earthly home, so you live in the so-called heavenly home; you are upheld to a certain degree until you are able to receive help and assistance. As you close your eyes at night you are dead, dead to the senses, your knowledge is none, your machinery has stopped, but the life has not ended, neither is that life ended when you stand by the grave and look in upon the last of those whom you place there. You have placed the shell there, they have taken a step higher, to invite you if you invite them; the dear one placed there is but the one that has shaken off the coil.

Where your heart is, your mind is, your soul is, and if your life has been lived in congenial places, if you have lived to the highest of your ability in the life you have left, then you seek the highest and you seek the mortal who has been the one your soul craved in life. If you are not drawn to mortals you go your way, and they will go their way. We seek that which is within us. We have that privilege to fly to the arms of those whom we love and cherish, we never seek those that are not attuned with us. We in the mortal are affected by outward influences. If we are affected by those influences from the world, how do we affect other people with the influences that we send out? We are so apt to misjudge those whom we would not hurt for all the world. Angels sometimes are clothed in strange garments. No matter what strain may be upon them, in the home they are a balance-wheel; just the same as the girl I am using has always tried to balance things. She has been so in more homes than one, not by words as by little things, just a little smoothing out and a smile.

So, my brother, this is a part for you to analyze, and don't within yourself have the thought that she will ever be just like any branch of her family. There are too many guides surrounding her, if she had that tendency, but we find her spiritual nature too highly developed for lots of things. We find no craving there; she thinks of herself last, and of you first, all other things are of secondary consideration. You shall never find a reason for regrets. You have wondered if you would, have you not? You need have no fear of that. I do not believe you have found any as yet to lead you that way. Well, if you have not, you do not need to look for any, for you won't receive them, and why look for that which is unpleasant, which comes soon enough to most people? You have in your keeping a very tender plant. I mean by that, her nature and temperament are like the sensitive plant that the winds and the snows cut in two. So, as I close this speech, I trust you have recognized something in it which shall be of service.

The kingdom of man is in his own kingship to himself. Kingship does not mean any great height on a throne; on the contrary, man is king unto himself, king of the world, each man a world to himself, be it kingship of knowledge, right living, and all things that go to make up his life. Have you given this a thought many times, my brother? (Mr. Beecher, you are more generalizing than personal.) That was always quite a trait in my ministry, if you will recognize it. I think we accept these little waverings far better than if we come right out and take a man's head of; it means more. I want to tell you of the difference in the future that will develop with the growth of our beloved instrument. Instead of hoarding this world's goods we will find a high development of mind, and the development of other minds through her. We won't be delving in lost, strayed or stolen, but we will be develop-

ing souls in helping men to grow, in relieving the sick, by doing good where she is able, reaching out to those who need.

I look back in her life, and with the limited means, limited experience which she had, I find that, I may say from her eighth year or less, she has been connected one way or another in charitable and church work. Have no fear that she will hoard up in trunks. Had she been of this nature it would have developed long ago. Notice the difference, as far as that goes, in the shape of the hand. I do not delve in palmistry, but the hand is an open indication of many things, formation between the eyes another, a broadness there, no contraction, a high forehead, nor a narrow sloping nose. You must bring those things into consideration before you make up your mind. You know we are able to see just a little further than the mortal eyes. We make mistakes sometimes, but I do not think we make it in this case. If people could realize how much is written on their hands and on their face and on their heads, they would think differently; that would cause them to act differently. I can say no more. I feel very grateful for the advancement of our instrument, and for being able to have one of her kind and character.

George: Hello, Captain. I step in here. I think I will give you another girl, one with another mother-in-law. I think I will take her aboard my ship, and transplant the mother-in-law over here to keep company with you. (Has the father any faith in our belief?) Well, he believes to a certain degree, he believes they are around and watching, but with all due respect to you he would not admit they are. It is not that he is hard-headed or hard-minded, but he has not got the ability to grasp the situation. The time is coming when it will come to him. He will have to acknowledge; until such time do not place pearls along the wayside. Dr. Beecher is a stunner. He gave a very nice discourse, food to eat. Say, Captain, I tell you, we will do something with our gal if she keeps on. That will be her peculiarity. You don't need to be afraid of the rest. I am getting like Warsaw, I will tell you to love your gal and not me. I am going to ask you a pretty straight question: Do you appreciate your gal? Honest, candid opinion. You and I have lots of scraps, and you know I am just in a scrappy mood, and you know I never hit a nigger from behind, and you know I have to call you down once or twice a year, even when I asked you to marry the gal. Have you lived to regret it? In what condition of mind tonight would you be if you had not? Would your people have changed it, or your friends? Do they love or care for you? No; the only thing they love is what may come to them after you go. Love your gal, appreciate her.

Mary: Good evening, Joe. (Did you hear Mr. Beecher?) Yes, fine, elevating. He is doing wonderful work with our girl. You would almost think he stood by you. I mean in your midst, talking in his own personality, and not through another. You will see a difference by next September. I should never advise putting her on the rostrum while her people live, at least you should not create any family feeling. Then when she is properly developed she will stand and give out. That is part of your mission later on. And that will give you pleasure.

Wiona here controlled and carried the medium on hunt for a lost key to second-floor front, found it in the dark, speaking in Sioux tongue. Me up to my old tricks.

Jan. 27. Warsaw referred to my will and remembrance of old lady who was good to my mother; sang Yankee Doodle in Sioux language; gave call for Indians in woods, his age as one hundred and ninety-seven to date, Captain George as ninety-two, his father, One-Oak, as sixty when Warsaw was born; lived in the Rockies. Gave me a lesson in the Sioux tongue with English translation.

Feb. 24. Beecher: . . . God means good. If we see no godliness or goodness in any man, let us seek to find it. We find God in the child. We also find the wrong child. Why? Because man is born of two natures, one to step forward, one to go downward. It is the duty of the one to uplift the other. If he has not got that higher power developed he cannot uplift the wrong side of his nature. The consequence is, we find the lower nature in some men predominating, and that he not alone goes steadily downward, but he draws not only one but sometimes hundreds downward through his influence.

Those others have friends who in turn may receive evil at his hands. We all make mistakes. He that is most perfect at times is nothing but a reflex. He has some points that need bolstering up. They may not always be within his power, but nature does not sleep, it is always doing. Man sleepeth for a short time, but steadily, steadily we find the little shoots shooting down and down and down. First the little twigs, afterward the branches. So, my brother, are the branches of good, the companionship of friendships, all these things combine, one after the other; those that do not bear flowers are seeds, those seeds are buried in the ground, we call them dead, they are not dead, they live. We go to the living waters, to the grand breakers of the ocean-side, we see the ship in its journey onward, we do not know that it is going to anchor safely on the other shore. So with human life, we sometimes find it anchors in peace, held by its chain. We see the water constantly going out and coming in with the tides. Are we sending our tide out in thought? . . . Our instrument is not keyed up to the situation today, sensitive like the fine working of a clock; it takes but little to put it out of order with those whom she loves, and particularly you, sir. . . .

George: Hello, Captain. That's a great chap. Do you want to discharge him from your band? He knows how to talk all right. That was a fine talk he gave you. The gal is all broken to pieces today. Mr. Beecher has left her throat in a husky condition. He must speak with a heavy voice. As he comes back to another he has to speak with a manly voice, different from your gal's, and she is not entirely used to the control yet. It will take about a year. The only thing I offered you last night was to have your gal come in with the others in the residue. She is always willing to help you, even if it is to her inconvenience. Ah! you wouldn't catch my old gal doing that. No, sir. My old gal wanted to come in, but better not today, the instrument not up to the handle.

Feb. 4. Lydia: I tried to come to your wife at the table. I simply come to say, fear not, thee shall not lose her, because it would not be nice for thee to be alone again. She is different to what I was. She has youth and vitality to fight against disease. I did not have them, and taking all in all I believe it is just as well that I was called from thee. I never was as able to make you as happy as you have been in these short months. I do not desire to forget thee altogether. I like to state, like the rest, that you are more than blest, for no one could help but care for your wife. I spent all the time possible to help my child. I tried to help her on earth, why should I not help her now? You have considered her far more than you would have considered me if I had remained, but I could never have given you the same devotion as you have received. I wanted public devotion. I wanted you devoted to me more than I was devoted to you. It was my nature, I could not help it. You have a wife whose devotion is such that she calls forth your devotion and makes you love her more than you ever intended to. I think I am right in this statement. I am glad to see you are loving her. You are not so anxious to receive the spiritual communications and let the spirits come first instead of her, as you did when with me.

Feb. 8. George: . . . Say, Captain, will you excuse a few cautious words from an old sea-dog? There are some things in your safe I would like to see blotted out. (Should I publish a book?) It would pay you one way, and not another. . . . Your Dr. Krebs is here. He won't be able to take the gal yet a while. We want a stronger foundation before we let strangers in. Dr. Krebs is a fine, jolly man, but a peculiar one. . . . I am twenty-two years older than you, and you will be one hundred and two years old when your gal comes to me, thirty-two years from now. You will be younger than you are now. After you are gone from her she will be living in your life and you in hers. Always unassuming, always mild and gentle. What more can I say? (What thinks Lydia?) You know she feels that you belong to another, and she has no hard feelings. But she has got her Mollie, and her Mollie will have her Billy. So that is the way it goes. She understands my mind about it, and feels that you have taken the proper course, no matter what she thought about it, because she thinks you would act according to your own wishes, and I think she is about right.

Father: Good evening, my boy. We are so pleased to see that you are improving, and that your tedious work has been finished, and we are glad of your decision, because when you have gone away it would be so hard for your wife to journey, as you would not want her, quite frequently to your tomb, and particularly as she grows older. (Woodlawn.) . . . There is nothing in the world, no nothing, like perfect peace and harmony surrounding all things. That, too, since your decision, has taken a load off your mind. And when you go to that place just bury all that. Your life is so much changed now, there are so many brighter conditions, so much more happiness, all things are better. We are so glad to see the load gone away from your brain. You seemed to be puzzled, and you were. Thank our daughter for her kind care and devotion. It is so good to know that one is of some service in the world to somebody outside of self. You are better now than you have been in five years, because with your first wife you did not have the same contentment of mind that you have today. You never knew what was next, now you know what to expect. You have a wife who loves you, and you are fast commencing to idolize her, do you know it? Too bad it did not happen before you were sick, and you would not have been sick. You know, my son, she has those on this side that are just using her like a fingerboard, and she is directed almost instantly what to do for you. If she was not a willing instrument we could not use her. We have no fear now, my boy, for your welfare. We know you will be taken care of, and nothing will be too much trouble, and what a blessing. And our boy in return is commencing to be really loveable, a surprise to himself at times, isn't he? . . .

Feb. 9. Beecher. Good evening, my brother. My topic today will be, When shall I know myself? How can I learn of myself? First, by studying humanity when it is greatest and best. Then the thought arises, What am I? When thou dost do that thou wilt find thyself. If we know not ourselves, how should anybody else know us? We are a part of that great body of life, as we are taught in our earliest days, the Supreme Ruler. We have the pleasure of meeting Him in all our walks, in all our talks, we are part of a great whole. The universe would go on whether we are here or not, but we are a small part of the universal machinery. We are brought into life to know how to live, we come here in infancy, we go out sometimes in youth, sometimes are permitted to live to old age. Each day is a lesson. Have we learned that lesson? Step by step we walk through life's pathway; some of us pass through shadows, others are taken before the shadows fall. We mourn for those who are a part of us, they in turn mourn for us, we mourn for them departed, we miss their smiling countenance, they mourn for us in our grief. They mourn for us when they see the life we are living. It is either with pain or pleasure that they are permitted to look back upon those they love. As you pass through the earthly life you are constantly building. You build from childhood. The trouble with parents to my mind is the fact that they do not give to the child the proper things that belong to it. The trouble again to humanity is that they do not give to man the proper things that belong to him.

How shall we know ourselves? By study; not from the libraries, each one is a library in himself. When you are brought to this side of life, and you are able to look back and see those that are struggling, you will understand my meaning. When thou knowest this thou shalt learn charity for one thing. I mean not the charity whereby you are called to give money and assistance, I mean charity in thought. Judge not lest ye be judged when the proper time cometh. As you judge others, so shall you be judged. You are aware of weakness in those around you, and you do not see it in yourself. Pardon me, my brother, I am not meaning this for you particularly, I mean it for others in general. Sometimes a word harshly spoken to one that is sensitive, to one who needs a word of cheer, is anything but the charity I refer to. Let us learn to speak charitably, and life will go on happily when all things are helpful, cheerful, full of bright feelings, gladness and hope, between one and another. Man was not born unto himself, if so, he would have brought forth selfishness. Many are filled with that disease. Selfishness breeds so much that is unclean, takes from the life the most beautiful traits. We are given but a short time in life; may we improve it. As thou knowest these things, so wilt thou know thy neighbor. We go from the school-room of life to

the business of life, from the business of life we go into the life beyond. What mean we by the life beyond? It is spoken of so much by people who know not what they are talking of. The meaning of life to many is, that they step into life and into the ground and there remain until the last bugle-call. If they could but understand that the spirit cannot live beneath the ground; it has to ascend. It is simply just the old clothes that are placed away, and going on into another life, a life filled with brightness, a life filled with gladness, gladness in knowing that each and all of us may be of assistance, if we want to be, where money does not figure, where we awaken from ourselves, each one according to his merits, sow we for good or sow we for evil. We walk into the fields and see the wonderful trees all budding with nature, we look upon the ground and see it all mantled in mother earth's most radiant garments, or walk upon the grass in all its beauty, not when it becomes dross, and many of us permit our lives to be filled with weeds, for weeds grow among the grasses, instead of turning and picking the dead weeds away, so that life may hold its most wonderful and beautiful existence; many of us think if we live a day in spirit we are doing our duty. Duty first comes in the arranging of the inner man and his thoughts. Many hypocrites are dressed in Sunday clothes, but if we take off their Sunday garments we find nothing but moths and cobwebs. . . .

George: Hello, Captain. Fine wasn't it? I tell you, Captain, I'm awfully glad he comes aboard my ship. He can come any day and give a speech. He is a better man than I am. I don't mind telling people to go to the devil, if I want to. Our gal wouldn't realize she is such a spokesman and use such nice language. And it is good to think that through our gal he is able to handle the kernel of his thoughts without going astray. Say, Captain, I don't think my old gal could have done as well, not in the same length of time. When are you going to Reno? Some of them that have warm natures will try and put up with what they have got, instead of looking for a devil they don't know. They will be making it two or three years after a while. Say, Captain, Mr. Beecher is always here with an olive-branch. You can easily see you are not getting fooled in the medy.

Feb. 15. Father: Good evening, my boy. I have permission to come in first tonight. Didn't you recognize me in my last hours? I mean the cough racking me so I had to go back and forth when I was able to sit up? It became a continual hack. I am so thankful that it shall not be your fate. One reason is, it is painful for others to listen to you and not be able to help you, with that dreadful tickling sensation which is nearly to your stomach, causing sharp pains in the lungs. No more, my boy, no more. I want you to be more careful and not run outside when you are in perspiration. I was with you a little after five today (at furnace), when you felt nearly worn out, as if your last moment had come. No, my boy, we do not desire your coming yet. Your work has not been completed. You have much to learn and much to give to the world. You would not have felt nearly as good as you do tonight after your heavy work had you not taken a walk earlier in the day. All these things relieve your system, but you do get cross when your wife is out and you are not with her. For heaven's sake go along with her. Every minute seems an hour to you and you wonder what you will do next to keep employed. As long as you know she is in the house, whether she is in the same room with you or not, you are satisfied, but as soon as her coat-tails are gone you are like a fish out of water, like some of those fellows down at Newport. Some of them have more money than brains. I am pleased with the improvement in your health. I am glad your head is clearer; it would be better for you to look on things in a lighter way and not so seriously. It is your serious way that sometimes gets you muddled, though you will not rest until your figures are just as you want them, turning this thing over, turning that thing over, as though you had a writing machine inside your head. And you know if you did not think so seriously you would hear very much better than you do. That is caused by the confused condition of the nerves.

My boy, you have been using your eyes too much of late, and while you keep your brain constantly in an uproar you cannot expect to have your eye-sight or your hearing as you should have them. There is nothing serious about your eyes other than your years. You must remember that you

are not twenty-one, therefore you cannot expect the sight or hearing of twenty-one. You cannot work hard and stay in doors and look fresh and rosey. And you should make it your duty to see that your wife goes out every day. You owe it to her. You don't want to be in a box, you will be in a box soon enough. (I have a plum of forty per cent today from the Standard Oil Co.) Yes, I am very glad. It will be used cautiously and wisely, not like some people who receive money and let it go like water. Your mother is here, and sister, and your brother John, and our grand-children, two, but there is another one, not born here.

George: Hello, Captain. Don't you think I see your good fortune, eh? Well, it is the unexpected brings the most pleasure. It looks as if everything is ready, I don't see anything jarring, do you? I see a very impetuous man sometimes, and he kind o' gets off the handle occasionally, then he comes back. Do you know any such man? He lives at 241 West 103. He is looking for impossibilities sometimes. He forgets that people are not all steam-engines. All apparatuses get out of order. . . . I felt you would like to hear daddy first. Satisfied with conditions? How could he be otherwise? Where would you be today if conditions were not as they are? You never would have survived last November had you been alone here, and you would have let it gradually get worse, and you would have been on your back with pneumonia. About the 10th of November. Could you get the same attention from anybody else? Would you be watched so carefully, would you? Others would be glad to meet their ends and not worry about your health. Pure affection has brought these things. You almost doubt if she loves you as much as she previously did. Have you seen anything that would cause you to feel that she did not? You do not appreciate pure affection, you have so little to give when you doubt hers. Now, Captain, what do you think of that? You know George Wilson hits from the shoulder. Well, there is another cause of anxiety on her side, trying to assist you to perfect health, and do you doubt it? What I told you a few months ago holds good. Just look it up. (Nephew called.) After leaving, Warsaw said he was getting $100 a month, and doesn't let his wife know it. (Confirmed afterward.)

Mother: I am glad to come in so as to talk to my boy. I am glad the boy called on you, the little scamp. He was in all kinds of the wildest mischief, not like you. He is coming out very much better than I thought. I like to feel your head. You have not forgotten your mother. It is so good to talk again. Well, dear Joe, you are improving in health. You must get rid of that little cold; nothing serious. I am coming to see you some other time. Nobody could take better care of you than the girl does. She studies your every move and notices the slightest change. The links of my home ties will be closed when you come, and I will have all my children together, and I shall help you to wait for your wife. She does not dread the time when she will come, and when you leave she will look forward to the time when she will go, although it will be years after. There will be about twenty years difference, and she will be able to accomplish a lot before then. . . .

Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It is with difficulty that I am with you. Sometimes occasions arise where disappointment comes to us. So I shall only give you a slight talk. My subject is, Man's justice one to the other. When you have injustice upon your statute books, how are you able to find justice among the inhabitants of the city? When the high officials of the State stoop to mean and lowly things, how are you to separate the official from the commoner? If the person in high position stoops to petty larceny are we able to teach him who enjoys a less harmonious position to be just? No. As a rule, the example to the child is in the home of the father and the mother. In nine out of ten cases the child patterns after the parents. So in many ways do we see the commoner patterning after the high officials. If he sees Mr. So-and-So doing such a thing, he has the same privilege. If one man takes a drink, why is not his brother allowed to take it? So we find the life of each man to a certain degree imitates another. The poor fellow a little down the ladder will be made an example, and the man who enjoys the high place in the public eye seems to slip by, he is able to worm out of it.

If a man through force of circumstances steals something to give his family a little

food, we take him to prison, he has to complete his sentence through hard labor. If it is a high official, he is placed, not in a common cell, but in comfort, without having to take the prison food; instead he is able to have it sent in. He takes things in his own hands under certain rules, goes just so far with them. What is the result? Sometimes the thing is squelched, simply because it is a high official. If I had my way, the commoner would be treated in the same manner. The high official does it because he wants to do it. Sometimes the man in lowly circumstances, having a family to support, does it to preserve his home. He is sent to the workhouse without the opportunity, the official rests in luxury. Do we have justice in our State? When we have enough moral status, when we are able to raise the mortal to the highest plane, and bring the highest and most beautiful thoughts into the lives of those who have been unjust, then we may look for better things. Sometimes the kettle that is blackest at bottom thinks the other kettle is blacker. So it is in our political life. We always did have scamps, we always shall, until morality reaches the core of each individual.

We shall not be able to build up the people by war. Life taken will not morally build up your country. It is easy, simple, kindly natures trying to reason one with the other. We take two erratic souls: they never go along beautifully, they each go nip and tuck. We have to have the gentle nature to have peace and harmony; and yet great care has to be used in the handling of the one with the other. Take two children: we are able as a rule to reach them through gentleness; we can do more with the child tactfully, gently, to cure it of evil habits, much more than we can by a ranting way. The thing is to show the child the part of its nature that can be most appealed to for good. What we want is, souls valiant for truth, those that cannot be reached through political or any other wrong. We want forcible men, not hypocrites. It is too bad we need Pinkhams to watch our affairs. In my time, when I dwelt among you, while it was not exactly as it is now, still it was bad enough. I think, my brother, that you can recall, between the sixty's and the seventy's, some conditions which existed not quite as bad as these, for it seems that this city needs cleaning out, the same as everybody needs cleaning out occasionally.

Oh, my brother, I would like to dwell with your people in the flesh so that I might have an opportunity. I did like giving the raps where they belonged, in a quiet, dignified manner. I usually got at the root of the evil. Those high up in political scandal try to place the blame on some one just a little lower. Why should they be given the privilege of the best in the land, while some other poor devil has to eat bread and coffee? Why should he enjoy the best of cigars and champagne if he so desires? You must pardon me for taking this subject, but you know those were the things I liked to get after when I was with you. You may remember that case, the McLean Coney Island affair. This is another case very similar, only just a little different. He was a high official, the king of Coney Island. I guess that was before your wife's time. No, she may have been a very little girl. I am simply reciting this case. . . . I am so sorry we missed our afternoon service, but we will do better next time. Your wife is not in the finest tone, and when your instrument is out of tune you sometimes catch the reflection. But I am thankful. I am delighted to have one even advancing as she is. My brother, there are occasional trips that I believe you will take, and the very atmosphere will give her that which she needs.

We are getting along very nicely now. I should not say your first camp experience will prove a great success; no, but your second. All I want is for you to lie low during your first tarry in the camp, and without much forcing. I hope to come gradually, and every breeze and every height will bring her needful help. Good night.

George: Hello, Captain. Say, he knows human nature all right. He knows a thing or two and what he is talking about. He knows how to hit the nail on the head, too. . . . You saw the boy today, but he didn't know what to think of your gal. She is as crazy as you are. He knows where your affection lies; yes, and say, Captain (laughing), you couldn't hide it. That will go to Virginia. Say, Captain, you hit him, didn't you? You gave him something

he could take home, do you know, two or three things. I don't mean spiritual facts, I mean lack of devotion to yourself from him. And you said something about your own not trying to help you. That is something for him to take home and cook over. (He will remember it?) Yes, sir. He is a thoughtless boy anyhow. Where he is concerned he is not. He would not have hid that money question from his wife if they were on the most loving terms. . . .

Feb. 22. George: Hello, Captain. It is hard to take hold of the gal tonight. Feels like ninety in here. It is a great storm. It don't help us. Well, Captain, do you admire my position? (Feet up.) There won't be many tonight. Warsaw won't be here until tomorrow afternoon. (Has he noticed the big Indian Monument and the Indians?) I guess they lived beyond his day. There are some of them out on the reservation, probably just born previous to his passing away. Years don't make very much difference. There are quite a few hundred people down there today (Staten Island), and it poured torrents part of the time. All those braves stood the weather, hats off. Some had never been to your shores before, that is, to your city. (Were you there?) Well, say Captain, if there is anything important, don't you think I am going there? It is a great credit to those who had the means of starting it. Contributions seemed slow, but one who was the prime mover is like his father, he goes to the friend of the red man, Wanamaker. Very clever fellow, brought up in the right way, a credit to his country and his parents. (What do you think of Wilson?) Oh, I think he cheers the people until he gets his claws on, then he serves himself. If he is not very careful, he will be his death-warrant and will be discredited before he is in a month. He has to be able to manipulate things so as to avert any combustication in Mexico, so that if war develops, which I fear if the atmosphere does not change, there will be entire terror in about ten of their cities, so that Wilson will have more than he bargained for. He won't handle it with gloves on, as Billy did. (Taft.)

Give him a chance. At first they thought he was unassuming, until after he got the reins in his hands, like the other fellow who runs too fast; only he goes a little different from T. R., with more of a hand, because he is quieter, and T. R. shouts about it. He is like some more people we know who go hunting; Teddie goes out with both hands, and he don't care who knows it; both for self. He wanted to show his authority; he is going after the place all right. You fellows will be about the first pineapple he will pick. He will think he has a golden egg, and he will find he will be pricked with the needles of the pineapple. Then you will find he will go after the Coal Trust. But they can stand being gone after. Those fellows want too much. Then the Steel Trust. He will try to hit your Carnegie. But what's the use of going after them? It won't do him any good, because if he hits them on one side they will go on another, and so they will wiggle out of it. You will find, Captain, you will have quite a little more interference, that the unrest will last about fourteen months before things half right themselves, because he is going to show his authority the moment he goes in. You know he is cast-iron, but I tell you, Captain, he is the lesser offensive of the two. I am sorry that Billy didn't go in, Captain. He was a little too mushy, and yet when you get right down to Billy, there was a whole lot of common sense about him, when it comes to action at the critical moment. He didn't want any loss of life. There have been times in his administration when it called forth a stand; once was among the strikers a couple of years ago, and Billy stood his ground without any bloodshed; the second time with Mexico. It could not be adjusted, he stood off to the last moment. . . .

Feb. 23. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It is not for a lengthy session this time, for our instrument is not up to standard. That soft and beautiful piece which you have just played will be the topic of my discourse: "Communion." Oh, thou art little appreciated. We find so little entrance for those that are gone before, so little open communion with the spiritual. Oh, thou of little faith, why cannot thine eyes be opened so as to hold communion one with the other? Today we find such rivalry in business and socially, in all stations of life, that it closes out all entrance by the spirit. We find no nation without a Godhead that holds communion with those who have a cheerful influence. . . . I do not

mean that the State should be governed by the church. No, no; no nation should be governed by creed, but I do believe in that which gives the strongest uplifting feeling, which none but the power of the Almighty can manifest. We go down to Mexico, and we find so few that are of the Christian nationalities, with peace and love and harmony. My dear friend, the secret of life, of hope, of harmony, is love and communion one with the other. The wife must commune with the husband, the husband and wife must commune with the children, and so on down through the valley of life. In that last moment of sleep are we communing with those in life? No, we are looking for communion above. Our trouble is we are looking for too much many times, and so pass the sweet communion that we might hold one with the other. In this busy world of yours people are not trying to get together those in ignorance, those of lowly education, so as to better their condition. On the other hand, there are those seeking for disturbance, to see who is going to be master of the situation. I do not have to go to Mexico, all I have to do is to go to the coal mines, to your Italian colonies, or to your negro settlements, and at almost any time or hour, if there is a war-cry, there are troubles or insurrection caused through ignorance, people not trying to raise themselves socially. They are able to live in their degradation, they do not understand the meaning of communion. We hear of the communion of saints in your creed; all the time you are reading it how many understand it?

It is not how much money you leave behind you, or how much you leave on your death-bed to charitable institutions. That is no means of buying your way, but it is what you give from time to time that tells the story. We cannot be a holy devil all through our life and cancel everything by leaving so much to this or that denomination. We are simply giving up what we cannot take with us, and it is no use to us when we go away. Of course in a way it helps the cause, but it does not give real help to the person that does it, whose soul is cringing and grasping, like the miser's when he cannot bring his money bags with him. There is nothing like the free soul. Do good each day you live, scatter kindness where'er you go, for life at best is filled with strife; see God always, some way, some how. He is not the God thou once didst see through imagination; He is the all-loving God, not the God of fiery temper; He is the God who will guide you, He will live with you daily and hourly; not a God to be brushed aside, put on the shelf, and when you think it is time for you to talk with Him, to be taken down and brushed off. (Are you in favor of Woman Suffrage?) An ignorant woman is like an ignorant man. It depends on the temperament of each. When Woman Suffrage enters the home, to be the means of losing the thing that is most beautiful in woman, it is time to let it go. When it enters the home to be the means of raising it up, I say, Good. When it becomes a fad, I see nothing in it. Where it leads one woman to help another step by step, I say, God bless it.

Warsaw: Evenin', white chief. Me come just for second. Don't you wish you down there yesterday with my brothers? I was there. (Sioux Monument, Staten Island.) My old friend Rain-in-the-Face was there, and Run-in-the-Enemy. My two friends all me know. Me glad, 'cause there be no more breakout with the Indians. They be all solid together. 'Cause, white chief, with what they know and what they does, they is savage, they never forgot what some of you white men did, took away what belonged to them for a few shinies and fire-water, and they robbed the Indians, 'cause when you white men come first they no try hurt you, they kind to you. White Chief, they all gone away to the Big Father very soon, not all at once. If they been 'cated (educated) they does better, wouldn't be wild peeps (people.) But, white chief, they treated their squaws better than the white men do, don't you know that? Yes, they did. It was only on rare 'casions they was cruel, and they looked after their papooses, too. They no kill their papooses like they does before they born. (Did the Indians see the city?) When they went down in the bay in a boat and did see the high buildings, they no talk much like you pale faces. They think a lot, and they look to the Big Father in wonder, awe. And say, white chief, they does think of that Wanerman (Wanamaker.) They think him great man (originator of the Monu-

ment.) Hands name down all time. No more break-up, will go back, see their different peeps, then the papooses be 'cated.

Feb. 24. Had a chill coming from Banks' Glee Club. Mr. B—— told me on street that his up-stairs tenants had suddenly left. On arrival home, Warsaw controlled Charlotte, said I had had a chill on the way, and that Mr. B.'s people had left him.

Mar. 8. George: Hello, Captain. Don't you worry about your fortune. (Stocks declining.) The new administration will not be as bad as it has been. They all have to dabble their fingers in it to make the world in general think they are doing something, and to live up to their policies. Well, stocks are slow, but if I had what you have got, I would throw one of my bank-books out, and get it. You have been against that several times, and it always came out away up, top-notch. It stood you well the last twenty-odd years. You would have only a few shivering thousands but for that. I'm a pretty good mathematician. Now I would go down and see my brokers first of next week, and if they say buy, you buy. A little over a year ago you were far worse off than you are today, when the time came for disorganization, and if they bring fresh suits they would form companies to meet together below the eight or ten million limit. What is the matter of starting new companies? They would be able to wedge in and be within the law. Anybody has the right to work branches. Captain George is not very much of a financier, but that is what he sees for you. . . . I have been with you all day, and you have been thinking quite seriously of this matter.

Do not distrust yourself, you are not selling, so you are not losing. Often things take a slump. Interview your brokers, because before the end of the week you will find a rise, after March 15, and it will hold its own. You have been up against far worse conditions, and you did not lose any dividends either all through it. Indeed I wish my little gal had a little, so she could buy some clothes without your going out of business. Say, Captain, don't you know that your new President has got to live up to the same laws about corporations? What good did the Teddy administration do him? If you remember correctly (your gal knows nothing about this), it was in his administration that he started fighting the Trusts. Then it was carried on in a hap-hazzard way through your Taft administration. Then you were disorganized, and of course Wilson has to take his hand in it, because if he doesn't, what would there be left for him to do? He has got to earn his money. Well then, bye-and-bye they will enter the coffee trust.

Why not go into your New York and disorganize the big department stores. You have to be of some account or nobody will hammer you. The only thing that I can see that is going to hurt you is the European confab about Standard Oil. The consuming is not so great there as it is here on your American side, and they will find out they will have to come to America for what they want in the end. There's a whole lot of bluffers, Captain. Excuse me, but I am always hitting things on the head. But no matter what the business, you have a slump. Say, Captain, lots of these fellows that have gone into the new Congress have got their fingers in the pie, and they are not giving satisfaction, they have got their hands in different trusts; and our friend Mr. Bryan has a few stocks in some of the States. Do you think all those fellows there, that are situated in Washington, without anything coming in, with the little money they receive, will stay in Washington without having an income outside of that?

Mar. 9. Beecher: Good afternoon, my friend and brother. I did not know whether it was strictly proper for me to use the organism of our instrument or not, as it is in every way not suited for use today. However, I will give you but a very short talk upon that song that was just sung, my esteemed friend and brother. (Frank Stanley, in Crossing the Bar.) He sang on several occasions at Plymouth. Our barque starts out before we have the tempest, the billows and the breakers, our barque meaning our body, the tempest the tempers into which we permit our bodies to enter, the ocean meaning life's pathways. Sometimes we are permitted to steer those barques through the ocean breakers, being tossed here and tossed there, landing into safety. Others are always tossed of the wind, they know not where they will rest, because in their early life they have not been started on

their way aright, and as they grow into youth and manhood they have not got the proper understanding, and when they enter out into life's broad fields they follow with the wind, the wind being their thoughts.

If we have no steady purpose in view, no goal to reach, life never amounts to very much for any of us. The life that starts out for a purpose, with an aim, sometimes accomplishes its entirety, but it has been best, if the hopes are shattered, to know that it tried to accomplish its object. On the other hand, the life not started in the right way has all these rocks amid ocean and experiences to hit against, each one sharper than the other, and as the knife or arrow pierces the heart, so with lack of understanding. We find so many ships battered and strained in parts upon the rocks, yet if we have a rock upon which we stand we are usually secure. It is he who has nothing to stand on that is listed from side to side. . . . It will be two weeks before we will have a perfect instrument. I would not permit her to sit even for Warsaw. If he comes in, let him make his adieux. For five days you will have serious conditions, I do not mean alarming. You must not get impatient. She is an obedient child to submit to these severe treatments, but under the circumstances I see no way out of it. Remember that you must not blame her, and that she should be more to you than all the money or the houses which you may be permitted to possess. At most they can only give you coldness. In her is sympathy and a loving heart. Good-bye.

Mar. 16. Charlotte been very sick of grip. Beecher: Good afternoon, my brother. I am not here to give you any discourse, but a word that you may know that I have not forgotten you. We have been passing a serious time. Our instrument is unable to permit us to take her organism. She needs strength for herself. I may say, it is always a pleasure to call upon you. We hope that the Easter Sabbath will find her in much better condition. I may state that I see you this year in more pleasant conditions than in the year past. There is nothing like the realization of one's own being in the home instead of with strangers, a feeling that you still have something to live for. You do not know how much she has suffered. The doctor can only suggest and help, but he cannot know all things.

Mar. 22. George: Hello, Captain. Say, are you a selfish man, never get weary? By gad, she was worried about you this afternoon. For once you forgot your gal. You do not do that very often. Say, Captain, you made a slip with your footing and you had a very narrow hair's breadth of falling, and if you had you would have landed clear in the basement. It happened with the second piece of paper you were putting up. (True, papering pantry, alone.) I was there, Captain. You did not tell the gal, and how the devil do you think I would know it? What was that you dropped on the heater? (Big shears.) If you hadn't had a little guardianship you might have taken a header. Nothing would have saved you if your head had lodged against those basement stairs. . . . Say, Captain, I find the gal very much improved. Keep her out as much as possible from now on, the more air she gets the healthier: and get her plenty of fruit and vegetables, but not potatoes. You won't find her an extravagant buyer. She won't run away with your pocket-book and see you become a bankrupt. . . .

(What about ——?) Well, Captain, with his manners he spoilt all chance of getting a five-cent piece. The girls came into a portion, nothing of what would have been their mother's share. He cut into the lion's share, but take it from me, there are so many debts, besides the mortgages, that he won't get very much, nor they, either. He is not capable in any decent shows any more. He has got too fat, not so swagger. Not until he is boxed up will he lose his self-conceit.

Your father and mother are here, and Mary. Say, Captain, is there somebody went out of life that you know by the name of Martin? Do you know anything about Lynchburg? Sam Martin. In your school days. That is the way he tells me he knew you. Was it there you got your medal? (Yes.) Well, he was one of your competitors. He explains that to me. He is a little older than you are. I think he was from Tennessee. When you knew him he was fairly tall and slender and looked consumptive. That is what he went out with. (All correct: Lynchburg College, Va.)

Mar. 23. Captain George reported several present whom I knew. Warsaw predicted the heavy rains would stop at four o'clock, and exactly at four it cleared. Also that we would have a grumpy visitor the next night. Judge P—— called, a chronic crank. Mr. Bassett labored hard to control for first time; could not talk; died suddenly last fall. Gave his name correctly. Unknown to medium.

Beecher: Good afternoon, my brother. I am here for a short time, as it would be but a piece of impudence on my part if I were to remain as long as I would like to, for I do not find the instrument tuned up to the chords on which I like to play. The Easter Day. I know of no more appropriate topic upon which to base my thought. How few recognize Easter. To many of us it means the death of one person, the awakening of one, but we do not stop to consider that Good Friday is typical of the death of each and every individual. The Easter day means the awakening, the resurrection, forgetful, my brother, of the thought that as you sow in the life you are treading, so will you also reap. I wonder if there are many of us who know that as we live our life in your world, so we take it up when we cross the river, as soon as we awaken to consciousness, some quicker than others.

There are many that attend their own funeral, standing as close to the mourners as you are sitting by your wife. My brother, just as you leave off the old garment that you are about to shed, so will you shed your body. You will have no further use for that outgrown garment. I looked back and thought: They say you are dead. True, you are; dead to the life you once lived, gone to sleep the sleep of the just, but not to wait for that trump years and years hence when all the graves shall open. True, we put the seed into the ground and we keep looking for the sprouting of that seed. Many of us do not know that the seed rots before it starts to grow. My brother, these poor carcasses are placed in the earth to rot, and that which was, as soon as you are pronounced dead, has ascended. Your friends look upon the clay. Through artificial embalming the body may last for years before it becomes dust; but when I passed out the preparation was just in its infancy, and years back when ice was used for the keeping of dear ones, it was only a short time until decay and moth and worms commenced their work of destruction. Today when they are placed away, you will find some years hence they are just as natural as when you placed them away owing to the material used in the filling.

My brother, it will seem strange when you, too, cross the border-land, and you are able to stand in the home near to your beloved wife, and when you can visit your own grave. Some people think the grave is the last thing. No, it is only the commencement. The things which have been for earthly use in the body find little place as we cross the border-line. Each thought is woven with us, each helpful word is a girder, each uplift is a ballast, each idea that we had, whatever that idea may be, a support or a deterrent. They may make mistakes in the life, but when they cross the border they will say they are on their way to reach that ideal for which they laid the foundations. In weakness they went back step by step, in sorrow they chilled their hearts, in praises they lifted themselves far above, and Oh, that they might know that nothing dies, simply returns to that from which it came. If they could but know that the very breath they drew is perfumed with the most exquisite flowers brought to them through the influence of some other departed loved ones, they would never bar the door.

The beautiful lily does not grow in dry ground, in sunny soil, but in the shade; its delicate tendrils are injured if the sunlight is too strong; it sheds its delicate perfume all around. So a life that is fragrant of good, with its good deeds, with the lives it tries to help, sheds its perfume round about, finds its life woven and interwoven in the most beautiful net-work a total of which we scarcely see in amount, a home built neither with hands nor tools. The person, the mind, is constantly ascending to heights and not to depths, to heights all glorious, and those who are more backward are helped, those who have not lived in the same atmosphere; for he who ascends to the heights will not help any one to descend to the depths. He who has reached the glorified does not feel glorified unless he is helping and is constantly helping some one else to be glorified. Down through time we have heard about Consider the lilies; but you often hear Consider the feelings. The feelings

of God's mortals are just the same to Him as the lilies. We would not crush a lily willingly, as I have crushed this lily, simply to draw its magnetism to help me in my speech to you. We would not crush those tiny leaves filled with veins, with the different elements necessary to their life; neither would we crush the child if we knew it, but in our ignorance we hurt that which we love the most, crush it not under our feet, but crush it with that which is more cutting than all the knives in the universe. Woe unto him or her who would hurt one little blade of grass, if they do it intentionally. What God giveth unto man, what He sendeth unto him, should receive no violence or hurt, not even the blade of grass which has its place in the eternal universe. We hear the mills of the gods grind slowly; so does the conscience of man, the conscious memory, have its grinding wheel. May this Easter day be celebrant of a love and union such as you have never known, entering into and blessing your life with benediction. May the beautiful lilies, the beautiful flowers of God's eternal world, descend upon you and yours, that a year hence we may find you in more perfect health, with greater strength and greater ability to do the work necessary. Good afternoon, my brother.

Wiona: There's no more body come today. The Beecher man took lot of magnetism. He know how to talk to you, set you in your place and make you be good. There's no nonsense about he. He change our gal altogether when him come. The Beecher man all peace. Him had big lily in his hand and a smile all over his face.

Mar. 28. George. (Dayton floods): It looks to me as if the death rate will be about 75,000. Many victims, so-called, rescued from their exposure will contract other diseases and shall be ushered in. And, Captain, if they are not very careful, they will have floods down the Hudson to New York. It looks, Captain, as if it will reach into Jersey, along the Passaic, if they are not very careful. There is too much political graft, money has been received for the different things but it is not used for the purposes for which it was appropriated. This thing of scraps and little sums here and there, when there ought to be new backing in the dams, don't pay when there is any life in danger. The idea of having wooden bridges where rushes of water are likely to come! Much of it has been through a land where the small places are, inland towns. As Mr. Beecher says, things are most deplorable in the West. The Governor of Ohio should be the next President. He is a valiant soldier, but if he is not careful there will be a break in his health through strain and sympathy, and it may cause him to enter the realms above. I am compelled to talk on this subject. It is a subject that seldom enters the life of any mortal, one to be regretted by the nation, and by the particular nation in which the damage to their people and property occurs. Instead of sending to India or China, let them see that their homes are secure, that their tides are fortified against floods. Much of this disaster could have been avoided if the dams, reservoirs and bridges were made secure. This devastation seems to extend from your Canadian shores north to the Gulf of Mexico, taking in your central States. Tomorrow morning you will see much more of what I have been speaking about, and understand why I have been unable to talk on any other subject, lives of human beings and animals destroyed, homes that were the most beautiful the most weird looking. (Have you seen them?) Captain, would I be able to give you the information had I not gone from one end of it to the other? You will find there are about two million people homeless, taking it all in all. Your home city shall not go without some shock coming from a great storm now on the way. The elements cause destruction, your Providence does not, call it what you may; that is as near as I, in my uneducated way, am able to give it to you. God never afflicts when it can be avoided. One man at times may cause hundreds of deaths. So with the elements, and when the river is swelled and enters into the valleys, He who is the Power behind the wheel should not be blamed. We who are His messengers see the mistakes that cannot be repaired. If your house was on fire spontaneously, could you blame Providence? Captain, if you knew that you were provided for, and your love was so centered with some one, would the grief be turned to joy through the knowledge of what is coming to you? Or would you rather have the being of your idealization? If you had some of your other widows, the money would suit them all right, but the dickens with you, the gal

don't do that. She does everything in her power to keep you, and not kill you with kindness. If you do not see her watch you like a cat does a mouse, I am a good one. (Miss M. wants to hear from you.) Well, that is all right, each person is selfish enough to look after his own best end. It is better for them to come and fawn to her than she to them.

Captain, your gal made up her mind to take $—— of her earnings and leave it somewhere or somehow that it might be used for the benefit of the sufferers. She feels, very rightly, that one never knows when one they love might be in the same predicament as the survivors. You also believe it is not the amount but the spirit in which it is given that helps the work. Don't keep her from it. If you do, you will make her unhappy. She would rather go without a hundred gowns than to know that she had not tried to help some sufferer, for it will take millions upon millions, and no matter how small the donation it will be accepted and benefit. I have to tell you this. That is a good deal for her under the circumstances. Acknowledgment she would not want. She does not do things that way.

You have seen the time when you could eat a few tacks, but you are too nervous for that, and the mind has so much to do with the stomach, Captain. I want you to understand, Captain, if you had a few of those big dinners they would throw you out. You would have indigestion so that it would affect your heart. Stick to your little gal for eating. You need somebody to help you out, and you have one who is so willing. You must consider yourself quite fortunate in your speculations. After this year you will find yourself in an easier position in life than you ever expected to be in, with a greater income. Do you mind my telling you about how much I see it rising to? Well, I think it will reach between the $—— and $—— mark; do you know that? (So happened.) I mean the income. You will find all your holdings will offer you inducement for increase, although I do not see it in your pipe-line companies that way. I think it would be a wise thing to cut out every cent of your pipe-lines; will you excuse me? even the ones you are so fond of.

The girl has got a good head, Captain. Your years have taken away from your quickness. As one gets older, his brain gets cloudier, but you have not commenced to get old yet. No, sir. You don't feel as if you were so frightfully old, and I tell you, you are ten years younger since you got wedded. Do you know it? Well, Captain, you can be pleased to say that in the last years of your life you are able to see nothing of a disturbing nature, and all things shining very bright with happiness to you. To keep your health properly, cut out too much variety. (Who is with you?) Mother Mary, your sister's children, and your brother and sister, father and mother, and my old gal, little Grace and Willie, and the gal's grandmother, mother's mother; and she says, the Aunt will be released in a short while, but with great suffering before, and she will linger longer than expected. Captain, she has had a wonderful constitution, a great willpower. Your improvement today is so marvellous to what it was this morning that you may be all right tomorrow night. You owe that to Warsaw, but he nearly used up the gal. There are not many chaps that have got a girl such as she is anyhow, full of unselfishness and helpfulness, looking for the good and not the evil, willing to do that which is just, not grasping, not ranting.

Did you know a John Clark, from Virginia? Well, he is here. He is a man who looks past middle age, passed away within the last two years and a-half. Would he be eighty-five years old now? He knew you when a boy. He went to the same church you did. Was he a deacon? Was he kind o' tall? Wears a little different whiskers from yours, chopped off at the chin, on each side of his face, but not on his chin, mutton-chops. (What church?) Anything about Union? (Union Station; all correct.)

Mar. 30. Beecher: It is with pleasure, and grief also mingled, that I am with you today, when I look upon the broad universe and find sorrow and suffering from so many causes. I have stood by the side of many sufferers, of many homeless families broken up, both here and in war, and previous scenes of untold agony and sorrow, but even these to my mind have not been such a shock, when you find the homes of people ripped up, just as if they were so much paper torn apart, not alone

in one part of the country but in so many sections, and as it looks to me, I fear that across in my home city, in the low ground portion, there will be some floods and not that alone (although the Ruler of the Universe in some way is able to withhold it, yet I see it not), you in a portion of your own city may have cause for sorrow, not to the same extent, owing to the difference in your buildings, and yet in a portion of your city down to the east side there will be trouble.

It is working down this way, through the excessive flood coming down through the country. Then when I go to the west, and find how many souls were hurled into Eternity through the cyclone, then through the cold, and then the fires, it turns me inside out. It shows how the elements work against us, and men are blaming the Father of us all. He is not to blame. He can no more stay the hand of Nature than I could swim the ocean from the one shore to the other. Nor can you stay the hand of the dial when it is your turn, my brother, to come hither. Many are blamed, but wrongfully. These calamities, while unbearable, are consequences brought on sometimes through imperfect masonry; at other times, the elements of the earth throw off their gases. So we find it when a mountain throws forth its lava, and so when the waters throw off those who have sunk in their depths. Little are we thankful, when we learn of the calamities of our brothers and sisters. In our selfish love we forget that we are responsible the one to the other, from the North to the South, from the East to the West, that one is a part of the other.

We have to earn a certain amount of wealth; it is not to be used entirely for our own selfish purposes. We have a right to give, if it is only two cents, it is ours to share with those who are needy. Many of them will pass out of this life into another in a very short time with exposure, illness, worry, many being placed in institutions, caused through the great nervous strain. Many will never live to be as they formerly were. So, my brother, it is with sadness and sorrow that I come to you to-day. My heart is wrung with sympathy. I shall not detain our instrument any longer, for I fear in my present state I would draw from her too much, leaving my conditions with her. May the blessing of the Father Eternal rest upon you and yours. Give unto those who are suffering according to the grace given unto you, be it little or be it much, all acceptable.

Apr. 5. George: . . . Captain, do you want me to tell you something? I see certain things you are planning to do, and if you get up the right street, they will yield you about $—— more income than you have got, taking the money coming in between now and next August. As long as you have $—— you can stand all things, and you will be adding to that $—— what you put in now, and you would have not far from $—— at the end of the year. (His figures correct, as usual.) There's going to be another day when stocks will flop. When that darned old President gets his feet in it, that is the time for you to buy. Then it is going up stiff. Sell off, and you will have about $—— to invest. He won't know that he will be hiding a lot of S. O. men in his cabinet. They all go so far, and they can't go any farther, bidding for the public.

I don't go into business transactions and then in the trance; but when I saw things were getting pretty warm in the love affair, then I did take a hand; then I had a gentleman who was getting quite cross with me. A smacking good cook she is. Our stomach comes first, and the heart tumbles after. Say, old man, you take it all in all, you haven't anything to kick about in your matrimonial transaction. Don't you know that you are not without your own faults, no more than the other fellow? And you won't be without faults when you come here to see me. I have been here over fifty years now, and say, I've got lots of faults, too; sure, be gad. . . . Arn't those floods something terrible? Didn't I tell you so, that the end would not end? Well, you will find that George Wilson as a rule never tells an untruth. And you do not hear of the deaths that silently take place in the cities, other than the suicides, or people of some prominence, or people that starve to death. People who die from consumption and with other diseases and complications, do not put it down to the flood, but while it is not directly, it is indirectly hastened.

Apr. 6. Beecher: Good evening, sir. I

am afraid I cannot open my subject about the bright, beautiful day. If I did so, I would be laboring under the mistake of your weather prophet oftentimes. I am pleased to be here, and for my subject I will take The Atonement of the Spiritual Being. Quite a broad subject. It has been claimed through the ages that we are brought up through sin. Well, be it so, but if it were not for the natural law admitting sin to be the outcome or the come in, we would not be able to attain the spiritual law. We came into this life naturally, with all kinds of tendencies. I must say the majority are not spiritual. We find a few are spiritually inclined, we wonder there are not more. The reason I may safely state rests with the parents and the grand-parents, and so we go back into generations. We go into a farming district and there we find grain, corn, clover, potatoes. When I want potatoes I do not go and plant them in a clover patch, but in a place separate by themselves. When I want corn, I won't go and plant it in a patch by the wayside where I have plenty of briars. And so, if we wish to obtain the spiritual forces of nature, they will be handed down.

The parents will not always be groveling in the animal pastimes of life. Naturally when the parents come to a full recognition of this fact, there will be higher and more spiritual beings. As the mother thinketh, so the child. While we consider the father in many ways responsible, still the greater responsibility comes through the knowledge of the mother, for in her will be placed this little sensitive organism in the envelope that is expanding. If she thinks spiritually, so the child. If she thinks of the mean, low and hateful things, so will her offspring. Little does the mother who conceives in ignorance know that she is stamping upon the brain and the life of that little envelope destruction, spiritual dyspepsia, nervous temperament, uncheerfulness, dullness, falsehood, all these things being foreign to the spiritual law. Would that you in your sphere could have schools of education along that line, so that the advancement of mortality could go up by leaps; then would you be able to have perfection nearly realized in your life. Then we find mothers placing those small innocent children out on the streets, away from their tender care, each child different, one child with one habit, another child with still another, and so we go on. Children oftentimes are not able to discriminate between right and wrong, so these little waifs grow to manhood and womanhood with anything but a spiritual nature.

When I dwelt among you, the Sunday School was a field for the harvest. Today I cannot say this; it strikes me as if the streets were the place for the harvests. I think you will agree with me and understand what I am saying. It is not the church that is going to hold you up. It is simply a stepping-stone whereby the child, educated to know the difference between right and wrong, is helped to attain a spiritual life. No matter what religion, no matter what thoughts may impregnate the brain with an upward movement for a higher spiritual nature, I say, Blessed be that movement. The church is an organized institution whereby it is given to man to be able to be impressed with high thoughts while he is listening to the different ministers of his denomination. For that time being his mind is taken from his business, for himself, if he has no moral store, and during that short space of time he is brought to understand just a little, for we cannot listen to anybody without we are able to grasp a portion of his conversation, whether it is for good or evil. We hear men say, Why should I go to church? I am just as good as those who do. Look at their life on the outside. What business is it of yours what any other person's life is on the outside or the inside, as long as you are educating your spiritual life to the highest development possible? Possibly through the high development of your moral force and your prayers and thoughts you may be able to transform the other person. Take a little child that has an ideal; it tries to follow that ideal, and if that ideal should prove a snare, the child becomes ensnared through watching the ideal. As a boy I am sure you had your ideals; so many you have attained, others you have not followed. I know that was my own case, yet I am thankful to have been given the privilege of gaining just the little I attained while in your sphere. I believe I shall close with this thought: Why do we not hear the step of the visiting ones? Because our doors are closed and we are unable to feel their pres-

ence. Closely they tread, step by step; why not throw the curtain aside and open wide the windows? Let the sunshine in; I pray you let your loved ones in. They would not be near you if it were not right. Let them lead you onward, let your hands be in theirs, for over the rocks they help you to see the other shore.

Father: Good afternoon, my boy. I am pleased to come in again. Your wife is not very strong, through the heavy influence. I want to come in and talk to you for a few moments. It seems so long since I was here, and I like to hear you talk, and like to be with my boy, although I am not very far away. I am with you very often, and so is your mother, and Mollie and John, and so many along with your Mary. I have been held spell-bound with that wonderful talk from Mr. Beecher. . . . Joe, my boy, be careful of what you are doing; don't be too quick to dispose of some things for which you will be sorry afterward. You have one with you who is given wise intuitions. We are all very happy at her recovery. You have been very much concerned, far differently this time from your last concern. You need have no fear, your wife will be spared to you all the balance of your life. She will be a constant comfort to you; you will realize that more and more in the tender care that you receive; she will always consult your highest wish. Do not be too exacting.

Apr. 26. George: Say, Captain, the old gal you saw this afternoon is tickled, because you love the gal the way you do. Same thing with the dad. (Do I show it?) Say, could two frogs sit on a log and make love to each other without showing it to the rest of the frogs? Do you think, Captain, that the words you express publicly teach the people to see the gap, or do you think it is the look which comes without being bidden? Looks don't belie, if people do. Say, Captain, you feel it in the ribs, it is the spring fever, it affects you always, not in one way particularly, it affects you from your head to your feet. You commence to get a pain in the spindles. Don't you know that always happens when things are commencing to come above the ground, when you are going from one season into another, when your blood, like the sap in the tree, commences to sprout out, when you leave your winter clothes off and take up your summer? We want good health, for life is not worth living that does not have the power to breathe it out, to walk right, to think right and to live right. Well, we have good health, Captain. You are not as young as you used to be, and when you look around and see the majority of the men of your age, you do not believe you would want to change places with them, because you are able to get around like the swallow. You are the fellow that wants to find the goods on the other fellow before you believe him. Well, I will tell you, Captain, it is a real good thing to be a Union Jack, and, Captain, I feel it quite nice to be running up the jib on the bridge. I want you, old man, to take things easy, and if you feel like spending a dollar, spend it. If you want to take a trip, take it. You will pardon me, but I am giving you just what George Wilson sees, and you have never enjoyed very much of what you have got. I don't mean to say, be wilfully extravagant in throwing it away, but I mean, to have a little comfort. To be sure you have a nice home, but if you feel like going away and staying away a while in summertime, taking a little trip here and there, do so. It will mean much to your health, Captain. Change of surroundings means much to the brain force. Sometimes it is a blessing to be taken out of ourselves, where if we remained in the one place we become submerged and warped. When we get out upon the ocean, or be it upon the mountain-top, or in the valley, it is different, but say, give me the mountain-top, I do not want any valleys, because the mountain-top brings to you the highest point of inspiration. When you get up before an audience such as you had last night, and when you see all those people congregated together, it brings a happy thought to you and makes you proud as a peacock. . . . Well, Captain, there's nothing like two hearts that beat as one, even if one is a cocoanut. Bon voyage. (Whistling.)

May 3. George: Hello, Captain. I have been to Liverpool. I went there, Captain, with my ship. (To see your friends?) No. Don't recognize any old friends, Captain. The boys that I knew have all come over, but I like the trip through Coventry and the different places. I like to go to Bonnie Scotland, too, and I like to go to Dublin. You have never been to Dublin. Well, you

have missed the trip of your life. And, by gad, you see the finest men and women in Dublin of all the world, tall and stately, fine looking, especially the women. The cities are older, the homes are older, and they haven't any of your sky-scrapers; they have got breathing room. They wouldn't mind having a little of the dust you have in America. Well, it is good to be back to see you again. The next trip I will take I will wing me off to Italy, some of these days, not yet. George Wilson likes to be a wanderer at times. When once you have been a sea-dog, it is pretty hard to settle down on dry land. You like to go aboard and like to go aft, and you like to mount the bridge and take your marine glass and take a look off to sea, and see the different vessels leaving port and going to port.

I told you, Captain, a year ago or a little over, when that great calamity hurt the world (Titanic), when all those brave men came over, and a few of your brave women left the shores of life to join the larger life in the twinkling of a moment, the life that seemed beautiful to them in your world lost through neglect, it was hard to be proven, and yet why should not men pay the price if they are the means of murdering? Lots of folks make shipwreck of their lives. You will find, Captain, that the company was responsible for all those deaths. They may try to skin out of it, but in the end the people who bring suits will gain their point. It may take them ten years, it may have to be tried this side of the Atlantic, but I want to tell you, Captain, that eventually it will cost the people concerned such an amount that they will have to mortgage their business to a certain extent, and, Captain, they should. Why should they be permitted to be the means of sacrificing lives without paying the penalty? Money don't and will not suffice in all ways, but still when the one who is the protector has been taken, why should they not pay? The Almighty is not responsible. Can you blame the Almighty when nature takes its course? If you are taken sick, Captain, through overloading your stomach, can you blame the Almighty? He did not make you liable to it, you made yourself through gormandizing. Well, the elements caused these things. You have to keep on your cars to avoid danger. There it is in a nut-shell. It does you lots of good to go traveling, you feel like another fellow. I am awful glad to see you are going to take a spin on the whirlwind. (Bicycle.) And I would not be surprised to see the gentleman take a ride first to Woodlawn before he takes the gal there, just to look around. I see that, Captain, but I want you to take it easy, because your head is going to spin just a little bit on account of not being used to the motion, and then again you are not quite as acute as you were in hearing; and don't get nervous. Excuse me, Captain, I was always a but-in. Remember George Wilson won't hurt you, he likes to help you, even your way. Ain't you glad I found you the gal? I tried to hurry things; you got mad with me. Ain't you sorry I didn't interfere with you long ago? We poor mortals, when we are in the world, in your life, don't know what is best, don't know whether we are going up against a stone wall or a gold brick until our eyes are opened, and sometimes we wish we had left the gold brick alone. We find it nothing but clay, some gold bricks, and some turn out to be the best punpkins. Say, Captain, don't take any lawyer's advice in regard to your S. O. business; use your own common judgment. It won't be six months before you will think of doing it. I want you to feel and know that the balance of your life seems to be filled in pleasant places. I mean by that, Captain, that former worries, and all kinds of worries, seem to drop away. Naturally things are up today and down tomorrow, according to your mercury, but lordy, you have traveled with that same company a long time; today it is stronger than ever it was. The gal is in better condition, but I would like her to get some pulleys. (Dumb-bells?) Fol-de-rol; something you screw down in the floor with two pulleys, pull up and pull back. It's the only thing that will take away that fat. I don't want to see her get short-winded; and she will gain much quicker.

Say, Captain, quite a few of your friends are here tonight as my ship is about to sail. Here comes that Southerner with the big belly, Dr. Krebs, smiling all over like a basket of peanuts. He came from peanut town, anyway. And there comes along that scrawny John (Pritchard.) He looks like a pair of scissors. He laughs when I say that. Here comes little Mary. She used to have a pretty

round face, but during her pain it got very long. That is something my gal didn't know. And say, Captain, here is Aunt Lizzie. Isn't she a little older than your mother, about four years? (Correct; mother's sister.) Didn't she go out in a peculiar way when you were quite young? (Yes.) She was about two inches taller than your mother. And that older brother of yours is here, the fellow you are named for. (Joseph Franklin.) You are not anxious to see him, if you never saw him. There was a time when you were in quite a hurry. I helped you a little bit, but the gal has helped you much more. Mother Mary; that dear kind soul. That is about all. The Indian scouts. Couldn't leave that old redskin out, Warsaw. That skin-flint daughter. Stop your laughing, Wiona. She told me to tell you not to forget your ice-cream.

May 5. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. . . . (Referring to Bible.) The book is given to us as literature. It is not wise we should pick it to pieces, even though men may have given it to the world. Is it not meant as an uplift to mankind? When we look for truth we find it. You pick your newspapers apart. You look therein and if you had your way much would be taken out, for the simple reason you would prefer your children not to read it. So we go back to the book. We speak of the Mormons; we find them there. You do not have to go out of your city to find a number. Therefore, my brother, it would not be wise for people to pick that book apart, I mean the different brothers along my profession in life. . . .

To be sure each child that comes into life is a saviour of some kind, and if he does not live the life by which he may become that saviour, and lives it to the detriment of others, those whom he would be the means of placing in the lower life will be the accusing souls and memories that will meet him upon his transformation. He who would be a world's saviour will meet the things which he has accomplished; they go hand-in-hand beyond the borderland. Mother, Oh, Mother, Ave Maria, thou art the holy mother enshrined. As I talk of thee, I do not mean the Virgin, I mean the mother of any child born of a mother. Would that at that time thou wouldst give thy thoughts to the highest. So many things rest with the mother in regard to the thoughts of the unborn child. We will walk along the streets filled with men and women, and if we were to sift the lives of those individuals, the children of some of them might become ministers, or President of the United States; or the wives, not understanding the conditions, may give vent to thoughts during that sensitive state that shall prove a detriment to the well-being of the child all through life. One evil thought, in an unguarded moment, sometimes brings the evil man. So at times in our lives aside from the bearing of children, an evil thought, an evil step, taken in an unguarded moment, means the sacrifice not alone of our life but of other lives.

It seems to me strange that I bring up this subject, but I have reason to do so. (Appropriate to offspring of a visiting mother.) In regard to the lady who has just left I will say a word. Mistaken ideas ofttimes lead us astray. We surfeit ourselves with our own thoughts. Spirits cannot come when the way is barred. Those whom we wish to see the most sometimes are kept from us for years, caused by the atmospheric conditions that we permit to centre around ourselves. There is much in centralization. We attract that which we desire to attract many times. We cannot want one spirit and spit in the face of another. It is all right to tell a part of what we mean, but we do not always tell the whole truth. This is a part of a shrouded life. There is wrong that is brought into the life through others. Your wife is extremely sensitive, and with the conditions brought through the elements that surround the lady, she could not work where there is anything covered up. We cannot dictate to the realm of spirit that which we will receive and reject that which we do not wish to receive. It comes as a crumb from the table, it comes as a pearl of great price. He who thinks he is highly spiritualized sometimes knows the least about it, and he who professes nothing, as a rule knows more, descends to greater depth, clings to greater heights, and advances more rapidly. If we are not accessible, if we do not leave ourselves open to conviction, we cannot receive. In other words we give or reject, we accept or we refuse. We can believe in one thing, but if we do not believe that thing as it should be believed, we believe nothing. Our

instrument can be used on our lines because the spirit is familiar with those that take hold of her. People who draw too much from her should know that as certain plants will thrive only in a certain soil, so the instrument may receive inspiration from some, and wilt where others are concerned. We generally know what is best for the instrument, and these things cannot be obtained in a moment or in a day.

Father: Good evening, my son. It seems a little time since I have been able to talk with you. I am so glad to be with you tonight and to be able to talk through our daughter. I was listening to our friend. He is a good friend of mine today, although I have known him only a short while, but we converse very often. We both think alike on many subjects. A most remarkable character. My boy, it is with great happiness that I am able to talk to you and see that you are still gaining in happiness. You will find that as the summer sunlight comes and stays longer in the days, your health will improve. My son, when you live the life you are living, when your thoughts are much alike, the company you seek will be of the same thought. If you are wedded to a person who does not agree with you, it does not mean that you will tie yourself to her when you come over, because you won't. You will seek the company that is most agreeable. You gravitate to the places and people that unite, but we don't find the sea and the earth mingling. You find the waters continually flowing and tossing, but the earth stays where it is, because it cannot gravitate, and so with men being congenial one with the other. Now, my son, I have to leave you. You know I am never a very great distance away, nor your mother, nor sister. We are all with you very often. Do not force your wife to sit and talk with people who are not adapted to her. It is not wise. Different people have different spirits. Oftentimes they want to use you for their benefit without returning any benefit.

May 10. George: Hello, Captain. Your surroundings at present have much to do with you. Not but that you have had this home for years, but you were never as happy in this home as today. The little woman here has made the change in you. I remember, Captain, when your eyes were closed to this life, but today you are not anxious to step over to the border-land; but say, Captain, it wasn't two years ago when you would have given a whole lot to be over there; that is, if you could have gone naturally; but you don't feel that way now, by George. And the joke of it is, that every day that you are together brings much more happiness and joy into your life, and the only thing that troubles you, Captain, is sorrow for not having done it a couple of years ago, and do you know, if you had, your health would have been better. I saw your calculations yesterday. I think you very wise in what you do. Sometimes you seem over-cautious. That is owing to your early training. I see the changes you made, some for the better, others not so good, but just as you would like to have them. About your executors, I believe one of two lawyers is enough, and somebody not connected with the law. Four lawyers are four liars. I don't believe in giving two of any one firm the main power of action. You will pardon me. The other one you have known about twenty-two years, haven't you? (Yes.) It looks that way to me. He will prove faithful. He is honorable in his dealings. . . .

May 11. Beecher: Good afternoon, my friend and brother. It is with pleasure that I am again in your midst, although I am standing by the instrument, and have been for some time. (I referred to our new shaft in Woodlawn Cemetery.) As the monument, under the chiseling tools at first is an ugly piece of stone, and as the days go on it slowly increases in form, with most beautiful carvings, just so with the monument of life; just a little to the side and we spoil that which should be a monument to God. A few days hence I see a monument of stone leaving its impression in the inscription that may be understood, that those they mourn for are not dead. (I had ordered these words inscribed: We Still Live and Love.) They slept, then arose, they went out as it were in the night, the story has not been half told, and yet we find shipwrecks along our pathway and by-ways. Death tried to build them up and lift them up as a monument to Him who giveth life and breath in all this grand and glorious country. Some try to do what they are called to do in an humble way. What kind of monument are you erecting? Not what kind of shaft or stone, which you

easily place, but a monument of a life that will be of service to mankind. Many of us have helped where our name may be seen upon the page or periodical and read, and then we think we have given. No, it is not given in the right way; he who giveth a cup of cold water in My name shall be blessed. We read also that a little child shall lead them. If we shall be led by a child our nature must be like the child's, for as we become steeped in the sins of life's pathway it is hard for us to awaken to understand right from wrong. Each one of us has a conscience, yea, I may say we have an inner conscience. We reach out to heaven, when we might understand that heaven is within. Wealth may be ours, but if happiness abideth not, it is like brass that would load you down. If the sun does not shine, life is but a hollow path; with it, it is full of flowers and brightness and love divine. Life without love is not life, but what men call hell. He who would be loveless has no cherished spot, he who would be blind knoweth not the beauty all around. Guard your instrument, keep her holy. Do not permit the spirit to come and say the things that she would not say. I do not desire that kind of spirit. Our instrument is of a high, pure mind. Keep her so. Good afternoon.

Father: Good afternoon, my son. I had to come, after that inspiring talk. There is nothing frivolous there. Joe, we are so happy to see our boy happy. And you have been thinking so seriously of late. Why keep your mind in constant turmoil about your papers? Get your business finished, and dismiss it, for your mind must be free that you may enjoy the days and years that are to come. You have reached the years when you need to have your mind free and unobstructed. There are things that you will never want to drop. There is the love that has entered your life that you will never drop, not even when you are reunited. You have entered upon the best and brightest portion of your life. When you are able to realize the joys of companionship unmolested, and where true love has been centered and enjoyed, it is bright new life, new hopes, on the road of forgetfulness of past experiences. Mr. Beecher used up much force. I am so glad to be with you, and so is your mother.

May 18. Beecher: Good evening, my brother. It is with pleasure that I again call upon you, with the witnesses who surround me. As the sun cleareth the daybreak, so do smiles clear the clouds and the dewdrops. In each life we are called upon to have a certain amount of rain and cloud as well as sunshine. Were it not for the rainstorm we would not enjoy the sunbeams nor the stars. So if life were one long smooth way, we could not appreciate that which we have. If we look just a little beyond we can see the bright happy faces of our so-called departed. They live as we shall live. They have passed the clouds and entered into the sunshine and the beauty of life which is not so far away. Let us remember that where you cease the life that you now enjoy, you take up your moments from your departure in the life above. If you are looking through dull glasses in your earthly life, in your so-called heavenly life you will see through those dim glasses, but if you are accepting the brightness and the sunshine of the silver lining without the cloud, if you accept it day by day, then you are living in that happy bright condition. But few people have learned in earth's pathway there is nothing like being harmonistic in all things. The basement has nothing but darkness.

(We are going to the dedication of your Memorial.) You had better go early. (Dr. Hillis is not Mr. Beecher.) Well, my friend, Dr. Hillis has as great a following in his way. He does not get into the heart of the people. There are two ways of going about things, in a mechanical and in a magnetic way. I recognize the love that has been given to my memory. They want to have a bronze pedestal for the reason that they are able to get a better life expression from bronze than from stone.

May 25. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. I am glad to come on this Memorial Day that has been celebrated throughout your country in memory of our country's dead. Many are marching onward and upward, and many are ready to receive the brethren who fall one by one from the earthly ranks, until just a handful are left, as they go to the different cemeteries to decorate the graves with flags and flowers, little dreaming it may be their last. I at one time was doing the same thing. Now I see how useless it is. And then we think of those boys that went down

upon that vessel, and we know that with the unveiling of the monument to their memory cometh no thought that they will be there in the celebration. The body turns to the dust from which it came; the bones may rot, and yet it is not the spiritual they placed in the ground, but the temporal. Three score years and ten is the average of life. Some live beyond it, many go under it, but let us remember that life in your world is but a stepping-stone to greater things. Greatness comes to few. Aspiration should be the watchword of all, that as we aspire to step upward to manhood, inward and outward, we shall be received into the realms of life and beauty. Of him who knows little, little will be expected; of him who knows much, much will be expected. The life is but the budding out, sending out its fragrance, leafing and budding again into something more beautiful, more wonderful. Let each one follow that which he would seek, not blindly, but carefully; too much physical blindness obscures the sight. If we stunt our life it cannot grow. Take a child from its infancy, place it where it will have light, air, warmth, chirp to it, teach it, and we find development. Take another child, in darkness, not getting parental love. At the age of twenty it will not in many cases know as much as the child of five given proper development. So, my friend, we find it in the spiritual life, and so you say, how wonderful, how wonderful. And so I may say, my instrument is improved through opening the door, not being kept in a narrow groove, the door has been opened and the light shines in. Life has been given, glory abundant, for you and for me. This is the watchword I leave with you.

Mary: Good evening, Joe. (Did you hear Mr. Beecher?) Yes, he makes one feel that he knows very little. He seems to have so many ways of placing things. Your wife's throat was not in condition for him to stay longer; the damp weather has affected it. I want you, Joe, when you go to the mountains to steal away where you will not be overheard and hold a little meeting every day, but I do not want you to be in hearing distance of anybody. Joe, you know you are now in a position to take things easy, and not feel that you must count every dollar, and I want you to do it. You are not married to a woman who will help you spend all you have got. She is careful, and I want you, Joe, to be happy, and if you want to go to a place, go; don't think of the expense. At most you will not run ahead of your income, and why should you not spend one-third of it if you want to? You don't do that.

June 1. Mary: It seems to me you are to have a little disappointment. It seems at the church. . . . I will tell you now why you lost brother Beecher: He never wanted to be flattered, he runs away from it. You knew the man, and you know he is so wholesouled that he is not looking to have people constantly remind him of his language on earth. When he was in your world he was not seeking the esteem he always received; he was not looking to be the Henry Ward Beecher, rather would hold back, in other words, he was not grasping for the footlights. When a man is great you cannot hold him down.

We went to Beecher's church to attend memorial of his one hundredth birthday. When we arrived, were told it was postponed until fall, for completion of the memorial hall and a bronze statue; the "little disappointment" foretold by Mother Wakeman just before going; the papers wrong, the spirit right.

June 8. Beecher: Good afternoon, my friend and brother. I come with gladness to talk with you on this bright and beautiful day, not so warm, but with a breath of fresh air for those who need it most, where illness is concerned. When one is confined to his bed he does not want extreme heat, when one is moving about he feels it. Now we come to the month of roses, those bright, beautiful nosegays, shedding their beauty, their perfume, all around, mingling the hyacinths with beautiful yellow blossoms. Then we take the maiden-head entwined about. We find them distributed among the churches, in the homes of brides, on the caskets, climbing along the bushes, and along the verandas with your Virginia creepers, I believe you call them, those little rambler roses, ramblers with so many different perfumes, and others we have known; and as we come in contact with those beautiful flowers we think of how some people shed sunshine and beauty; then we pick our friends in like manner. Many are beautiful to look on, and yet so, so shallow. They have no beautiful sunshine about

them, and instead of perfume and beauty, many times their tongues are like those of the viper, stinging the hearts of those they meet. Life means much where honey is, and life without love is a shallow thing. . . .

Warsaw: Mr. Beecher good fellow. I like the beach, and I like the Beecher. You go to the beach, and the Beecher come to you. The month of flowers. Celebration all over the land. Children's day, that's what made him bring that subject. Here Warsaw correctly named all the secret bequests in my will. Said he saw the paper in safe. Imitated Mrs. G——, of Richmond, Va., with her glasses and toss of head. Medium never saw her.

June 22. Beecher: Good afternoon, my friend and brother. It is with pleasure I again announce my presence on this bright and beautiful day, one to be remembered for its beautiful sunshine and balmy air. As I have walked around your river front, and saw the hundreds of people there taking a breath of fresh air, watching the panorama before their eyes, those beautiful hills on one side, those little crafts in the centre of the Hudson, it recalls to my memory the day when I, too, had the privilege of walking your earth, and yet in the twinkling of a moment I am again permitted to walk along your path, with a bonnier face, a clearer eye, a better intelligence, a life filled with electric currents, no pain, no ache, all things expressed in a most beautiful word, Rest; freed from all sorrows, all cares, all anxieties, knowing that each step I take means a step nearer the path that is higher and brighter, for we never reach perfection in earth, we are striving after building our lives in spirit realms, for far brighter, more beautiful lives, more beautiful countries, more beautiful rivers, filled with social love.

Oh Love, thou of four letters, little as thou art, expressing so much, shed thy radiance round about the children of earth, spread thy light round about the children of other spheres, let them know, let them feel the warmth, the beauty of life beyond, let them know that they walk not alone. Shadows, ills, oceans may divide us, and yet in the twinkling of an eye we emigrate to a land beyond the skies, the land where perfect day is to be enjoyed by those who seek the light. Oh, that those who seek darkness could but have their eyes opened, could but find the shadows cleared from their skies, and know that each step they would take would shed a new light upon their path, each turned into realization; for to realize joy we must be filled with joy and sunshine. He who thinketh evil thinketh darkly, he calls forth the shadows around his life; he who thinketh righteously calls forth all the bright clear light from heaven. May the life of each of those that I am addressing be filled with love, love of right, love not of glory for self, but for humanity. Each becomes glorified through the grace which he seeks from the Father who so abundantly giveth to each. Though the fathers and mothers are responsible for life, yet if there were no power greater than theirs, life would decay and die. There would be nothing to spring forth if it were not for that great and glorious Being whose angels, whose missionaries we one and all become. Oh, that principle and light and love and power could be administered to all His children. Ye children of men, what do you amount to if you have no other pleasure but the pleasure of enjoying your own lives as selfish individuals? Look ye to the ant, that little bit of an insignificant bug that could show you how to work, and how to keep and lay aside that which buildeth the home. How are you building your life, how is the temple you occupy progressing? Are you filling in the corners, or tearing them down? Do you cast your life in the shadows, or do you step into the highest possible heights? Do not stop by the wayside, tarry not in the valley, for while thou tarriest thou mightst be like the bridesmaids, lose thy step through lack of oil.

My brother, I have a word to say to you personally; that word is, be up and doing, not lie on a couch. You do not change things that way. Out in the sunny air breathe in the atmosphere which you need, changing your mind in several ways. I am glad that your vacation is now about at hand, for in it I see the changing of so many things. You will not be housed up like a plant in a hot-house, instead you will be out in the balmy air, breathing in the sunshine of love and all that will give you joy. I am thankful that in another fortnight you will be saying your good-bye to your home, for changes in life, changes in scenery, mean much to him who is looking for advance-

ment. When you stay in one little place you have dry-rot. You need exchange of words, you need exchange of thoughts. Now I shall leave you. I shall be with you a week from today.

Father: Good afternoon, my boy. It seems a treat to me to be with you. It seems as if it had been several weeks since I had the pleasure of talking with you, my son. We are so pleased with the intended trip. Do not cut it short by a day, for, my boy, there is nothing you need fear. Your house will be in the same place on your return. That which belongs to you will be given to you. You have been in a kind of fear, but that is not unlike you. It looks to me that things will be arranged in a satisfactory manner for Cora to go down, not to spend the entire time, but enough for you to see each other. I was with you on Friday in that beautiful spot so accessible to those whom you leave behind. (Woodlawn.) I think, my son, you have done the wisest thing. It matters little where one is; and then, my boy, there are three ways of looking at that; you will have that which will remain placed in easy access of your home, where the resting-place that holds the shell of the temple may be visited by those that love them best, but if it were down near the old home it could not be visited very often because of the distance, and those who are there are forgetful of those who are near their gates. So, my boy, I am glad that your decision has been to purchase where, when your time comes, you will not be forgotten. . . .

June 28. Margaret Gaul: Good evening, my brother. . . . I haven't learned much since my transit here. I have learned how foolish it is to continually think of the mighty dollar. As each year goes by the time lessens, and what was once a whole year seems crowded into a few short months, and as you go on they will seem but a few hours instead of months or a year, they follow so quickly by. You may look back to last January, and it does not seem it is nearly seven months. That was your last birthday. You are seven months older and it seems but a few days. So, my brother, do not count the days; enjoy yourself. Your dividends will be taken care of. I will tell you, my brother, when you come over you will find out that what I say to you is true. Moths may corrupt and eat away, but money cannot be with you always, and when you give your time up to those things, and when you lay out your route day by day you are wasting your energies constantly, and your strength. Take things more quietly.

I noticed you yesterday in that grand old beautiful cemetery, sweating, and I noticed you at one time getting weak, caused by the heat, and at that time I made up my mind, at the earliest convenience to myself, to come and talk with you and tell you how you need this rest, away from all cares and strifes and complaints. Remember, brother, that you must not exert your strength beyond your capability. Remember also that you have not enjoyed your life in a sense, remember you have seen more enjoyment in the last few months. It has been months of rest to your brain; yes, you have not had any inharmony to battle. You have had perfect harmony, peace and love; in other words, you are placed in a beautiful condition of vibration and thought.

(Did you know Charlotte long?) I have known that child for some years. I have never seen a change of disposition, I have always met her with one hand extended to do good, always willing to be helpful. You at times are given to criticizing her; she is sensitive. You have always been of a critical disposition. That was one of the faults in your boyhood days, although subdued to a certain extent in your life through discipline, coming out in your later life after you reached 35; for at one time you had a temper. It came through your mother's side of the house. (How about father?) His was caused by the conditions that took him out of life. He was fretful, but if you look back into your mother's family, to your uncle William and aunt Elizabeth, and your uncle Henry, they had a temper and red hair, but Henry was able to control it better than William his brother. Your father in his early life was mild-mannered, oftimes smoothing your mother's ruffled brow when she would get into temper, for I will tell you, when you were a little shaver you had more whipping from your mother than you did from your dad. She would not care whether she took her slipper or a shingle. (True; she used both.) She wasn't bigger than a pint of peanuts, she was broad

enough, but not in height. Yes, I will tell you something of this tall John, your brother-in-law. She often thought he was a good fellow, but that he ought to have more ginger; if he had had firmness and ginger he would have made a better living for your sister than he did. She felt it caused great suffering and anxiety to her little Mollie, who was so sensitive. She often spoke to you about it when you met. (True.)

The mother had to work so hard to make ends meet, and it brought a few gray hairs to that little mother. That frail little body. She looks as if when she went away her weight might have been seventy to eighty pounds, while it should have been about one hundred and twenty-five. (Correct.) (What was the cause of her death?) My brother, it looks to me like a fibrous tumor, that is, a cancerous tumor, because it spreads. It is like the root of a tree, it fastens like a little crab. Mine was on the same order. The operation was successful, but my heart had been overtaxed. My work was finished. It seemed hard, it was hard, and it looks to me today my life was filled with so many more things to do. They knew I was seeking for truth, and not for the glory of a few simple women. (Sent her love to the medium, and to Madam Voight, solo singer in her public meetings.)

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July 5. George: (Did you see the celebration?) My vessel was there. I rather liked Dixie. Well, Captain, the North and the South came together. The North marries the South, the South marries the North. You are about regulated. Every girl you ever cared very much for was a Northerner anyway. (What do you think of my monument phrase, We Still Live and Love?) I don't know, Captain, of anything more original, higher-minded, or meaning any more. Our friend Mr. Beecher may know more about that than I. The other sculptors would have told you it was a soft stone. You can have the pleasure of coming back one hundred years from now and perching on it. I say, Captain, here is your father and your mother and your Joseph. Wouldn't he be about seventy-three if he had lived? (Yes.) He died about fourteen months before you were thought of, living around a year. He died from the teething. Your mother was not so strong when he was born, or when you were born, or you would have enjoyed better health, you would have come into your proper vitality. (I was hid in a coffee-pot when born.) . . . I hope to have a sail down to Asbury on your boat. You will have much pleasure in escorting your wife around. We will have one more sitting before we go beside the glorious ocean. Next year you will stay three weeks to a month, and I would not be surprised if you go down to the camps. When you consider the costs you would rather stay North, to go about your two selves. (Raps.) Did you hear Warsaw rapping? You hurt my feelings when you thought I was hurrying up your hitching and said I led you into it. But you did that yourself. And see what you missed by not doing it the year before. You would have had two years of solid happiness instead of one. . . .

Beecher (slowly walking): . . . We come into earth life in sorrow, and leave it in sorrow for those we leave behind. Life comes from Him Who gives it, and to Him ascends that life. What is life? A few years, a few months, filled with sorrow and tears, filled with strife and mortification, oftentimes brought to one through one's own mistakes, many times through the mistakes of others. Dwellest thou in the holy place? What is the meaning of the holy place? It is not always the place or assembly where we find the minister in the pulpit, but deep in the centre of one's being. To those who are cast upon a bed of illness comes the reflection of the days they can remember to the day of their mounting to another life. Ah, if those left could be taught the sanctity, the holiness of the immortal life. He who sneereth findeth in his last hours that that which he sneereth at will be an awakening to him, filled with shadows for what he hath cast underneath his feet. As I say this I am speaking of the world in general.

(How is the spirit aunt?) Her sorrow has brought her where she understands things to a greater degree than she understood them in her life. I simply speak of the sadness of what I witnessed in that hour when I was able to leave just a little helpfulness with those whom I

saw, through the girl. I had the privilege of being with her today, using her as a ministering angel, she not knowing it.

My brother, in the darkest and saddest hours of your life you will find her the sweet comforter you have always found her, never lacking. You will find that she smooths the furrows from your forehead, she will pour oil on the rough wave, she will still the waters and help you to cross the stream. Yes, years hence may you enjoy all the blessings of which she is able to help you partake. What is life without a help-meet, filled with love, filled with hope, filled with unselfishness? Once contention ruled, now peace, once distrust, now trust, once unhappy loneliness, now lonely in the absence of the help-meet; but we never find her absent long; no matter how short the time, it hangs heavily on your hands. We see you at all such times. . . . Along your beautiful Hudson I am able to gain inspiration. Oh inspiration, that filleth life with highest thoughts, thou wanderer from the clouds and skies, bring me back to immortal thought, bring me back where life and love do join. Oh inspiration, come to me, fill my heart with purity, may I know and feel thy love, thy truth, with kindly thought and charity to all. Oh, thou mighty, mighty deep. Like the waves of the sea, one life goes out and one comes in, floating on the eternal tide. Memory, let me know and feel thee near, with recollections bright and fair. (You are poetical, brother Beecher.) Had you ever read any of the little booklets that I had written, that were published after my passing out, you would then have seen that the same tendency that ran through the brain of my sister also was one of my pet habits. She will come sometime, I cannot promise you when, the conditions have got to change, strength must be given, all things cannot come at once. We have nothing to complain of in our instrument; she promises well. I believe, my brother, I cannot set any particular time for my coming in at the ocean-tide. I rather think I shall step in a little oftener, trusting that in the fall we shall resume our meetings at the time appointed. I shall always be with you, though, between half-past three and half-past four, Sabbaths, no matter where you are. I would not have you say one word about it to our instrument. At that hour I shall try to give her just a little glimpse of my presence. Good night.

Father: Good evening, son. I am so glad to come to you. I am glad to know of your departure, not to the life where I am, but to the pleasures of the life that you are in. I should not like to take you, or have you brought so soon from your happiness. But you shall have wonderful times that you do not look forward to. It seems to me they will be filled with much pleasure, although there may be a bringing back to the city of your wife for a sad placing away. My son, if you passed away, you would feel very kindly to those near and dear to you who would show you the respect due you. It looks to me that the insufferable heat that is coming will clip the chord, and that it may delay you in your trip to the Massachusetts camp. And yet, but for her vitality and the great heart action she has, she would have been dead months ago. I know how your sister Mollie lingered, and it will be found that the sick one before she passes away will fall into a coma. . . . Your Captain George says your weather has much to do with the talks. . . . My son, you could not have Mr. Beecher's temperament and that large love of ideality without being poetic.

George: Good evening, Captain. You seem to have a pretty good time down here on the water. I am enjoying it, too. Lots of inspiration to our gal. Say, Captain, everything is all right at 241. You will hear from your father-in-law to that effect. Tell the gal to write more frequently, because it means so much to the old gal. Dr. Krebs is here, brother John and Mollie; here's Aunt Catherine and Mary Jane and Elizabeth and your uncle Henry. Say, Captain, it seems a cousin of yours is just about to leave the body, a man, old bachelor. Had something to do with a farm. He is older than you, Captain, looks like seventy-five to eighty. Was he bent over? Comes on the side of your uncle Henry's house. Sounds like a Thomas. (Thomas Ammons.) Well, he is going to be with the home friends. (George next referred to William Hughes and his feeling toward me about Staunton conditions years ago.) You didn't think you should be expected to take care of the whole family. (I remember it.) Say, Captain, did you ever know a great big dog in your boyhood? He stands right by you,

with his paw on your lap, with his mouth open and his tongue half-way out as if he was panting. That must have been when you were a child about eight or nine years old. He looks as if he was a brown, kind face, large floppy ears. He had shaggy hair, and what an eye when he puts that big paw on your knee and looks up into your face. Was his name Fido? (Leo.) It is a great deal to go back sixty years ago. He was round when your Aunt Beckie was with you. (A colored mammy.) The gal didn't know it. You never spoke of it. Did you ever have an idea the dog has any soul? (No.) Does he look at you with any intelligence? He died in the ground of the house. He was poisoned. (I found him dead in the yard.) Say, Captain, will you be attached to your gal when you go? Do you think you will want to come back and be with her? Well, then.

Mary: Good evening, Mr. Snipes. I just step in for a moment. I am going to close the meeting. (Who is with you?) Mr. Johnson, an elderly man you knew in 57th St. (next door), Dr. Krebs, Wiona, Warsaw. He stands solemnly looking on. Lydia is here, with her daughter. It looks, Joe, as if you are going to hear of the death of Mrs. Jacoby. She never will recover. She is very frail, and developing a cough. I think that is the way her mother went. (Correct.) She has had to be carried in a wheeling chair.

July 22. Today I bought a large tapestry picture. Warsaw: I told you you get no rest until you got that tapishus. Your friends will all like it. They will think you are getting flash with your wampum. They will think it cost more than it did, when fixed. It will tickle the old fellow when he sees it, because him know if you no love the daughter you no do it. Don't you know her is artistic? Next year you can come down and buy the mate of it. In October, when you invite the old gal, and her love lots of things, her will invite the other ones, too. . . . I tell you what, I like that old gal. (Heard Schumann-Heink.) Her going to sing for me when her comes to my side. I will cross my legs, have my buckskin suit on, with my dingle-dangles, my beads and my pouch-bag, and my pipe and my bow-arrows. I went visit your 241 and damage was caused in two different places. Your pipe never very much good anyway. When you took the house you no had new pipes. (True.) There's one I see all ready to break out, like rusty. Have to take up your tiles. About in centre of long pipe, about twenty inches from the broken one toward your tile, and about a yard long. (Afterward found correct, on top of house.)

July 23. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It affords me great pleasure to come to you this evening. I want to tell you how much I enjoyed that wonderful woman on Monday. (Heink.) I had an invitation from Captain George to go aboard his vessel and enjoy with the other kindred spirits the entertainment. I want to say that in my time on earth with you we had some wonderful singers, but I cannot say that I heard so many with a more beautiful voice than that song-bird. It is not the voice alone, it is the whole personality of the woman. Her face is a map of the woman, it is an index of her character. There is much wholesomeness about her, not so much in the singer as in the personality; sympathy in each word she utters. My brother, I am glad of the decision you arrived at in the reading of that little book. (About himself.) I thank you for the gracious thoughts as you finished the reading of the book. Thank you again for not misjudging. Sometimes we are apt to take the name of a person without justice, thinking how the world will accept it. It is so easy to take away the character of a man or a woman, but we do not realize how hard it is to try to return that same character; but the majority always find something to enjoy. (Did you not preach good Spiritualism here?) My brother, God and the angel-world, the blest ones whom I knew in your life, were with me at all times from my earliest childhood, I won't say childhood, but from the early years of my pastorage. I am not the only preacher who has awakened to the idea that in his association he has not the boldness to impart his knowledge to others, for fear of Mrs. Grundy, therefore he buries himself. But I want to tell you that if you do not give it in mild forms in educating your people up to it, you will have the same trouble. That was my belief. I never shirked a belief. There is no one who walks this earth without knowledge of some slanderous tongues. . . . I am pleased again to be with you on your evenings during your vacation. I want to say

that your wife and my instrument is getting a clearer atmosphere, more spiritual. (We need more like her.) Yes, my brother. You understand the mediums, or so-called mediums, as well as I do.

You know in your own past history how beguiling some tried to be, many of whom you have talked with, not always in a trance, but instead looking after their own interests. I dare not say any more. I do not want to say anything unkind. You know there are lots of men who have been drawn from high positions through unprincipled mediums making them believe that it is the spirit, when it is their own vileness to accomplish their own ends. In the instrument through whom I now address you, there is none of that lust for grabbing money. I do not see selfishness in her. If your life were changed today to where you were one year and a-half ago, you would see a very great change. I am glad that you have forgotten what has been. It shows the magnetism, the principle of the woman you now call your wife, to be able in a short time to have helped you uproot the conditions that you were then in. You have arisen through the strength of the character attached to you. I want to say that you have a treasure. You very seldom in the earth life find a man with a companion side-by-side with him who tries each moment that they live together to make things thoroughly agreeable.

July 25. Warsaw: Good evenin' white chief. Me come. Me enjoy your performance. (Fire-works at Asbury representing Venice.) Me Cap'n George was middle of lake. Him board his spirit boat down there; illum'ate, all colors, white no color; look like glass with pink underneath, shine like alabaster, and the ropes look like gold. All his company there, includin' the Gaul lady. Your father here, too. Him say no such performance in 'Ginny. (Virginia.) Cost too much wampum. People would think they fools spend so much in smoke. Say, that gal you met, her's one has her own way. But the boy make her stand round. He will make her do like her do her mother. When her hitch up they was all glad, 'cause her was wild, harum-scarum. His people don't care much for her. There was more wampum on his side; there was something in family that the other people didn't like. Mother thinks her a medy. Is there another gal over there sometimes? (Yes.) Almost like daughter. Her more kinder to the mother than this gal is. When her grow up her be selfish. They not much 'finity together, don't get along like you and your gal. Her one those peoples laughs at you without you know it. Her mother all right to your Mary. The step-father very glad her hitch up, 'cause he had more peace after that. When you know her her pritty fair looking; that were all she had; her too fat now, and no like get busy, too much on her digity. Good night. (All correct, and unknown to the medium.)

July 27. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It is with pleasure I come to you this evening, as we sit in the midst of this mighty sea, just a little sand between us, and upon one part of this beach we see ministerial devotion, we see people clamoring around to hear the word, but are they seekers some for good and some not for good? We do not dare to judge, we shall suppose for good. Again we ask the same question as we glide along from one end to the other, each seeking his and her enjoyment. I feel that it is good to be here. If we labor three hundred and thirteen days during the year, it is a pleasure to have the other fifty-two days for rest. We need a part of the time for rest, for enjoyment, we need a part for sleep, and a part for tears; we need to laugh, we need to growl, as the world in general thinks, but instead if they would let the sunshine in they would have no time for growling, no time for anything but peace and enjoyment. Peace: small word of small letters, a word which meaneth all things. If we have peace we must have love, we must enjoy.

We meet many people who are not satisfied with staying in one place, they do not gather from the place the beauties therein. The sea has no delight for them, nor restfulness for their nerves and for their eyes, nor the same enjoyment that a dance-hall has. Again we find the fanatical sort, people who need to be stirred up at all times with the Amens, etc., their religious life must be one of excitement. Again we find him who has not appreciation enough to know whether he is pleased or displeased, whether he will enjoy or does not

enjoy, he is in a languid condition, and all things mean something or nothing. The waves come and go, and sails go out to sea, knowing not their little craft is to be anchored in the deep. The deep: it means not so much the ocean of water, but the ocean of waves upon which the barque sails forth. May life all glorious be with those that are called, that send out their little craft; they go forth with much, they return with much. But why spend the time in a shiftless way when many need thine aid, and not always in money, which often keeps many in bondage. . . .

Aug. 2. George: Well, Captain, home again. (Captain, you gave Jennie a good test about her father.) About the little gal's father's last words? Poor weak soul. He will gain strength. We have two infants to look after now, the father and the aunt. Indirectly I believe your gal will hear from both. They will not be able to report for themselves, but some one of the guides will try to give something from each. I tell you, this old tar likes the ocean, and you would just as leave stay down to Asbury Park as to go tramping up to the camp. Am I right? Say, Captain, I was with you today, and I want to say you will have a most beautiful selection, you will be more than charmed with it. (Large tapestry from auction.)

Mary: Good evening, Joe. I am so glad, Joe, that you are going to visit Lorinda. The main thing why I want the girl to go is, I believe her presence will help her, because I feel I would like a little pressure taken off her brain. She will be called to me very shortly. You know when you saw her, Joe, she was suffering quite some then. I think she suffers from rheumatism, and the presence of the girl and the girl's hands on her brain will help her to think more clearly than she does, for Lorindy is very forgetful. . . . Your family is here, and you will hear from Lydia while on your trip through some strange medium. And, Joe, I don't want you to believe everything you hear from some flowery mediums. You know there are so many tricksters. The girl is giving you more facts than ever I did in a short time, because she is younger than I was. It is not that Lyddy dislikes your girl that she does not come oftener, but she feels that you have been weaned away from her, besides the fact that you have procured another resting place, which has naturally caused her to feel that your wife was to blame, although we know that she was not.

We know that you could not have been happy under the conditions that reigned. Now you feel at peace with all, and thankful that you have learned to forget the past which held to a certain extent much that was not desirable. Your trip to the ocean-side has strengthened you, and since your return you have not thought of the bleak past, and it means that you are awakening to a brighter and happier day than that which bred sorrow for you, and in your going away you brought into your life firmer conditions, and the pride which you gained in your wife has brought you much closer together, for in seeing how much other people come around her, it is helping you to see and know that you have some one to be proud of. . . .

Aug. 9. Lake Pleasant, Mass. Warsaw: This is going to be one good thing to you, give you health. You no need fear it is going down. Too much force back of it. Me no mean property advanced up high, me mean it no go down. There's more wigwams up this year. We no want you go over $—— for what you does. No trouble to sell to good peeps if you wants to, but you will not want. Will be too much good for your element and health. If it wasn't the camp it would go much higher. If you have Catholic church, a Presbyterian, a Methodist and a 'Versalist, you say that was sect-arian. If no sectarian it be best for value. We no wants our medy public until her is very strong otherwise. You 'stander me? And this place will develop her more. Don't you see that in the few days you been here? And, white chief, when you comes up here to live and have your own wigwam, I would like it so you have circle at least once a week, not over seven peeps what is good in their thoughts and strong. Her will look right through their bodies, and her will get clairvoyant, as well as the psychom'try, as well as tranceit. Her will have three besides her healing. That will make her four times develop. Don't you think you d'rive more good in this atosphere?

Wiona: Me come to you. The old gal what is underneath here (from Virginia)

won't get what her is looking for. Her has heard so much from other medys her head is turned round, but I will talk at her. I will tell her where her is a fool, and straighten her mind. Her scatter all her forces until her go down from the tree to the ground, and then climb the mountain to stand on the rocks what will make her firm, and then her will be led through her own guides to find out what her is seeking. Her is resting under delusion, looking for something what never was. (Supposed mine.) There's a little box what is hid away, what is some value, but not the value her places on it. More like somebody has told her would get treasures out of the earth. On part of the ground her lives on there may be a little oil, something that would start out of the ground. (Confirmed.)

Aug. 13. Lake Pleasant, Mass. A Mrs. Bryant, a stranger, approached me on the road and said: I see a large, broad-shouldered man with you, a minister, and a lady, his sister. His name is Henry Ward Beecher, and her name was Harriet. She says she promised to bring him to you some time ago, but he had been prevented by the illness of one who saw the setting sun. (Lydia.) She also referred to my father's father, and said that Charlotte's psychic strength had been restrained by church and family influences.

Aug. 15. Eva Hill, medium. (To Charlotte): You would have made a great nurse. You have a German spirit doctor. (Dr. Krebs.) You have not had the easiest time in life before you started in the work, didn't understand it yourself. That doctor says he comes to you almost every day when you feel a desire to help anybody. He has a pleasant smile, a man very quick in manner. Now there comes right up here a Lily, back of him. (A cousin.) Told you you would marry, and you said No. Two years ago. (To me): And you knew she was mediumistic. There are three Indians come here. You are going to do so much in the work. And you will live a good many years. (To C.): Of course he will come first, and you will have your work to do just the same. Who is Henry? There's a beautiful ancient guide beside you. (To me): Who is Emma in spirit life, and Harriet, and Andrew? Very bright, a stirring fellow. And a Joseph, trying to reach some of his people. Oh, dear, is it not grand that somebody knows that I can come? Who is Charles? (Father's father.) And there's a Bobby. (Bobby Gill, cousin.) Who is Sarah. (His mother.) Elizabeth. Had a mark on her face. (Mother's sister; cancer on face; died of it many years ago in Virginia.) Who is Mabel? Bright child. (Addressing us alternately): You are domestic, like your grandmother. Your home is very pleasant. Your parents cannot help themselves about this, her grandmother says. He brings strong feeling, as though glad to come to you. Here is a brave, passed out quick, in office. Some of your people are down on Spiritualism, and you will surprise them before you get through. (To C.): He is a great help to you (referring to me), a wonderful help. He was put in your life to help forth your gifts. You did not think at first you would marry. There was one most determined to get you. Who is Julia? (The Julia of 1873.) Has a very sharp eye, a person who wanted her own way, and she would fight for it. I would not want to live with her very long. (A perfect characterization.) Sometimes we have to learn something when we get out. Who is Herbert? (Herbert Mellish.) Big man here. When he laughed he shook. Feels happy and bright. (Dr. Krebs.) What are you doing with papers all the time? They look to me like stocks. A man here tells me they have been in dull condition, but soon will go up. One comes, named Drew. Dan, he says. He was just as much a thief as any of them, he says. . . . Her coming here is one of the greatest help. Her guides determined she should. She is to have a cottage here, roomy and nice. I see you going South. (Cassadaga, Fla., later.) Who is it used to be such a hand to pray? Awful thin. He was a minister. (Father.) Another named Margaret. And a deformed person. All right now. (Poitiaux, of Richmond.) And another who was blind. (Gilbert?) And George. (Wilson, shaking hands heartily as of old. Mrs. Hill and Charlotte here conversed together in Indian tongue. Then Mrs. H. played upon an organ and sang opera airs and ballads in Italian with wondrous alternation of voice as soprano, tenor and bass.)

Aug. 22. Onset, Mass. Camp. Rev. F. A. Wiggin, in public temple, in reply to my sealed question, Where should I build? said: A spirit by the name of Newton comes to

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the writer, says he is from New York, was killed by an accident. And why choose a site with its turmoil? The writer of this pellet has had a varied past, but his present and future is and will be happier than ever. He always was and still is investigating. One of his helpers is Henry Ward Beecher. Replying to Charlotte's concealed question, he said she was surrounded by very many spirits, that she was a medium, and her progress would be gradually developed, not forced, not by pulling up the flower by the roots, but letting it grow naturally. A spirit was present with the question she had written, the name commencing with W. (Wakeman.) He also heard a name like Ona. (Wiona. Many others in audience acknowledged similar tests.)

Aug. 31. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It gives me great pleasure to again call upon you in your home. It will be a pleasure again when we resume our Sabbath afternoon services. In the meantime I may not have the pleasure of talking with you, but you will know that I am with you. Next summer, if we are alive and have our being, as some would say, we shall be glad to resume without interruption. My brother and friend, as I look into your home today, I view a most beautiful picture full of nature. (A large tapestry park scene.) Would that each and every person could understand what it means in the home. Would that their pocketbooks would prompt them to indulge it. Lots of people have the desire, but are not able to reach the fulfilment. He who desires that which is highest, noblest and best, as a rule has the fulfilment of eternal love and joy. We cannot take one from the other, one balances the other, joy and love. Not selfish love, but love born of high and pure desires, joy the fulfilment of love, happiness, peace, light, each of these united with faith and charity. We have to have the different lights handed unto us and cast upon the canvas, one balances the other, and the underpinning must be securely fastened in life. A life that is not propped up with underpinning will not hold very long. That which is pinned upon faith without acts is useless. If we lose faith in a person, we do not desire to have that person in our presence. We may hope for things, but if we do not put our actions in motion, we lose hope and we lose faith, and then if we do not have a little hopeful, helpful ability, what on earth and what in heaven will be the outcome? Each one of these means much to each and every one, so that foundation in life means the same in the home. The house cannot stand if the foundations are not secure. Life cannot stand if that life is not built on a proper foundation. What good will the body be when it has failed to fulfil its service? And if a person is slothful in life, careless in the mortal, what will his immortal life be? Immortality means much. How many people accept it as such? A mortal life means one to ten milestones, three-score being the average. Three-score and a half to four-score to my mind would be the most that anybody would care to live. Beyond that there are so many afflictions as a rule, loss of sight and of hearing, a disposition to change, to fall into crabbiness and finding fault with others. Nature means much when you study its heart, as one is able to grasp it in his thought-world. I am glad of your selection of the future home during the summer months. You cannot understand how much this will mean to you, sir, to be brought face to face with the beautiful mountains, the clear sky, the magnificent sunsets, the sun rising over those beautiful mountain-tops, the valleys, the lakes, the woods, all nature speaking of Him who brought these manifestations of His love.

What is worth more to man than health? for with health he is wealthy. This living in the altitude of healthfulness to the soul, giving unto life sunshine and light, is not this worth something to you? My brother, do not think of the cost, but think of the enjoyment, the happiness it will mean to you. What would $—— be to you if you were to go out of life? You would feel, how different it might have been if you could have seen things the way you see them after you enter the life beyond. Now, my brother, take pleasure, take comfort in what you are now able to do, do not count the cost. It will bring more to you than all the dollars in the world to bask in the beautiful sunshine and the beautiful air, the balmy pines, and the home full of sweetness. By that I mean the influences which are more to you than money. Make your home just as beautiful, just as artistic as you know how; I do not say the most costly, but the finest that your desires will permit. I do not mean that you

are to spend $—— for furniture, but have it so that the highest conditions can enter into that home. At present it will hold you but three months in the year, but I want to tell you that when the time comes to dispose of this lovely home (New York City), I do not see you building another one, but I see you taking an apartment. You feel you prefer having your money out at interest, instead of burdening yourself with another city home when you dispose of this. (Sold in 1923, took large apartment.) I do not often go into these details, but it comes to me at this moment. That is the reason I give it to you.

After the above, I visited Richmond, Norfolk, and Staunton, Va., also the family cemetery, wondering if father noticed the latter fact. On return to New York, Wiona controlling, remarked: Say, white chief, your father will not talk, can't use her throat, but he tell me he ain't in that place there. It's only the bones, and there ain't very much of them left. He free now. He glad you see the towns and the peoples where you was born. Your Cora is not so outspoken as her used to be. It only couple weeks now when there be no 'ruptions (interruptions), white chief, but don't you get so pointed, 'cause you say some things that cuts right to the gallbladders.

George: Well, Captain, how the devil are you getting along? Captain, you are all befuddled in your mind. The reasons, Captain? One is the selfishness there, indifference to the cause, and the seeming indifference to yourself. Is that correct? And, Captain, you take in all these things when people least suspect you do, and you feel they will never be bothered with you again. And you are just tickled you find them out. They seem to feel your marriage would make such a difference in the amount that was coming to them, but don't let them know you are just as wise as they are. Say, Captain, I was with you on the first part of your trip, and I enjoyed it as much as you did. I went to all the different vessels, and there were some marines. (Norfolk.) I am going to step down there sometime and look them over. I need a little more learning.

You have come to the conclusion you would not give up your gal for the whole bunch of them put together. And it is going to be talked about, the affection you have for the gal. But they think she has got the upper-hand of you, because she slides in so easily, without any rumpus. They did not know they could have touched you the same way if they knew how to go about it, and it is not put on on her part, where it might be on theirs. I know you will do a powerful lot of thinking between now and the first of October, because you will not commence to straighten out things in your mind, and the conditions you have passed through recently have shown you it is quite right. (Spirit George then accurately described Chimberazo Park, Richmond, its seats, monuments, water, etc.) Say, Captain, did you hear my rapping this morning? About ten minutes of seven. (Yes, loudly.) There's somebody else here; don't keep me.

Father: I will try to talk to you, my son, but the throat of your wife won't permit me very much. I am so glad to be with you. Mammy is with me, too, and she knows your worth, my boy. We were with you when you were in the cemetery. But we are not there. Although we are gone, we are not forgotten by you, but younger children many times forget those they should not forget. Human life goes on that way each and every day. As long as we have the love of our son and are able to mingle our thoughts with his, and walk with him and talk with him, what else need we still? When the doors of time are closed, and when the eyes are opened later, then the mistakes will be shown. Your mother is here and Mollie and John, and they say they know the children were always thoughtless, and that the majority of them think of themselves first and others after, which seems the course of nature. Good night, my boy, good night from all of us.

Sept. 7. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. I am glad to be with you again. Although we shall not resume our talk until we are quietly settled in your home, I am glad to report and see you improving in health. A quiet word, a word of love, truth and honesty, gives more meat to the soul than the greatest luxuries, and when we find these absent the mind is filled with discontent. He liveth well who thinketh best, for one cannot live well without his thought-world

has been implanted among the flowers. Each flower sends forth its fragrance, each pleasant thought irradiates the face, the eyes the index to the soul. You have the principle of life; live long, content yourself under all circumstances. Remember faults exist in all things. Thou are not without them, your trifling nature of former years having been crushed, and when the crushing wheel comes it makes you sharp and irritable, and when you see things in your family life that you do not like, it is gall and wormwood to your soul. Remember they do not see as you see, and will not until they have gone beyond.

It is useless to speak idle words, for they become idle when they lack appreciation. They hurt you, they hurt them, because it makes them resentful. I am glad that you have appreciation, that you have love and your heart's desire, and it makes little difference from what other sources you seek enjoyment as long as home happiness and truth reign in your midst. I will not say much tonight, as our instrument is not in perfect condition, and I cannot use my regular voice. In three weeks we shall again assemble for our talk, and when we have our home in the woods we shall have all the opportunities we desire without fear of intrusion. That shall be our sacred goal. I wish to say, your parents are here, the father and mother, the two baby children, Captain George, and your devoted friend and mother. She tells me to say Mary. Love the girl that is by your side, she deserves it. As you can understand, she is drawn closer to you than you ever deemed it possible, and even these few days have drawn her closer to you, because you feel the difference in her unselfish devotion. You have had ample time to compare, you feel that you would have been happier if you had not had so much time to draw conclusions.

Sept. 26. Sitting at Lydia's grave at Sparkill, N. Y., Charlotte was entranced, and spoke as follows:

Dear Heart: Have I become so distasteful that not even a flower might be placed upon that part of the ground which holds the last of my earth remains, no feeling cherished by you? Are you become withered in unkind thoughts? I know I was to blame in much, but others have their faults. But I cannot permit my child to have all the blame placed upon her. She has much to outgrow where she is. It was a mistake. It has caused serious trouble to all concerned. I was never fitted for your wife, and the tinsel that was mine led me on. It was like the last grip of a man who is sinking and drowning in life. I know, I can see the trouble caused, I thought I was doing it for the best. I am trying to step over all these barricades. It is filled with stones for me to climb over. I could not do it like your wife who takes my place. She is contented with the love and wisdom of friends in a quiet way. I needed the glare of the electric light. I had to be in the constant whirl, or else it was not mine. You have been blest in the exchange. Do not hold any unkindness towards us. You and I never felt as closely united as you and your wife are today. We never shared each other's secrets in the same way; you know that. It turned out to be just an infatuation, and when the glitter had worn off, and when you were able to see the faults, instead of loving, you nearly hated my family and myself to a certain degree. You had not much thought or love or time for me other than my mediumship. I so often felt that you loved my mediumship and not myself. And you are learning to love your wife much more than you did Mary. You may not know it, but still it is true.

Have you not recognized the truth of what I say, that your love for your wife is going beyond your love for Mary? You looked upon her as a mother, but your heart is wrapped up in the girl by your side. True, I did not give you what she has given you. We sometimes made mistakes. You will pardon mine. You have taken up another life. Forget the people who caused you pain and let no harsh words escape your lips. You have seen the fruits of what wrong-living means. Do not wish the parties any harder life than they now have. You have your faults, Joe, but your wife, with her gentle kindly manner, is teaching you to outgrow them. She has been led into your life for a purpose which I never would have been able to fulfill. Each day that you live with her you see it more and more, and you are partaking of her nature, though unconsciously to yourself. I never expected your return here again to the place that holds the casket and the last remains of

that which was. I never expected to see you sit where you are now sitting. The home has passed into other hands. I mean I never expected you to visit the place again. It seems as if it were a benediction. You may wander here again, but when you do, it will be through your wife. She will never let you forget entirely, but it will not be for years. I do not mean that you will see me, but I mean your sitting here in the body and looking at the place that holds Mollie and the place that holds myself. Do not let mediumship displace the love of your wife. I am progressing. I shall come to you sometimes and not talk of my faults, but of my life of progression. You have reached out, and you have received what you have long wished for, that is, such companionship as you now have, and you never expected to gain it to the full extent that you now have. For three years the brightness you have had in your life has been brought into it by your wife. You will have years of happiness, years full of brightness, and not of the deep sorrows that you have passed through. She has taken away the sting, and she helps you to see through different glasses, and the smoke has been cleared away. (Did you meet Captain George?) Yes, we saw each other face to face. He cannot control me in the same way. He comes to your wife quite frequently, but as the days and years go on he will come more. Be thankful for what you have. Love it, cherish it. No matter what you do, do not think it is too much, because diamonds are not picked up on the streets.

Sept. 27. George: Hello, Captain. People come into their own, don't they? I believe I told you it was a very different place to what it used to be, didn't I? Captain, you had quite a chat with the old gal. I am glad. I mean Lydia. I was there, not talking. Captain, when we shake off our worn-out clothes we are able to see things differently. When you shake yours off you will see you often misjudged the best of friends you had in the world. (You refer to the girl?) Yes, sir. You sometimes get it in that head of yours that she is not all she professes to be, and you cannot deny it. You were born a doubter. Can you doubt that much? The old Adam will appear. In other words, he who carries resentment for years cannot bury it in a day. That applies to you. It was not for a day nor for a year you carried this feeling, but I would say for forty years. Am I right? Still all through the forty years you never spent a real genuine happy day until within the last year. Mary helped you to a certain degree, but you never had the real happiness this past year has been to you, for the reason that all through your life a something was gnawing at your heart that could not be accomplished. And then a little miserly question makes you madder than a hornet. Well, take it out of your mind. There are few instruments as clean as the one you have. Who does for you, who tried to do for you without a question of dollars and cents when you needed her? I am commencing to believe, Captain, what your people feel. They find much of your nature so changed they blame her for it. Even the boy (nephew) feels her influence, your nieces noticed the influence she had. And, my and me, what would you do if you did not have her? You would step over, you would collapse. You may not think so, you may think you would overcome it. She has helped you over the shadows, she has turned your face toward the sunlight, she has cleared the dew-drops, the rain-drops, and transplanted the cactus and made it become a rose, not near so thorny as the prickly cactus. I know no other way to describe my idea. You had long prickly feelers, and you used to sting whenever you opened your mouth. Any one that knew you could not help but know it. . . .

Oct. 4. George: Hello, Captain. Allow me to congratulate you. Congratulations are in order on the anniversary of your marriage, the first anniversary you have ever had. When our ship came down in the centre of the room there under the chandelier, I brought it back to the window where you people stood and hitched together with lock and key. Twenty-nine in all, including the girl's grandmother and two aunts. Well, Captain, you seem to be a little restless. What do you care about the shillings? You seem to have a paper in there (hid in my pocket), and it is close coming up to the water-mark: Grave $——, monument $——, plumber's bill $——, two suits of clothes $——, one nearly worn out now, shirts $——, railroad trains $——, etc. (All correct exactly, although concealed.) Say, Captain, the reason I itemize them is, there will be money after you are dead, and what's

the use of screwing and squeezing the eagle of the dollar? Now, Captain, I don't want you to stand on any ceremony where a few dollars are concerned, I want you to have solid comfort. You are not always going to live in this house. When the money market is on a secure basis, and when more buildings are going up, you will see these houses turned into apartments; you are not going to lose a blamed cent, but come out even, and you will have your furniture and rent to boot. You will see a big change in this neighborhood within the next five years.

Say, Captain, there have been monopolies since the world began, and they will be until the world ends, and it will never end. Look at my home in England. They would have grown long ago if they did not govern the people too much. Have they not lords and dukes and princes and principalities? You are going to find that little New England home will be the place where some of the happiest hours of your existence will be spent, so do not think of the few dollars you will try to save on it. You may think that George Wilson is a fool, but, Captain, he can see just a little further than you, and he can see where this little gal of yours will prefer to stay up there in the years to come, sooner than to be down where all the hustle and bustle is, because the people of one common faith are there. That agitation at Turner's Falls won't hurt it. (How did you find that out?) Don't you think when I am interested in a fellow it gives me pleasure to snooze around there a bit? Well, that is how I know it. (Here he keenly suggested other good plans not thought of.)

Oct. 7. Beecher: Good evening, sir. I am very glad again to talk with you, now that the home life is resumed. I just desire you to know that I had not forgotten you as the days go by. In the early days of my pastorage it was not the custom to leave the home for the summer. It was only the very wealthy that enjoyed that privilege. Now we go to the hamlet by the wayside, and we find not only the people of wealth, but people in quite menial circumstances. And, ah me, a breath of fresh air, and the fragrance of the beautiful flowers in the woods speak volumes to the soul. Nature, in all her rich endowment, teaches us how to be happy, shows to us that life is worth living, while waiting and watching for a better clime. And it pleased me so much, my brother, to see the step that you have taken. You hardly knew just what to do on the eve of your planning, it was one thought or another, shall I, or will I let it rest? My brother, do not let it rest. Do not have a wavering thought of Shall I extend the ground? By all means make the extension.

. . .

A brain that is not set into action must become slothful and dull. He who thinketh much showeth it in the face, the forehead, the eyes, the figure. He who is not a thinker, and has need of some thoughts, some subjects, some life, is dead. He may as well preach his own funeral sermon. His life is not worth living, he becomes a selfish, arrogant piece of humanity. (Did you notice the fire in your church?) My brother, it grieved me at first, but that is a temporal thing. There are things in the lives of other people which grieve us more than the building. The damage that has been done by the fire is in the hands of those who will be able to repair it. So, even though a part of the beloved edifice was destroyed, it is not destroyed to such an extent that it cannot be renovated. But take the man that falleth by the wayside; he becometh slothful in doing good, his portion cannot be rebuilt, he gradually sinks into obscurity, taking him years in the life beyond the grave to rise from it, probably generations upon generations upon earth, a part of eternity, to rise out of his slothful being. A few short weeks, and the church can be fully remodeled; but the soul that continues to grovel in the earth cannot be quickly remodeled.

(What do you think of the Episcopal Convocation?) If their head is clear, and the clouds are removed from their minds, they will not dare to follow in the way they are treading. Sometimes when we dare too far we uproot things that had better be laid along the wayside. The church hasn't any right to step entirely into the lives of infidels and tell them entirely what they should do. There is a boundary line. Law is one thing, and church is another. We have seen in countries in the East where the church governs the country it has been a complete failure. It has never put off its swaddling clothes. Therefore, no matter what the

creed may be, it had better not place its hand too deeply in the sea that does not enter into the ocean of life, because the people of today are not blind as much as they were in years gone by. Many are awakening day by day to other thoughts. True, some of them are not going in just the way they should, but then who is to say what shall be, and what shall not be? Each man is a law unto himself, placed upon the earth, upon the ship that sails the mighty deep, to make of his life the highest ideal, or to bring his life to the lowest depths of degradation. So, why must the innocent suffer more today than in the days of yore? If they cannot remove the cause of these troubles, why try to bring more scorching sorrow into lives that are not guilty? So, why will the church place her hand to what is not her business? Cause and effect prove a mighty power in this life. There is no cause without effect, there is no effect without a cause. . . .

My brother, you have a thought in your mind about the removing of some one who has quite some to do with a paper that you are interested in, I mean regarding a friend of yours who is a lawyer. Has it ever struck you, my brother, that the one to place in that paper is the one in whom you are most interested, as your executrix with your executors? A man has a perfect right to name his wife among them. You sometimes wonder if that would be legal. Why not? Who has a better right? Other women do the same thing. You may inquire into that, and you will see that you have been misinformed. Why did Mr. Morgan appoint his son as main executor to his will? Did he cut that son off? Why do other men appoint their wives in that capacity if it were not legitimate? Why permit lawyers to place their heads together and direct the entire income? An executrix, your wife, in connection with one lawyer and the other executor that you might name, would be capable of doing so, and not see the estate dwindle. That gives her a power to prevent them underselling any part of the property. I do not like to delve into real estate, nor where money is concerned, but I want to show you that I am right. For instance, I will take your home here. If your executors wanted to sell the home, and they were offered a certain price, even though it should be $—— below what it should be, if they saw fit to sell it, they would have the right.

You take a line of your stocks, and different things (I told you before I do not like to talk upon this subject), she would not let them sell if they were way down low. In this way she is able to control, and I do not think this is an unwise proposition. It also shows to her your extreme love and affection and trustfulness. I hope I have not intruded upon you with this thought. You see in the way I give it to you she does not have full charge, because she has a lawyer and another, but they consult her, and she does not give them superior power over her. And you know how property goes up and goes down, where holding it, even at more than what it should be, if the occasion demands it, is better for all concerned. I hope you will pardon me, for I have been reading your thoughts. You see, my brother, the way you have it now they might sell everything for whatsoever they liked; with her upon the board they could not. I do not mean she is a fighter, but there would be no chance for any misdemeanor. That is the reason why I ask you about this change. You see two lawyers will work hand in hand; they know how the law goes. I do not say the man you have got I would take away. It seems that one has been a friend of yours. Well, he is a very busy man. I do not think I would remove him, but just place your wife there in place of the other one.

You know it is all nonsense to say, because a wife is chosen by her husband to fill the place, she would forfeit what would be her due, or for a son. Why should not a son or a wife be large enough to hold that position? I am sure, my brother, if you will look that matter up you will find I am perfectly right. If you had a cool, calculating wife, selfishly inclined, it would be a different matter, it would change the whole aspect, but in this way it hangs as a balance-wheel, not one penny would she seek more than is conveyed. Now I will tell you the kind of wife you have: You have a wife, my dear sir, that in years to come, if you are taken from her, and there are no children, if your nephew and nieces showed her the least

affection, would equally divide. You may not think so, but it is true, and it would go, not where they have the most, but where they have the least. So, my brother, do not be afraid. And it would make her very proud to see that you love her so dearly as to empower her with this sacred trust. I would not mention it. It is one thing she never likes to hear you speak of. Now I shall leave you, because our friend and brother of the sea is at hand. You know I always stood up for justice and for right, and I liked to strike up a friendship with a being of that kind, and that is the reason I like to use my instrument. And I am so pleased that you are going to the mountains, and you will be sorry when the time comes each year to bring you back to the city.

George: Hello, Captain. Say, Captain, will you remind my gal that at two o'clock tomorrow, if the weather permits, she will have a caller for a reading? She has forgotten it. What the devil have you been worrying about? Won't you be thankful the money is coming in just as much as it is? There's lots of families where there's nothing coming in and everything going out. I want to make you satisfied. You seem to look on the sweeper as if it were not necessary. Suppose we put an apron and a cap on you and give you a broom and start you sweeping all through the house, and dusting the dirt. Think you would like it? Well, let your (Wiona has such a funny name for it) sucker-pump do the work.

Say, Captain, isn't my friend who just went away after speaking to you a fine fellow, such a noble gentleman? I was going to talk to you upon the same subject, but he got ahead of me. Well, he has done the work, and I am glad, because I guess you will see it clearer from him than you would from me. I think it just as well, because you hadn't known your gal as well as you know her today, and you know you came very near being beat before, Captain, and with that experience it is pretty hard for a fellow to trust the next experience. You don't need to be afraid, Captain, every thought or wish that she knows is yours will be carried out to the letter, and there will be nobody trying to persuade her that black is white or white is black.

She would never permit it. Captain, what do strangers care, even the executors, with the fees which the court allows them? Don't you know that the majority of them want to close the case just as soon as they can, even though it may be a detriment to herself? Now suppose that things were such as the experience just passed through a couple of months ago. It would mean that your stocks would bring thousands less than they would bring in a good market. With her she would say, I am willing if it is necessary to wait a fair opportunity, if it takes a longer time, so that this will not be sacrificed. Now you take your lawyers, and if they had a little money themselves they could carry that stock themselves, or if they wanted to sell it, they would sell it; it would be immaterial; the other way it would be tied until it got to its proper mark. You know, Captain, there's a whole lot of ways of looking at things, and we let those things slide by, sometimes without seeing them. Well, when you get people to settle up a will you find they many times do what they like, and the heirs-at-law, as a rule, are not brought into their confidence. They simply get it dealt out to them, and where these lawyers come in is where the little surplus or dividends come in. You haven't said anything about the dividends. You want to fix that with fist and claws, because the way your estate is now, I know you will have health and strength to enjoy and accumulate more, and you would see at the end of the year it would be $—— more, according to the market, and that you have not looked after.

Oct. 11. Warsaw: Say, white chief, you got up to that big build. (St. John's Cathedral), and you had a smirk around your lips, and I saw you do this (illustrating gesture correctly.) You look at a fellow there what holds up his neck, and him had gray mutton-chops. You had all you could do to keep from laughing. My gal didn't know that. Then you went from that build to a smaller one, and there was a lot of funny things there. That's another thing my gal didn't know. And you got some pam'lets out of there. We saw some holy sisters in there. That's another thing my gal didn't know. (All true.)

Oct. 26. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. As life needs harmony, the musical notes of the instrument bring us

into sublime harmony, provided it brings peace and rest. We go a little further and watch the birds with their wonderful harmonious voices. Would that we could see divine life thus. I do not mean you folks individually, but the whole human family. Would that they could be called to see the harmony which is necessary to their lives, to bring forth the fruits that are given to one and another in love and affection, fidelity and truth. . . . That children should come without the wish of one or the other parent is very bad business. It seems strange that the mother or father should be so opposed. Often the little innocent birdlings come into their lives without love. Each should be born into happy conditions, and harmony should bring music to the soul from the birth of the first infant. Would that this subject could be taken up and handled in the best religious manner. I do not mean with churchism, I mean that the subject might be religiously studied. It seems ofttimes that our cattle and dogs are better raised and pedigreed. Would they might know the pedigree of the child. That seems not to trouble us. Would that we could instill into our American women and our American men the thought of their ancestry, what kind of lives they lived, where they spent their years, their hours, what lines, what ambitions they took up in life. It may not appeal to you, my brother, in the same manner that it appeals to me. It is a very broad subject, it needs careful thinking. Would that our young misses might know the difference of idiotic love and a life of purity. Would that purity might reign instead of lust in many cases. Vile is he who will take a girl in friendship's name and wander in the paths of sin, inspired by questionable ends. The girl loses her character, the man not losing any, because he hasn't any to lose. The world does not judge him as harshly as the poor child he is the means of hurting. As I might take a rose in my hand and crush it, so he crushes the life, tears it apart and flings it away. But where there is one who would willingly destroy that flower, there are thousands who would not. Ah, that this thought might awaken the growing generations. They do not voice the things that seem old-fashioned. This hugging and kissing. I do not mean the true affection which should be between husband and wife, I am criticizing that which means lust. You understand my meaning. I think you will coincide with my idea. Mothers do not watch their young as carefully as the hen watches her brood. She gets those little chicks and she brings them under her wing. Some mothers try to get rid of their offspring just as quickly as the law allows. Well, my brother, this is a painful subject, worthy of all the preachers in Christendom taking it up and preaching it. Would they might be reached and influenced so to do; would that our instrument had the proclaiming of this gospel.

They know what I am talking of, no matter what their cloak may be. It matters little whether you are a Catholic or whether you are a Protestant, it is the life that you live. Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Dutch Reform, Universalist, Baptist or what, does your coat fit you, does that coat cover up your sins? No. The day of reckoning comes, and when you start your life anew you will have to outgrow the conditions with which you enameled yourself. He who is not of the best cannot claim the best, he who looks forward to the highest in life finds it. Remember each step may be a faltering step, each link gathered together with tears and tribulation, but he manages to ascend the steps. Better to go slowly than to go quickly, and climb to the top of the ladder, than to look over the precipice and go down with the thought that takes all manhood from you. Steer your vessel aright, clean your helmet, do not stain it. You little dream whose idol you may be, how you may be spreading care about you. You may not know it, but the fact does not change. However spotless your holy work, keep your skirts clean, trouble not yourself with some one else's dirt, help him to clean it away. Life with all its beauty and wealth is worth little to thee if thy spirit be soiled and thy hands be filled with blood.

Nov. 1. After supper, Mrs. Snipes, partly controlled, with great nervousness broke plates and tea-pot in kitchen. Wiona said it was the daughter of the former Mrs. Manks, showing her feeling about the ruin of her home at Sparkill, describing her correctly. Medium never saw her.

Nov. 2. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It is with untold pleasure that I can come to you at this hour. The eyes of the public have been bent in a special

sense toward the great depravity of the heads of your city, and all Europe is watching for next Tuesday. My brother, the political situation of your day is as bad as it was in the days of Tweed, I believe you remember it, with exception that today you have a better government in many ways. In those days they would just as leave give you a blow as to look upon you, there was a more ignorant class to deal with. Today you have the kid-glove element. The sad part is, it is the money which brings contempt, money which should be used for more desirable things, and the more they get the more they want, and, my brother, the depraved natures that will be called upon to meet the coming Tuesday, and the repeaters, suffice it to say, will be quite in their old game. If I were here, I am afraid I should be with the radicals. They call them radicals and turn-coats. I have been with the suffering majority. My brother, you will find within the coming months that quite a number of heads will be taken off, and I want you to know that next Tuesday will not be the end of your election. It will mean that much of this mud-raking shall be brought into your Supreme Court. There will be many offices vacant, and I think I am safe in saying, if they are successful there will be at least ten people sent to the penitentiary; for things have come to such a state that it means an uprising and a clean administration.

But God must rule in His holy place. Badness comes for a time. Thank God it does not last always. If it did, there would be no sweetness in life. If you take the kernel of a nut into the mouth and it is sweet, it gives you an enjoyment to eat it. If its bite is sour, and it screws your mouth up, it leaves a bad taste, you become disgusted. Your city at the present time is in just that condition. With each and every healthy man it leaves a bad taste in his mouth, caused through the class of people who rule your city and my home town. This condition runs not alone in your one city, but it seems as if it were all over the world, a general uprising through different causes, and as you sum it all up you will find it starts from some political wrong. You go to your sister States which today are in deep trouble, and the world at large is anxious about it, does not know just the outlook of things, and the depravity of the men of the nation. The red lights glow and last but an hour. The pleasure leaves death behind, and he who is fool enough to cut his head off must be brought back to his senses.

He who takes one life, that which he cannot give back, loses his own. It may look dark and gloomy for a time, but the right shall win, and truth shall hold her own. If a person has a time and place for evil, the evil may live for a season, but the glory of God must come into its own. The murderer who seeks the life of the people sooner or later must come to the stake, for He who ruleth the Universe ruleth it by His own hand. At the time conditions may not permit, but after a while the nations will rise into the atmosphere and working of affairs that will bring condemnation where it belongs. Although I am not in earth life, here and there is a brain I can touch. You may have lost your Lincoln and your Greeley and your Paine, who was a man of wonderful brain force and able to hold his own in his political life, but at all times some man is able to arise and help where help is needed, like my revered friend who has since come to spirit life, your late President, Mr. Cleveland. There are such men as he equal to the occasion, who rise from the people and have a will which helps to control the brains of your time.

Nov. 9. Beecher: My dear friend and brother. Again I come to you, in the midst of your close thought, in your pondering between the mountain and the home. Why falter thou? It is not necessary to have a mansion, as long as you have peace and holiness. The larger the home the more the outgo, the smaller the home the more compact. Mountains have their worth. When we abide in the mountains we are not supposed to be in the city, so why dost thou desire a mansion among the hills? When you are abiding in the city, you are looking forward to city appointments. When you abide among the hills and the mountains you are roughing it. It is that which makes you homelike, content, enough and not a waste, fresh air to the full lung capacity, health and breath and balm that bring happiness. Where two dwell together in peace and harmony, there they find me also. I would far rather

see you roughing it there, than to see you, as it were, dressed up. I do not mean in good clothes, but I would like to see you plodding around all day breathing into your lungs the balsam of pure oxygen, and so strengthen the whole of your system.

But for that it is not necessary to dwell in a palace. As long as you have four walls, a good bed to sleep upon, a room large enough to invite the mortal and immortal friends to it, that will suffice. It is the beauty that you bring to the interior more than the exterior. When we want to reach the highest within us we ascend to the mountain-top. The genial gentleman whom I am addressing, when we go back in his life, from the cradle until today, has not always been as genial as he is today. There were times in his life when anger was uppermost in his thought, many times brought on through nervous conditions, but most of the time because he could not have everything his way, and it took a kindly, simple old lady to oftentimes put him in his place and show him that he was not the only sand that was on this shore, that he made but one little bit of a unit entering into the whole, and that from time to time he himself made mistakes.

Man is born of woman, man makes mistakes, women make mistakes, so the aim is to live beyond these things, and to feel that even though it costs you a certain amount, it means brightening the life with gladness and comfort in the end. Two wrongs never yet made a right, and he who causes the wrong must pay the penalty to the soul and conscience. I did not mean to sermonize, but I find myself doing so. Remember, my friend, that when my instrument here has little church duties, if you love her you will not criticize, you will not condemn. In other words you will help, for while there is a church duty to be attended to there is good being done. Helpfulness to others is the greatest benefit and uplifting to the soul. A sordid nature never finds these things true. She who helps a beloved one is paving a brighter way. You who have trod within a narrow sphere we find enlarging, the thoughts of yesterday are not the thoughts of last year, and tomorrow means a broader field. Your mind has broadened much; I believe you can see it. You are not warped and narrowed as you were.

Well, my brother, don't you think that my instrument that I am using has been your saviour, that she has caused you to change your mind in many things? You are not looking through closed windows. You sometimes have some blinders on which obscure your sight for the moment, but new light is ushered in. So the little church duties, my brother, do not crowd out; because in my life I can look back and see they were sunbeams. Angels are walking your path, though rarely recognized. You have one right in your home. You have recognized it long ago. I am glad you appreciate her, and, my brother, remember it is not your possessions that influence her life, because not long ago they did not amount to so much, your heart was grasping something else, just like the drowning man grasping the hand of the life-saver. Today a great change has been brought into your heart, your life has been chastened, your choice has become my instrument, and you are satisfied with what might bring you in just enough dollars. If they do not come, it does not make very much difference; they would only give you a hoarding for your kins-in-law a little later on.

Nov. 15. Beecher: It is with pleasure that I again come to you this afternoon. . . . We see the light that was given to us in the wilderness ages ago to light the path of man. At that time we saw man falling from his high estate. As we come down to our time we find ambitions seemingly in its highest estate. Ambition means not authority or forms, but it should be the ideal of life, to reach the goal where manhood may not be ashamed to give unto God the things that are His, and in giving manhood that which belongeth to it. Gold with its glitter may not control the deeds of life, but it may make a hell on earth, and when man leaves that glittering power behind him he is unable to tread the path that should be his.

We come down to your day, and we find treachery in the palaces, and not alone in your country but in other countries. At this moment they seem to be standing upon the verge of tottering monarchies. In-

stead of building upon the rock, we find them stranded along the sea-shore, where the sand, grain by grain, is swept from off the beach into wind and storm, where the ocean comes in and wears away the shore. So we find a life of abasement built upon the mighty dollar. Would that man would stand on the basis of righteousness, of right living, of tried citizenship, clean spirits, whole hearts, ambitious only for the good that he might do. The leaders of the parties should not be ignorant. They should first understand themselves, and then they are at liberty to understand others. We must never judge people from a low, narrow standard; let that standard be from the vision high which God has given to man; let his better judgment help him to diagnose the case. If a poor fellow takes your pocket-book you call him a thief, but if a man in high office keeps continually taking money which should belong to your city you call him a grafter. When you send the one to the penitentiary, why not the other? If it is possible to keep an exposé under cover, your highest officials will try to do so, but the deeds will yet meet them face to face.

It is better for one to live on a crust a day in honor than to be marked as a wholesale robber. I am just sermonizing upon the fate of a fallen brother. Sometimes the table is turned, he may be hurt, misunderstood, and yet in his downfall sometimes the world in general will be shown the difference; it will be a blessing for him later on, he has not been as base as he has been painted. With men higher up, it may be their faults are hid from the general public, but you will see before six months are over your head that they who make your laws and are supposed to be law-abiding citizens will be exposed, and some of them will be apt to go to the penitentiary and lie there for life. I tell you, my brother, you may do wrong for a little while, you may do it from year to year, but when you keep on wrong-doing exposure comes, and your whole life is shown as it is, you come face to face with the evil you have committed. Yet where are the men who will willingly disgrace themselves before the whole nation, even when they have the infamous lawyers and lecherous among them? But he who has been the down-trodden one shall return and be beloved for much by those who look upon him as a god. If there were no good in him they would not see it, but where ignorance is bliss sometimes the wisest can suffer. Good shall come out of this evil. I advocate and stand upon a platform for purity and right and the highest citizenship. I have been denouncing your Murphyism, your Tammany. I admire the man who is your Governor, who has been taken to that seat of honor, and he will rise and shine. Five years from now you will see a mighty change for good. My brother, Sultzer unearthed many things which had been covered up for years. He would not carry a slimy government, even to enrich himself. He refused to put bills through which would give to the Murphyites millions. He would have gotten a percentage, but he would rather lose the money than be a tool. So much for the scandal that has been, and will be for months to come. In my time when I walked your streets I always tried to make for good. From early boyhood I made mistakes, but I tried to live right, and when I voted I did it for the man, not the party. I believe I shall say good night.

Wiona reported present Captain George, father, mother, also a Charles Stringfellow; said he was in cavalry service in the Civil War, was thrown from his horse, and died at home of consumptives, and described him minutely. Forty years before he was a fellow student with me in Lynchburg College, Virginia.

Nov. 23. George: Say, Captain, I have been looking up your timepiece. You've no need to hire a printer. I am glad you made out your will in your own writing, because any fool can do typewriting anyhow, and if you typewrote your name it would be thrown out. (For a slate message, I had written a pellet addressed to George Wilson, Esq., London, England.) You have got to do better than that. I am not in London, England, now. Write Capt. George Wilson, Esq., formerly of London, England, who has taken his ship to the heights above, where sorrow and trials are over, and where joy kisses the sunbeams. I left London fifty-five to sixty years ago. In one of those squalls down in the Mediterranean I lost my balance, and my balance brought me to worlds unknown, and then I started to walk the tight-rope; and I found a little later the Quaker Girl (Mrs. Manks) who was able to

demonstrate my philosophy, so I clung to her until she reached the shores where I am. Many a time I laid her on the shelf, to be dusted off and taken again: She would not always do my bidding, and I politely left her alone. Say, Captain, I want you to 'phone the old gal (medium's mother), and ask her to dinner on Thursday, Thanksgiving. She has got a valiant fight before her. She thinks it is one thing, but it looks to me like a stroke. (True; repeated in the end.) It will be a hard time for the little girl between two posts, her home and the duty she owes to her mother. You may keep this for future reference. It is her will-power that keeps her up, and you know when the strength gives way your will lasts you for a time, but it comes to its climax.

See that the girl goes over at least twice a week, because if that mother went away and your gal thought that she had neglected her, it would be the means of nearly killing her. If she were not so highly tempered she would not be so nervous. Say, Captain, did you know an old colored fellow, when you were a little kid, one closely associated with Gilbert? It looks like his brother, because both of them are here. The one that walked with his cane and was stooped and blind, lived in a little hut beside a hill, and is no longer blind. They remembered you when you were only a little fellow, about seven or eight at most. And it looks as if they lived nearer to Charles City than you did. You seemed more in the country, but there is a small town attached to it, and there is a little lake or stream. (Every statement correct.) Captain, in those days, and in the years to come, and in fact ten years ago you never dreamed you would be worth $——, did you? (Named the correct total.)

If you lived in Richmond they would think you were very well to do, but you are not going there to live. You could not go back to those days. Didn't that Gilbert go to a little school-house where your father preached? because I see the old ghost with a bible. (Although very young, I remembered his saying that he believed every word in the Bible from "Ginesis to Revolution.") A little bit of a pulpit. You couldn't swing a cat around it today; it might hit the wall. You never expected to see such grand buildings in those days. Just a dice throw between whites and blacks in poverty then. Captain, invite the old gal over. You know you had a mother, and remember it is your gal's mother, no matter what her faults may be, and be kindly and gentle in speech. It tickled her to think that you remembered her in that collar on her birthday, which you absolutely had nothing to do with and that is the funny part. Tell the brother of the mother's condition, that he may devote just as much of his time as possible to her, so he would not have anything to be sorry for after her departure. Warn him to compose his nervous energy more than he does, for he is not his father, but totally like the mother, with one redeeming feature, that he mingles with people, which keeps him from being entirely rusty, where she meets no one.

Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. We are now in the midst of the passing hour of festivity we celebrate amid the week, the Thanksgiving Day. As we come up to that day we do not find the patriotism that it demands. In the days of yore Thanksgiving Day was something to look forward to, it meant that our fathers had much to be thankful for. What does Thanksgiving mean to you and to the public in general? Unless the life is one of obscurity or pain, it seems as if at times it is filled with an atmosphere of changes. In your every-day life as a rule you do not stop and think of this to look just a little further in advance upon your just or unjust deeds. Oh, that the Thanksgiving of old could be born again in the younger generation, and not with a feeling that moving pictures and kicking of their heels were the ways in which they must celebrate the day. It should be a reunion of families, a time to look into one's life and soul, not a time when you make new resolutions. It brings us face to face with thankfulness.

How thankful we should be that we are here, that health and strength are given us; or do we regard our being, and the parents we had, and who have left us; or have we made our lives a wreck, to swallow our body and soul? Life means much, health means so much, and wealth means much, and yet it is not as essential to our happiness as temperament, which is a daily association one with the other, it is

for bearing and forbearing, life made up of its little anxieties. Some are good-humored, others are ill-humored, some are looking for pleasant things in pleasant places, others are looking for unpleasant spots. We do not have to go far to find them; they come to our doors. It is hard to meet unpleasant conditions and meet them smilingly, and yet we must. We are brothers and sisters, one and the same flesh. I hear you say, forbid it that I shall be flesh to some people, but, my brother, you are born of woman, you may not be of the same body, and yet after all is summed up you are of the same substance one with the other. . . . I trust that we will visit you every beautiful Thanksgiving, and the years be filled with love, peace and blessing.

Warsaw reported present ——, of Virginia, with a Judge ——. Was too weak to control. Wanted his sister to avoid auto accident, as she was dizzy at times. Described accurately. Said he had so much trouble he wanted to get out of it; that he died of gas poison, as known to his family, but not to the public. I wrote to his sister, who replied that she had just had a vivid vision of her brother, that the above from Warsaw was thrillingly true, and that the Judge —— was a friend of her brother. (Name of the Judge and cause of departure entirely unknown to me and the medium.)

Nov. 29. George: Captain, how are you? I enjoyed very much the dinner on Thanksgiving Day, but tell the gal the next time she makes cranberry jelly to please leave out the skins, and the next time she makes Charlotte Russe to put a little more cream in it. I was a little bit of an epicure in regard to food. I used to like Stout, Dublin Stout, with my meals. I think you have some Stout, and I do not think you would like to be without it very long. If you did not have that gal of yours, if for some unfortunate reason she was transported beyond your reach, I don't believe you would care to stay, did you know that? And when she is out everything goes twisted, you feel like closing the house and go, too. . . .

Nov. 30. Beecher: It is with pleasure I again talk with you. The subject we will discuss will be entitled: The Starting and the Weaving of the Spiritual Life; or the mortal life and the immortal. A mother carrying her child in most cases starts the weaving of the spiritual man before the child has emerged from her womb. The mind of the mother affects the child, and the father has much to do in regard to his animal nature from the sex stand-point. Some things are hereditary (we must not condemn), sometimes through blindness, sometimes through intense passion. Generally as our thoughts are, so is our life. The child given to sordid habits from childhood must partake of the same phase of its ancestry, some through ignorance.

As education brightens the life, so spiritual training brightens the mind, sometimes taking the child away from the base element. As the mind is developed, so the character is formed, the fault in the general run being that people are taught in early life that hell is a place where they shall be judged when they close their eyes to the mortal world, instead of gaining knowledge of the heaven on earth that they are continually making for themselves, or the Hades which they are forming and having from day to day. The life that is woven with beautiful thoughts, sends its delicate perfume on before. Each little thought, each little word, each little deed, is a link in the chain. The building of that temple beyond the grave, not built with hands, is the weaving of that alabaster home as you call it. It is of a fine flimsy nature, woven and interwoven, so that the lighter the spirit the more fragile the house appears to be, because it is light and beautiful, shining in its alabaster radiance. Sitting upon a throne and having no work to do is a mistake.

Mortals who want to be lazy in earth life may continue thus for a time beyond the grave, but they will become so completely tired of it that they will crave for something else to do. Busy in life, busy in the life beyond. As we aim in our life from the start, the ideal continues in the life after death. Life without these ideals could not be worth very much, for ideals in the imagination are the starting of the building, one thought is built upon another, as one brick is built upon another in your earthly home. (Interruption.) I am back again. If your thoughts be high, spiritual, so will be the home you occupy

beyond. If the life be filled with sordidness, so will be your temporary abode before you can wend your way upward. So, my brother, the thought means just as much as the deed done in the body. It is worth little for a man simply to be wealthy. He may spend his money as he goes, he cannot buy a change of life with all the wealth combined, and all that stocks may give him; he must have a wealth of thought, a wealth of mind, a wealth of charity.

Much is done in the name of charity to hide the sins of the world. They cannot be hid, they must show their face. We are a wheel within a wheel, a spoke within the centre of that wheel, all welded together in brotherly and sisterly love. We must not judge people harshly because we feel that the mind of the world in general is given to sordid and small things. You feel that appearances condemn, you look at things from the side of the mortal, and because the general run seems to go that way, but you must see more, understand more before you condemn. I came near being condemned, I came near losing my place in the world. I hope, therefore, before you condemn another you will have something tangible to hold to, something which means justification for condemnation. . . . Politics holds the financial reins of the public. I like interference in some things; there are some things where it is not necessary. Government has not all to say about what a man shall do, other than that he should keep on the right track. In thinking of breaking down your trusts, the thought of your people in Washington seems to be, as I see it, to place the middle man ahead of what he is. When they try to break the trusts, they may succeed to a certain extent, but they can never obliterate the trusts, because their own course runs for four years only, it does not run for eternity, and what their mind may be today can be rescinded next year. My brother, I must close. Good bye.

Dec. 14. Beecher: I am glad again to be with you; glad also to see the improvement. With continued good weather we shall find you in better health. Let caution in all things be your watchword. Night winds are not the best thing in the world to face when storms approach. At this time when we are approaching the yule-tide all things should be bright and happy, yet in our very midst are people who need our presents, who need a word of kindness. Charity for the time seems to be given them, but if the heart does not go with the charity what good is the charity? Kind words mean more to the mortal than bread. We cannot live by coldness, and charitable though we may be, still there are times for improvement. During my life it seemed to me it was not the gifts we gave that were appreciated, but it was the manner in which they were given. Be it kind words or be it charity, the recipients need appreciation. We who are in homes of splendor and comfort should think of those who are suffering for food. I wish that each person who has enough to spare would find some soul to whom he can bring some comfort, some gift of mental or bodily food. The body needs to be built up, and so the spiritual fares through the mental. My brother, I am going to ask you this Christmas time to find some family to whom you may be able to give your little mite. I see no one to whom you might give who needs more than the person you called on about eleven to twelve days ago. It seems to me as I speak to you that the pennies that go there are needed, because there seems to be a development of want through one of them, not the daughter, and in helping her it will be a source of comfort at this time. You understand. I do not want to go too deeply. It seems to me they lack coal, and the mother of the lady smiles as I talk with you and says to me, tell him he was always good to me, and whatever he does for her he is doing it for my memory. I know that with her principles you would not do it, but do it for the sake of the mother who desires you to help this daughter. (Aside): My dear lady, when we go back to help the mortal who is in need of help from us, why do they say we cannot come back? We hear it said, they come back for evil, but when the mother can impress some one to help her child who may be in distress, is it not a grand thing? I do not mention names, because I do not feel that I am at liberty, I do not mention conditions, but they will appreciate it, even though she holds her hand out continually.

Dec. 21. Beecher: It is with extreme pleasure that I call on you this afternoon. As I look around the room at this Christmas time, the roses bloom so fair and bright, the lilies speak of purity, the blossoms white,

with perfume sweet, bring life and angelic power to light the way to yonder shore. I loved the flowers on earth, I cultivated flowers; flowers bring happiness and cheerfulness to life. Would that each life might be blest with those beautiful flowers, that the world would partake of the same fineness, that it would become more liberal in thought, and not so close in temperament. After all, it is not what you have, but it is what you give. He who gives most has least, he who has most gives least. That may be a conundrum for you. As I view the life of my instrument in the past year, I can see where she has brought into your life more liberality. I think if you go back with me you, too, will be able to see it. You do not think of money just the same as you did when you first married your wife. You have broadened your ideas, you think more of the living power than you do of the money power. Through your wife's unselfish merit you have been taught that. As you come in contact with the world in general, you look forward to see if they are of the selfish or the unselfish sort. You are viewing them unconsciously to them; you are watching and waiting. My brother, life is worth more to Joseph Snipes today than it was five years ago. Money at that time was more to him than it is today, I might say, when even the first lady of the house was mistress here. On the other hand you have one whose love is beyond money. It cannot bring any one entire happiness, and I glory in her thought. It cannot open the doors of peace, it may open the door of admiration, but what are admiration and vanity compared with peace of mind? What is admiration by the side of love? Love leads to the immortal, vanity leads to selfishness, vanity and admiration lead from home ties into unspiritual conditions. Love leads to hope, joy eternal, to the divine universe of all things that are true and noble. It helps one to step over and beyond the path of uncertainty into a happy and blessed sunlight. As the soul spreads its wings and flies beyond the height and depth and weight of money it loses its interest in it. One cannot take it into the casket with him. He cannot use it for an entrance fee, for St. Peter at the Gate will refuse it. Make happiness with what you have until you need no more in your earthly world. Do not feel that every cent spent is so much lost, but think, what happiness do I deserve to have, what happiness may I be privileged to give to others. I have that which will help me, and let me help some one aside from myself. This Christmas time, when so many hearts are sorrowing, and so many lives are filled with sordid yearnings, would that the pearly gates might be opened. I do not mean the pearly gates when you leave your mortal life, I do not mean that you will sit upon a throne with a harp, that would become a life of monotony, a life not worthy of living, I mean the pearly gates of thought, of knowledge, that which will help you to help somebody else, that he in turn may help others. The good people of old Plymouth delight in keeping the rostrum filled with bloom, knowing my love for flowers. Some day I shall try to give you a little discourse upon the flowers. I want to say, I am pleased to see the surprise awaiting our instrument in the mid-week. (Furs.) Good night.

Dec. 27. George: Well, Captain, you had a pretty good time this week. All the indications point that the next year will be much more to you than this year has been, I mean in the settlement of affairs in general. I want to go to the 4th of March, when your President has been one year in the chair. Then you will find things looking more favorably, provided they do not feel they have everything going every way and have a swelled head, and because of your banking houses falling into line along the general principles they have shown. I see the business people in general are falling into line and that it will be a protection to them. Say, Captain, it is all right to have people come and visit you occasionally, but it is not all right to lead them to think they have access whenever they choose. We don't have any free lunch club around here. As I look back, this week seems to have been quite a happy one, filled with pleasant memories, and you will find 1914 filled with more health and success than the past five years. Seven years ago you started in with troubles, the poorest part of the dear old lady's health. All things sad have passed away, brightness in the horizon.

Well, Captain, you completed your genuine surprise. The girl is worthy of those fur-be-lows. I have been reading our gal's mind quite plainly. She is so anxious to show you what she can do, and it won't

hurt, Captain. Eventually she is going to put it all back in the same stock. That makes you laugh, but I will help her; she is not going to be a laughing-stock for you. You may put that in your pipe and smoke it. I shall induce her to take up the different exclamation points upon the different stocks and study them up. You may laugh at it, but he who laughs last laughs best. Next year I may see you taking your accumulated dividends and doing the same thing. At first you will do it just for the fun of it, then you will think it profitable. You cannot see any further than your nose. All right, but hold on, when you have a surplus, with a chance to invest it, what then? You have been compounding for years, but for small amounts; you have always been satisfied with the little that lies by every time, but if you had had the gal you have some years ago, I think, you may not believe it, somehow or other, Captain, you would have much more than you have today; and if you had followed my advice on two occasions you would have done better. (True.) When you get a bee in your bonnet it is bound to come out. Today I would not advise you to buy a thing. I would far rather advise you to sell some things than to buy. If you sold some at the high price, you could buy them when they go down, because they cannot stay up at the top-notch prices. I am not a stock man, but I know they are going down with a bump, very nearly all, except ——. Here comes the red skin. (Who else?) Your father, mother, sister, brother, Dr. Krebs, your Mary, Wiona, and there is somebody here by the name of Shepard, from the South, used to work in a carpenter-shop, near your John. (Correct.)

Chapter XXXVI.

JAN. 3, 1914. Margaret Gaul: It has been some time since I was here, and I thought I would step in. At the entrance of the new year, although I am a day late in calling, I wish to give my greeting. This part of the year always meant so much to me. It seemed to bring forth the spirit of giving, and giving freely, without looking for return. It means so much. And those beautiful flowers, just a counterpart of those that were made by the same hands and were given to me about the last time that I met your wife in the body. Beautiful flowers. If you could but see those who flock around her when she is preparing those tiny buds. Would that all who receive them would appreciate them and understand the beautiful thoughts associated with them. They speak as nothing else does; they lift their little sundrops, their beautiful heads in their different clothing, the white for purity, the red for love. All the flowers speak of the springtime, from Christmas to Easter, even the poinsettia, which is most beautiful. And the song of that voice I did so often love to hear, Mrs. Voight, subject at times to throat trouble. It seems like an affection of the bronchial tubes, overstrained at times. (Where is she now?) It seems to me as if she is facing towards the south along with the professionals. Well, I shall say, God bless you. Remember me to your wife. I am pleased to know of your happiness. It is so good at the eventide of life to fall into the hands of love, and not into the hands of graft, and feel and know and appreciate it. Always a good child, always looking to help. She shall have her reward. Money will not buy that which will come to her in the spirit world. She will give even though she does not get, and, my dear brother, she will not look for the getting. She does not measure the gifts of the spirit in the same class as many, but she must be careful that she does not have too many leeches. Freely give, freely receive; but she must not give out too freely to those who will not appreciate, and those who will sap and not give.

Jan. 4. Beecher: Good evening, my friend. (Had sung his favorite hymn, "Shining Shore.") One does not know how true are the words of that beautiful poem and hymn. If more people realized the gliding of one day into another, and into another life, they would come into full realization of what each day means to them. They would analyze it, they would look at it on all sides; they would pick themselves to pieces, and they would advance in many ways and help others to help themselves. "My days are gliding swiftly by." A day in eternity is as a thousand years. Time is not counted by days. After you leave the body you do not realize it in the same manner as you can your three score years and ten. People imagine this is the allotted life. Many do not reach that age; many through foolishness, through sexual conditions permit their head to run away with themselves, and give themselves up to many excesses. Temperance after all is wise; temperance in eating, temperance in thought, temperance in all things. He who thinks holy thoughts and walks in holy ways understands himself as a child of the Almighty. The ocean bounds and rebounds; so the man who understands himself rebounds like a rubber ball, you cannot crush him. Health, wonderful health. Thou who receiveth this great blessing, cherish it, nourish it as you would the choicest flowers in the garden. As the flowers bloom, so does the body; while in that body you have relationship one with the other. The gods work with the man who tries to reach this standard. If he would reach out his hand to the Almighty, He will step in and all obstacles will become as water. He who thinks high thoughts surmounts the obstacles one by one, as though running into the earth to be swallowed up. He who permits a stone to be tied around his neck does not reach out for help, but sinks with his burden. So with people who become suicides, not realizing the fact that as they go out into the next life that which they think they left behind is that which they take up as they cross the borderland.

He again has it before him as he walks out of his lowness of thought. Oh, that he might call forth the thoughts that would be of service to him and his suffering brothers and sisters, that he might hold out his hands to help them beyond the brink of time, to point them to another city, letting them understand that as they live their life in which you walk, it is with the consciousness that they are to go forward instead of stepping backward.

I have had the privilege of being able to go back in your life just a few years ago, when I found you submerged on all sides, almost stepping beyond the brink; but, thank God, the time passed, the angels from above, or as you call them, the ascended friends, reached forth the helping hand and helped you climb beyond the brink, and so saved you from submerging yourself in the depths. Be thankful, my brother. You have reason to be. There was one hand to help you beyond all those things, one to bring cheeriness in her wake, and kindness in her heart. You cannot plant a tree today or next year and in a couple of years expect to reap a harvest. It takes time. So with our instrument. The fruits that are brought up in the hothouse perish easily; but the fruits that are nourished and brought out step by step in silence are the most lasting. Our instrument, my brother, did not always have the brightest lot in the life you are treading. It is better to move lives towards good than it is to monopolize just one life. All you need do, my brother, is to watch the faces of the boys and their lives. If she was never able to do more than she has done for them, and for the little children she speaks of, she has been permitted to do a good work unconsciously; in fact, that is but the beginning of her work. She does not look for compensation, she looks for the joy and the life to follow. It is much better for these to rise and call her blessed than to work for the gratification of one's pride. She is building in her life that which in her last days, when kin and family have been removed, in connection with what she will be enabled to do in the name of him whom she loves, will be more of a monument to her than all the so-called entertainments of life. Good night.

George (after a visit to Woodlawn): It does not do you good to go to cemeteries. It makes you feel too much what it means. Well, Captain, your third home, as you called it today, is very pretty. You had a feeling while there that you would like to plant something in between those posts on each side in front of the letters. Time enough, and time enough about the chair there when some one is planted. You have had all kinds of things going through your head today. Time enough for grave subjects when they come. (Do the girl's family appreciate the gift?) Don't you know, Captain, right down in your heart that they do? Captain, they are not people that spill all over, the gal doesn't spill all over; but it rests in the heart, and that is the place to have it. There are lots of people who would have it all come out of the mouth, but if you get down to rock-bottom you would not find any sense or feeling. You had a little of that a few years ago. They did not tell you what you should do, or should not do; they will not ask you for anything, but whatever they have you will be welcome to. You have found that out, haven't you? And they try to make you feel just as much at home as possible. You could have got some people-in-law that would not have been half as good as they are; and there is no disgrace attached to their strings, and no pulling your leg for wampum, as Wiona says. Time takes care of all things, and what wrong you do has to be atoned for some way and some time.

Jan. 11. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. We must not mind these little pains and aches which seem to beset us. This we know, that some day we shall be free from such things. As we look to the mountainside we see the hills and the valleys, the lakes and the rills. As we turn our faces to the east we view those mountain-tops, and though we may not have the strength to ascend the heights, let us not look down or backward; but look forward, for if we look backward we follow that way; but as we look upward we ascend upward, strength is given us to keep in the way through the forces of the universe. We may not believe in these forces, and believe only in that which we see. It is not wise for a fool to believe entirely in what he sees, but in that which he knows to be true. These days we read so much of science, we hear so much of the scientific world. Science is all right, but we must not get too much of the material; for if we permit materialism to

enter the soul, we free ourselves from the highest things and from the love of humanity. As you enter into your birthday celebration, may you, who are at the mountain-top of age, not look backward but forward; and as each friend greets you, mortal or immortal, may you feel it comes from the heart, not entirely in the spirit of having a good time. And it must be from the heart, or they would not help to celebrate it. These celebrations mean much in the mingling of friends with friends. It brings a new status into life, new thoughts, new views to you on every subject. We cannot all think alike, it would not be right if we should. . . .

Wiona here gave account of seeing a man who had just thrown himself from the fourth story of a house in Columbus Avenue, two blocks away; face battered and bloody; had been drinking, and had no work. (Following a crowd, I found the suicide on the stones.)

Jan. 18. My birthday, celebrated last night by a surprise party of friends, with presents and eatables.

Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It is with some difficulty that I talk with you tonight, due to irritation of the throat of my instrument. Permit me to congratulate you on this your natal day; and as the seventy-first milestone has come to you in the first part of the year, may your life be filled with joy. As thou gavest, so hast thou received; dispensing thine alms and thy bounty as you wend your steps, bringing hope and gladness. (Referring to Christmas remembrances.) Of him who hath much, much shall be required. We find some people awakening from their slumber unto a better sense of duty; to find there is a broader view in life for them to take, which will help those who are less fortunate than themselves. Some bury their talent, others put it out to interest. The other keeps it in a coffee pot. My brother, if you do not give, how can you receive? He who giveth little receiveth little, he who giveth much receiveth much. The much does not mean entirely in a worldly sense, it means spiritual help; for if you close the floodgates from the spirit you receive only the material. He who helpeth his brother helpeth himself at the same time. Love thy neighbor as thyself. Not always the neighbor who is in your midst, but the neighbor who is at a distance. It is not always a relative who gives the most pleasure to oneself; sometimes we find that those who may be strangers to us are nearer and dearer. Love in its highest sense means advancement. Man without love is lost. You never see the flower as a rule turn downward, its face is turned toward the sky, and it sends forth its fragrance far and near; so is the life that is filled with beauty. It has no reason to drop its eyes, which shine forth and speak unto the world as no other organ of the body does. May the life of him who has passed the seventieth milestone send forth the fragrance and the beauty of the flowers; for as they grow they take root, and as the heart aspires to spiritual things, so will the life live on and on, never forgetting the love that is bestowed upon us. . . . I must think of my instrument. She is kind to permit me to use her, but I must have regard for her condition.

Feeling hands upon my head, medium said it was Mother Mary, who was pleased about something. I had privately requested a relief society to see her needy New York daughter, who promptly received sandwiches, cake, fruits, clothes, flannels and coal, and promise of future aid.

Feb. 1. (Old Dominion steamer *Munroe* sunk, with forty-five victims, including a friend.)

Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. I will ask you to carry your thoughts with me into the past week, as we think of the mighty storm raging upon ocean and land. We that go along the ocean of life, in the ship to which we have entrusted our lives, may find the atmosphere in such condition that we are unable to find our port. So with the ships of humanity, one by one passing through the ford, not knowing how to turn, battling in the dark gloom of the ocean of life. We are given the different senses of our body—the nose, the mouth, the eye, the ear—the different senses and organs. We are able to distinguish colors and to smell pleasant and unpleasant odors; we are able to seek things pleasant and unpleasant. If we seek fine, pleasant things, as a rule we find them, but if, on the other hand, we do that which is not as it should be in thought or deed, we find ourselves shattered on the shoals of time, for our impulses carry us headlong into destruction, instead of being practical in thought, practical in action, not jumping at conclusions too quickly. (Have you noticed the sad marine accident?) As we

find these poor souls in a moment taken out of life, knowing not which way to turn, locked up in their rooms on the mighty deep in total darkness, so we find the souls treading life's journey. As the days go by they do not feel themselves going down and down, until they have been battered and lie bleeding, and then they are able to see themselves as others see them. We hear people say, Is there a just God? Man alive, it is not God's fault. It was not meant that they should die. It was the hand of carelessness, the hand of man. We go by degrees, sometimes in the night, sometimes in a moment. Life without a leader is like a boat without a rudder, shifting from one side to the other. We blame this person or that. Many of us are to blame for the downfall of our brothers or our sisters. If in your life there is something that you may do that will be harmful to your brother, why do it? Yet you may say, I am a free agent. Yes, you are a free agent as far as you may be of service, but why should you do the thing that would mean the damnation, the tearing down of the foundation of another life? Why are you not responsible for the example that you send out to the world in general? You may say to me, you have no right to say that, but as you judge one another, let your judgment be pure and free from selfishness. First judge yourself, that you may judge others correctly. If you judge yourself and pick yourself to pieces and analyze the different conditions, you will have less disposition to misjudge another.

My brother, if you walk along the street and an auto comes up upon the sidewalk and dashes you to the ground and you are killed, has the Almighty anything to do with it? No. Why, then, through the carelessness of men and officers, place the blame on the Almighty? In another case, if you are hungry and are too lazy to feed yourself, is it possible for the Almighty to force food down your throat? He could do nothing without help, in a sense. You personally are able to do very little without help. His messengers are His assistants. You have some money; if you have it in hand and do not seek to put it out at interest, it does not grow, does it? You place it at interest, no matter what your interest is, it commences to pile up. Well, why blame the Almighty for what man in his foolish unwisdom does? After knowing the side the one vessel goes on, how dare the other meet it from the opposite direction? Naturally when two bodies meet without warning there is a clash. When two souls meet, without there is harmony, there is a clash, one rebels and the other repels. Therefore let us give to the world the best we have, and keep the best we can, for life is worth while if we only try to help as we go along. The truest heart, the bravest soul, is ever looking upward and onward, and not downward.

Feb. 7. Mother (caressing back of head as in life): Cousin Lizzie will join us soon. (Lizzie Hare, of Richmond, Va.) If she passes the three first weeks of March, it looks as if she will remain. She is wasting more than when you saw her last, and she has chills much oftener. Her blood is very thin, she has trouble with her chest and throat, and towards the last with extreme nervousness, she will clutch her hands this way (illustrating). Poor little hands; not much left of that little body. We will be glad to take her over, because she feels she is not as useful as she used to be, and when we lose our usefulness, some people don't want us. I am not saying anything unkind of Katie, because she was good to me, but when you get so old that you are perfectly useless, it is time to go home. You would feel that way, Joe. I do not mean that your girl will feel that way, but you will feel that you have had enough, that you are tired, and that life does not hold much for you, because in the last hours you have all the physical suffering that all old folks must go through. You have written your name on the list of old folks, and you, too, some day, will join mother, and then we will wait and watch for—you know who. Ain't you glad, Joe, that you have somebody to press away the wrinkles and keep your face free from every heavy thought? (And we cannot forget old Richmond.) My love to them, and tell them that in Cousin Lizzie's last hours Aunt Mary will be waiting to help her over, and that she, too, will see that Henry (her husband) will not be so far away, but that she will be close to him when she crosses the border-line, because she loves him. He is the dearest part of her life. And tell Katie that she certainly has her father's ideas of business. It is too bad the boy has not got it as much as she has; her brother. You know her brother that has the two little girls and two boys. For a man, he has not as much business ability as she has. She has

more for a woman than he has for a man. Lizzie takes more after Henry.

Warsaw: White chief, you hear your little mother. Oh, her had the temper when you stepped on her corns when you was a child; and then you got what you called the shingle or the slippers, or a piece of the tree. Then you got it along the legs or the backside. I see you skips, and every word you says back to her her give you one more. Ugh! I see it. Her used to lick you till you got big boy. And you father had the temper. You mother would hold it, and you father would get rid of it. He was like a bustification, but her would keep it in the mind. Then you would have it for you breakfast, dinner, sups, till her forget it. Good bye, I go. I follow the mother. I like that little mother. Some folks thought her queer 'cause her mind her own business, no talk machine. They all go, and cousin Lizzie be there soon. Henry has trouble with heart. The Charlie (his brother) troubled with kidneys, heart and stomach. When he goes, he go with complicashus. (All true of the three. The Henry and the Charlie died few years later, of heart trouble, etc., Lizzie and Katie first.)

Feb. 8. Beecher: I am pleased to be here, even if only for a few moments. As we go back into the history of the ages, we find that in the time of the discipleship He who was called the Christ was betrayed for a few pieces of silver. That is an object lesson for us: that money was the means of more murders all through the ages. Sin is mostly begotten from the influence of money. He who has much, being able to place it in the pathway of those who have no money, makes it a temptation; and he who has little finds ways by which he would abstract that which does not belong to him. And so, as the sap runs in the trees as the spring approaches, and the earth is about to take on its mantle of green, so also we find the root of all evil spreading its branches. Some meet their losses with gnashing of teeth. Money in its true sense will purchase but little. It purchases pleasure and sustenance; but he who is looking for money to give the greatest pleasure and happiness finds it not, because content is not in his soul. If he had all the money there is in our United States and in England, it could not give him happiness. Happiness is a condition ained from within. It reaches the external from the internal. Love bursts from within. Money is on the outside and not on the inside. Surely with money we are able to help others, provided our thoughts are right; but should we fall into the one train of thought, leading the mind to dwell on certain things and certain reflections, which I need not bring up, it would be the means of our becoming so narrow that we, too, look like the thing we thought of. You understand. . . . I want to tell you I attended your concert the other night (Banks' Glee Club), enjoying it very much, and the sweet singer who has sung in my own church (Mrs. Alexander). She gives pleasure to many people with her beautiful voice, and is a most agreeable woman; one whose life and face, if you notice, sheds forth just what she seems to be, not a close-fisted woman, but a woman of unusual intelligence, a woman who has given the world the brightest and best that she has. It is so nice to have in our midst those who are able to aim high and reach the heights. . . . It makes no difference to my instrument, as long as she has a few cents in her pocket, to know and feel that she is just a little independent. She has the gift of insight, whatever you choose to call it, psychic power, or what it may be. It makes no difference whether it is the music of the mind, or the music of speech, it impresses those who care to cross your household. You will find a difference among the people whom you are apt to meet tonight. You meet those so-called spiritualists who seek for the crumbs, and those who are not satisfied with what they may receive. But I would rather have the night follow the day, the starlight and moonlight mingled together, and feel that light and glory bring life and blessing to all. May the heavens open their gates. Make the most of those who have won fame and glory; not so much of earthly fame, but the fame of doing right, the love of doing right, not looking for the grossness of those you are apt to meet, even though they are friends. . . . As I look back upon your life this past week, you have been very much upset. You know, my brother, that people are not able to see as you see; they sometimes have an atmosphere with which they become so imbued that they never know that they belong to another race or another color; and while it may be distasteful to you, and it may be to others, still remember it is of their own

doing. Like seeks like. As we are, so shall we be, even though the mortal coil be broken and we take on immortality. It does not change the soul opportunity. As we make our life here, so shall we take it up on the borderland. Heaven, so called, is not in your midst, but as you expect to progress on and on, the progression must come from you; it must be your wish, your aim. Needless it is to say this is true of those souls that have not been able to awaken from the crust they have formed around themselves through misguidance. (Referring to an apt example): That poor child is not entirely to blame, for it is apparent she was forced into the conditions she formerly led. . . . I enjoyed a good show myself. I do today. There are many plays that are educational, that show life in its reality, so that one may draw conclusions from the right and the wrong, as in your beautiful operas, both in the song and the dramatic. All these things appealed to me in earth life. I may not have been able to indulge them on account of my cloth as freely as I liked, still I do not think that my cloth held me back when I wanted to go. Even a preacher at times has some vanity, be it in precious stones, or love of beauty in flowers. Vanity, all vanity, the world over. Love of possession of the most beautiful jewels is just as much in the preacher as it is in the layman. I enjoyed the beautiful then as I now enjoy all that is beautiful and glorious. My life was so changed I was able to look back on those whom I loved, and whom I was unable to reach as I should have liked in their hours of sadness; and when our friends are sad at our departure we are not able to enjoy the life we should enjoy, because the sorrow of those we loved dearly must reach us and must hold us back to a certain degree. My first thought upon awakening, as I viewed the beauty of the surroundings, and the hands that were outstretched to me, was one of great thankfulness to my Heavenly Father, and to the church I attended; for there were those whom I ministered to for years, young and old, small and great; and yet the most beautiful thing I believe is leaving the body and soaring to the highest unknown. When the heart is broken, and we go to yon heights, their glories are not to be shared alone, but others enter in for life and love and appreciation. . . .

Feb. 15. George: Well, Captain, you have had quite a tough time. (Chills.) You were wondering if you were going to go and leave it all. And you are kind o' sorry you didn't learn to enjoy your life a little sooner than you did. You don't need to be afraid, because the gal you have got seems to know intuitively, and guided by the spirits back of her, what to give you in case of emergency, so that she is able to help you until you get a physician, should you need one anyway. She is not a fool of a woman not to know what to do in trying to help you. Gee whiz, I am sorry I did not try to know her better and bring you together long before. I am sorry I did not read her quite aright when I first knew her. But that is bygone. Say, Captain, are mortals ever permitted to change their mind? Well, spirits have just the same right. As they see today, next year things may change. . . . Say, Captain, that little woman that has just passed away at Onset is going to make a great difference. She was the backbone there, and she gave her money to the Cause, even if she was a little queer. They have lost a good friend. (Mrs. Wolcott.) She was a woman about sixty-eight, wasn't she? Then it looks to me, Captain, as if she dyed her hair, and that some poisoning, with the complication, was the trouble. . . . How many beautiful homesteads have been burnt to the ground. Mr. Stone's looked to me like a mixture, part frame and part imitation stone. There does not seem to be much difference between his age and yours, and she is as fat as ever, and just as matter-of-fact. If she wants anything, she wants it her way. When my gal and she went out shopping together, the old gal got a little extravagant. (All true, and not known to the medium.) You know sometimes a fellow has to have his sails cut, and if we are made to get down off our high horse and take a low horse, it sometimes does you good. . . . Captain, I am not anxious to use our gal for strangers, because she is used too much for you. I want her to have her brain for herself occasionally, and if you don't want to use her, that is a different thing; but I don't think you are apt to give up to anybody else. Here comes your little mother, and your father is here, Dr. Krebs and Mary, your little sister and the children and John. Captain, do you know who Cornelia is? Isn't she some kin to you?

(Yes.) Came with your mother. Her sister is not far from her. They were friends of your mother in your curly-head days. One is almost undersize, the other taller and better looking. (Cornelia and Sallie Haynes, of Charles City, Va., in my boyhood, cousins, one short, the other tall and handsome.)

Feb. 22. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It is with extreme pleasure and delight that I am again with you. Let the blessings of the living God dwell amongst you; let them teach you that God lives as a natural Being, that He is not dead; that life is not a commencement and an ending, but life progressive from one state to another. It does not end, and death so-called is but the passing from the one life into another; and he who lives his life to the best of his ability awaketh in the morning. There will be no night; but he who is asleep at all times, when the time of his passing onward comes, still will find the night, because he has gone through life in the evening, not seeing the bright things he needs to see, not feeling the sunshine of charity for his brother; he sees it not, he feels it not. There is a blindness which is physical, and a blindness which is mental; a sensitiveness which comes with the physical blindness, a dullness which comes with the mental; for he who is blind physically, not seeing the daylight, has a sensitiveness which brings to him the joy of living, that comes to him through his sensitive organs; but he who has outward perfection of sight, and blindness mentally, or dullness, walketh through the streets filled with beauty and sunshine, passing his brother and sister, and yet he seeth them not. He goes through a marvelous country by train, by foot, or whatever way he may, he seeth nothing, he is wrapped up in himself. He is dull of brain, and as a rule, thoughtless. If you speak to him, at the moment he would hardly recognize just what you are saying. So we call that spiritual blindness, loss of mentality. He who is active and alert kisses the sunbeams as they pass upon his prospect; he is looking at Nature's beauty and sees beauty and the finger of God in all things. It meaneth so much, it is so much in his spiritual awakening.

I may say to my brother today, You have pleasure in things which at one time in your life you had not; and the pleasure has been brought to you by the simplicity of your companion. I do not know whether you recognize that or not, but there are things today that you take an interest in that did not interest you all through your life, even with the company of your devoted friend and mother, because she had more worldly experience. Your wife, in her childlike nature, is not thinking of what has been hers; but she is filling each moment of your life full of sunshine, and we have the privilege of kissing your brow and letting the sunshine into your soul, keeping you as nearly perfect as possible in all things, and keeping the shadows from your path. Sometimes there are snows that seem to fall around you, but she is able some way or another to lift them; and instead of becoming mountains they become as shadows. I am rather pleased that at times you have a chance for reflection, for more satisfaction, for more knowledge of what you have; for if you did not miss her you would not know that you have possession. The storms will give way to sunshine when the darkness shall give way to mountains of thought, of aspiration. The beautiful country and its surroundings mean much to you, because with the companion of your life the woods, the balmy air and the mountain heights, in connection with the spiritual influences, bring to you a joy which no city life can give you; you like to get anywhere where there is no connecting link. Be it a spiritual camp, or be it a quiet little home on the countryside, it matters little to you; the one brings you in connection with people you have known for years, the other brings bitter reflections of life, without it were along the seaside.

Asbury to me is always a most wonderful spot, always most agreeable. I always had great love for the place. I remember the first time that I preached in Asbury Park, I remember when they did not have the board walk; I remember standing on the sands of the seashore, and when you think of the numberlessness of those sands, how impossible it is to count those sands, you feel how impossible it would be to count the sands of life's seashore, the beautiful thoughts, the beautiful expressions, the beautiful kindnesses, and beautiful happenings of one's life. But when we are cast into the shadows, we do not think of the beauties of which we have partaken; our thoughts go out and on to that which has been, our blunders and mistakes. Would that we

could drive from our life the blunders, and just have the beautiful thoughts of the beautiful things that have happened in our lifetime. Life would hold much that would be useful in the sands of thought, of life mortal and immortal, all three in one. Blessed be the Father, the Son, and that which is called the Ghost or Spirit. Each spirit shall be newly awakened when the mortal shall receive his immortal freedom.

Mar. 1. Beecher (smelling some perfumed satin flowers on table): Good evening, my friend and brother. When you were playing that hymn and singing it I walked into the room and saw those beautiful flowers, representing the reality in life. The flowers, beautiful though they be, have an artificial fragrance surrounding them, the handiwork of your wife, with those little buds. It made me think of the children, large and small children, without a shepherd, representing the flowers of the kingdom, but when sowing to the whirlwind not as pure as the driven snow. They say the snow is beautiful to look upon. It certainly is, but the snow leaves its after effects; and when the dirt is mingled with the snow it loses its beautiful garment, and instead of having the snow in its beautiful white we have it blackened, as so many have their characters blackened through evil thoughts. And evil thoughts bring them into different desperate circumstances if they did not have the stamina to say No, where their conscience dictates; but if a man listens to the inner self it will not lead him astray—as I believe, my brother, you have found it; but if you go in a way contrary to conscience, you are usually drawn into a mess of pottage, it turns out to be trouble. Therefore let us take thought and try to live and be as white as the snowflakes, as beautiful as the flowers, but not as the sham; let us be of the real. . . . Never mind the cause and the effect, as we sometimes hear; because wherever there is cause there is effect and effects center around causes. We hear the word "because" so often, but truly to me it has never been given with the proper definition; for if I do a thing because I do it on account of wanting to do it, there is no cause about it, because the cause comes from myself—I attract unto myself that which I want. If a person desires to tell an untruth he does it because he wants to. As I said about sowing to the whirlwind, as I look out of your window, I see from my opportunity how many of our brethren, how many of our sisters, are caught in that whirlwind, not of water, but of sin, sinning because they desire to, not thinking that one little sin leads to another; covetous because they desire to be covetous, forgetting that whatever their brother has they have no right to, feeling that it should be theirs.

Another thing is the woman of today trying to dress and outshine her sisters of greater wealth, going to destruction caused by a life of shame. Better to live in a garret, on a crust a day, with just enough to clothe them, able to look their brothers and their sisters in the face and feel like saying, I am a god, because I live to the best of my ability. What is worse than a blasted life? It would be better for them to die in infancy than to live a life of shame, than to go down to the grave and be raised again in that spirit of debauchery and live that life again until they rise out of the conditions which surround them, leaving their blistered experience not only upon themselves but upon their family and upon each one with whom they come in contact; because you must remember you are always unconsciously an ideal for someone else. Take the little children: they find something in you, as a rule, they try to copy. We are all copyists in one thing or another. You, my brother, have been a copyist all through your life. You have copied the systems that you have learned in your busy days. You, my sister, have been a copyist of the fashions. The different things of this life hold in another life, will continue to exist, be they for good, be they for evil. So I leave the thought in your life and in the life of those I am now addressing. It does not alone concern the mortal. You have a room full of company at this moment. I beg you to live your life to the highest and noblest of your ability. Amen. . . .

I am not gone yet, my brother. I have finished that part of my talk, I have yet another. You have not been able in these two weeks to form an average of what I would say to you. You are also able to note that different weeks, like different days, bring different things, so remember it is not just what would cover, but if there is a little left at the end of the week for a pair of hosiery or a toothpick, that belongs to the servant. . . . You have had acquaintance long enough to understand each other, and know that you

are not dealing with a spendthrift; and the beauty of the nature you are dealing with will not fully appeal to you until you cast off your garment and turn the winter into summer and the sunshine of life and love. Then you shall read as you are now unable to read, for at times you are in a quandary whether part of it is of the instrument and part of the spirit. You must remember, my brother, that language does not always constitute all things. We have got to train our instrument. I could not get through an illiterate person, but I can come back through one whose temper and nature permit me to advance her generally. You see there is a difference, and if a word is not correct, do not condemn, because I myself, even with the education and the broad experience I had, many, many times have made mistakes; not that I did not know better, but they were slips, and, my brother, everybody has not the English language at the tip of his finger as you have. It was necessary for you to have it in your line of business, it was that which you fed upon almost from your boyhood. Am I correct? Do you think that a year ago I could have stayed as long in the instrument? As I lengthen my stay, so perfection also follows.

Mar. 8. Beecher: Consider the lilies and the children, how they grow; both the child and the lilies, one the flower of the earth, the other the bud of humanity, the flower of human life. Flowers bring happiness to the world in general, and as we see them blooming along our pathway, as we inhale their fragrance, and see their beauty, if in our nature we have a love or admiration for the artistic, the flowers appeal to us. The child, like the flower in its simplicity, gains its rightful place in our life and in our heart, flowers without sin, but in sin because the mind of the parent previous to its birth has not been trained as it should be for proper birth conditions. By that I mean, my brother, that the father and mother are to blame before the child has come into rightful life. As the thoughts of each one in sympathy with the other play a part on the infant brain, so a child in its innocence simply, as a rule, queries and reaches out for what it detects in each person with whom it comes in contact; it goes to that which will attract it. We in our life are children of a larger growth. I pray that when seeking that which is good for ourselves we may seek for the flowers of life, for the help which will help somebody else, for each one of us is a wheel within a wheel, a spoke to help the carriage on. It may be that through life's pathway we never may meet again, but he who lends a helping hand is helped in his own journey beyond, one hand up, feet out, eyes looking forward. May we see the beauties that are planted in life, may we reach heart to heart and stir the life to love and purity. . . . I heard you playing that hymn of The Harvest. Its sweet tones came to me as I remember it as one of my favorite songs, each word means so much, there is a divine promise in each line. . . . I sometimes hear you speak of the responsibility of God. God is not responsible for the conditions of men. Man makes his own conditions; man stoops to things dishonorable many times, and loses his manhood in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. He stoops to duplicity and brings distress not only to one life, but other lives. Then he expects to go through this world without sorrow, after the shame and disgrace. Women sometimes by their misdeeds blast the life of their little offspring, then people blame their God, when God had nothing to do with it. It is far better for man to rule himself, to rule his body, than to be lorded over by passion. Let him stop criticizing others and let him see much in himself that needs rearranging. Take from thy life the things it were better to leave, for in doing so you become a better citizen and a better man, and when you leave this life you will leave things in better shape. If a man has money, makes a will, and wills away those things he cannot take with him, all right, but what does he do with his life? He cannot will that, he can use the money while he is in the form. Many times he has wrought and slaved and clung to the mighty dollar while on earth, and when he has left it all and gone, the thought of that dollar, not being spent the way he would like it, holds an attraction. What is there in money but the thought of happiness, yet if happiness is not in the individual, the money is of no use; it is better to have less possession and more heart.

Mar. 22. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It is with pleasure I come to you again. As the weather opens up from spring to summer, may you breathe into your lungs the breath of life, and may you not take away from any place you may travel to, anything but what belongs to you.

When I say that I mean that you may dispel all disease, for disease does not belong to you. Life is filled with its storms and its battles, and as the snowdrop falls in its whiteness to be dashed and melted upon the earth, it has come to do its work, and in the passing of that snowdrop to its feathery end, if we take a microscope and see the beautiful form it assumes as it freezes in the atmosphere, so in the passing away, and as the sunshine dominates the earth when the clouds have gone, so with the budding into a life of new hopes, new joys, so we find the mortal budding into immortality. We find that Nature, earth and its atmosphere, is filled with that which helps spirit and soul and life. To be well, to keep well, to keep happy and joyous, let each one work with the thought of doing the best in his power, striving for the highest in the universe, and passing by all imaginary plans. But into each life there comes a day of darkness, in each life there are days of illness. He who lives three-score years and ten, and passes that mark, filled with life, hope and charity in his heart, is ready to start on four-score years. We do not always take into consideration the things we do, the things we see, the way we act. We stand up by those whom we are about to put away, and look into their faces, and feel it is the last. My brother, were it possible for the folks in your earth life to know, instead of that being the last, it is but the commencement of better days, of a better life, of higher thoughts, of loftier ambitions. You have drawbacks in your earth life, not able to move at all times, not able to see through the thickness, but when you have passed to immortal life, you find these little hardships, these little battles, have all passed; you find yourself free from the earth temple which you have inhabited; you have laid by the casket, you are able to see the shell, and see the crumbling conditions of mortification, and find yourself traveling here and there where you may often touch the kissing treetops, and smell the perfume of beautiful immortal lives, every moment reaching just where you would like to go, where you are able to travel step by step up the ladder of life, forgetful of harmful things. He who brings harmful thoughts and unkindness with him, as he steps over the borderland, must grow and leave those things behind him, for as long as he holds to the things that are detrimental, so long does he hinder the life before him. Let us think of today, let tomorrow take care of itself, and let yesterday be that which has passed forever.

Mar. 29. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It is again with pleasure I step into your home, glad to bring you tidings of good cheer, happy to state that improvement in health is at the threshold of your door. If it were not for the raindrops, we would not appreciate the sunshine. It would be too much of the same thing day after day, night after night, therefore the little clouds that mingle with the sunshine help along life's pathway, help us to read between the lines, enable us to cheer our brain. Some who were among you a short time ago will pass to the distant shores in the near future, not close within your home ties, but those you have met. And yet it is not death. They will enter into that larger, greater, grander life to mount the steps that lead to development, for when we live our allotted time and the call reaches our door and we are called up yonder to meet those we once loved and who moved within our circle, it is not a meeting in sorrow, it is family communion. Kindness to loved ones who dwell among you each moment that you live in their atmosphere is better than over-appreciation after their departure. . . . It is beautiful to see the flowers bloom as the springtime enters, all speaking in springy language. Ah, how through unkind answers, unkind thought and talks, men crush their fellows. Harshness begets sorrow; it cannot beget joy and love of life and hope. Bitterness must touch you at some points, but when words of contempt arise, bite your tongue and cast them from you. You would not eat a dynamite stick if it were handed to you, and one word you might utter is just as bad, just as powerful as that stick of dynamite. One may bring you into eternity, the other leaves a sharp cut upon the heart. Therefore the peace, health and happiness that lighten the spirit I would strive to teach you to accept. Judge not others lest ye be judged just as harshly. I don't single one of my congregation to butt against the other; they are all apt to do the same thing, myself included, probably not to such a degree as at one time. Your nature at times causes you trouble in that line because of your criticizing temperament, not meaning to be harsh, yet it borders on harshness. But there is a chance for you, my brother. I have been

watching your improvement down the months. We find that from your first acquaintance with our instrument it has caused you to be kindlier of speech; it has taught you to be more forgiving, yet I cannot say that you are very forgetful if a person does you wrong. Still with her hand smoothing things away she has helped to smooth a good many cobwebs that you had centered around you. Today you are not looking for trouble; you are looking for more pleasure, more enjoyment, more self-satisfaction, and, my brother, you are receiving it. Each day that I look at you I find you in a more contented frame of mind; I find that money enters less in your life. There was a time when money meant almost everything to you, and I only lead you back to the time when she entered your life; therefore she has been a teacher, a helpmeet that men seldom find. Would there were more. There would not be so many rocky roads to Dublin; there would be the commencement of the streets paved with gold, because there are no tarnishing traits of mind, but instead a step forward each time. The feeling that life has for you all that you need to see you through should be a great source of comfort to you from a material standpoint. On the other hand, if you had not the girl you have, you would still be clinging to that to which you clung before and not take any enjoyment of it; now you are trying to take some comfort in your possessions. It is the small things that create in life the happiest conditions; larger things sometimes bring contention. You have had it in your past experience, now you are seeking for smaller things, you are trying to dispose of the large and accept the smaller. There was a time when only a magnificent residence was a glory to you; now you have come to the conclusion, rightly, that life is not made up of extreme joy and large pleasures. It is the disposition you live with more than grandeur, which, after all, is but an empty symbol. Some people need catering to for glory, others are satisfied to glorify someone else. Remember that he who loves his duty in the home, that strives to bring happiness in it, is greater than he who gets upon the rostrum and preaches his head off, because he may not practice what he preaches. Rather let him satisfy and bring contentment to a few needy ones than to look to the multitude, for in making one happy, that one will reach out and on to others. Then accept the small things. It takes many small things to make a large thing. If there is a lake in your way, and there is no bridge, you are unable to step across it. The bridge is smaller than the lake, yet it is built in such a way as to help you across. The smaller things in life mean very much more than the larger. Many small things that one is able to do today may be great ones tomorrow. It takes many drops of water to enter the Atlantic, but if those small drops of water ceased, there would be low tide. It is the rolling in and the rolling out; there is nothing that keeps still; all things have a general movement, some slow, some fast, but still moving along in their way. It takes the slow movement of some people to steady the rash steps of others.

George: Say, Captain, did you have a Margaret? She comes to you in such an endearing way, and with your mother. Her name is something like Rolland. (Margaret Rowlett, cousin, in my boyhood in Virginia). Her husband had red hair. A queer duck. He was an ugly looking cuss. Say, was a bull-terrier his cousin? (Was very homely and abrupt.) I don't see what that sweet-faced woman found in him. He cowed her pretty well; almost afraid to open her mouth. Went over before she did. That is where she got the money to live on. None of it came from her side of the house. Your father and he never got along very much. Wouldn't waste words with him. (All these facts correct, and unknown to the medium.) Your mother laughs, and says she brought her. And your father is here, too. They take me to the Rose lady. I want to go right to her and I want to say, she makes it fly worse than ever. (Was proud and extravagant.) Her husband says he could not afford an auto when he was there. (She has a big one now.) It would burn up too much gasolene and wear out too many tires, but she intends to have all she can out of that money, and if there is any left it will go to her daughters more than to her sons. He was a fellow that made a couple of fortunes and lost them, owing to fire, and one through mismanagement. (True.) He says a fellow always gets sense when it is time for him to come over. He says, what's the use of people laughing in their sleeves at you and thinking you a kind of maniac? When the day of reckoning comes to them, they will find it

out, and why waste words? They are all like this, and they like the money.

Apr. 26. Beecher: It is with pleasure and sadness I come this afternoon. It is a pleasure in your home circle, but it is the sadness attending your nation. We find one-half of our beloved homes and country plunged in war, the other half forgetful of those brave and stalwart hearts that are walking on looking for victory. I again make my prediction that there seem to be some stiles that will be placed in the way, that they may be able to walk over with honor. And I want to tell you that your Congress and your Senate will not stand for peace if they find that the lives of our people have been destroyed. I tell you candidly, my brother, many American lives have been taken this past week, and it will be up to the other countries to give good reasons why. That I am afraid will be occasion for war. The countries universally are watching every move that is made, and I, for one, predict success for America if the war does continue. I hope that it won't; I do not like to see so many of our noble lives going to destruction; I would rather see them restored to their wives and their homes, their sweethearts, their children, their mothers, and their parents in general. Instead of sending spies, as in the border days, where they are able to send them from place to place, they shall be able to accomplish much, for the reason that they are miles above them, where all the shooting they might try to do could not hurt them. Where they could stay closer to the earth and drop their little missiles and not be seen dropping them, confusion, loss of life could be accomplished in the twinkling of an eye. My brother, get away from this war news. I want to congratulate you for the splendid evening you prepared for those young people the other night. It is a source of pleasure to enjoy life in an innocent way. Bringing together the two classes, women will have men, girlhood will have boyhood, and youth as it grows up feels it is necessary to have companionship. You yourself without your wife would be a ship without a rudder, rocking from side to side, not knowing where to roam. In youth we find them wanting companionship of the opposite sex, and man alone by himself becomes selfish, hard and critical. Womanhood seems to pave the hard paths of his life, taking off the rough edges here and there. A short time ago your little instrument slipped its cog and in doing so spoiled the beautiful music; and so in life, instead of beauty and fragrance, a mistake leads it down where it becomes soiled and putrified, no one seems to lift it up, and when the flower loses its bloom and perfume and beautiful tints, we cut it off and throw it away; so life to some seems to be the same way. So few are willing to take a lead and give a helping hand so as to help his fellow up the precipice of life, and yet we that examine our lives minute by minute, day by day, using a little reflection now and again, find many faults centered in our own lives which need to be brushed and watched, the little cogs placed in their proper relation.

May 2. Warsaw: Say, white chief, did you know a Samuel Baldwin? Did he do writing? (A stationer friend in Richmond, Va.) Your father brought him. Had a musical voice, nothing loud about he, even dispositions. And I want to bring in that Cunningham. And he says he sees the Frank, and he wants me to tell you the Mamie Gill ain't going to stay very long in the life. Look as if developing heart trouble. And does you know that Alice round that Gill? He says her has a little cog wants screwing up. Says her used to be a very pretty girl, but her lost that. The Sam says he never expected to see you in such a wigwam, 'cause the last time he see you your position wasn't same as what it is now. He was many years younger than what you is now, like ten years, and the Frank was about two years younger, the Alice a little younger than you, and the Mamie about the age you is. (Born the same year.) The Fannie is younger what her is, then comes the Alice, and then there was one sister what died. You was quite a boy when you first know 'em, not when you was in Charles City, but when you go to Richmond, up on the hill (Church Hill), not when you live in the Rockies. (Rocketts.) Your father built the wigwam, and you know one of the brothers before you know the sisters. The brother lives, he not dead. That's the fellow what lives near your Katie. (East Broad Street.) That Mamie had black shiny hair when you first knowed her. Her always was a snappy thing, wa'n't her? Used to speak too much for her good, and her always will be heard. I look back in the life of her. Was the hussin like a preacher man, and did him have a cough? Well, I go. (Each and every

statement a fact, beyond the medium's knowledge.)

May 3. Beecher: It is with extreme pleasure I come again. We have not got our war yet. The people of themselves are commencing to have more faith in the United States, whose actions have taught them that we are not trying to rob them of their country, but instead to instill peace and confidence and affection, so they may unite and become one great whole. Instead of tearing their land into atoms, there is nothing in the world like a master. A step in time may save nine, and save thousands of lives. Many of their fellow-countrymen have been killed during these trying times, and the dislike that many of them have for the head probably will be the means of helping you dethrone him, more than interference from the States. History again repeats itself, where a man does not live up to his purer nature, not doing as he wishes to be done by. A divided house always brings discord in the domestic life, neither can one stand upon the threshold of division when his life is not led to its highest and most sanctified attainment. When one's brain becomes maudlin, how in the name of the God of justice can he be the ruling head of his country? It needs a man of brain, free from prejudiced feelings, open-handed and fair-minded, one broad in his intellectual views, free from criticism, clothed in his right mind. He who hath his mind set on bull-fights and all kinds of iniquity is not befitting to stand at the head of a country, because he is cruel at heart; he cannot have the best interests of the people in mind, if he chances to be their monarch; but he should be a man as tender and affectionate as a father. We in our time have not had in our country Presidents whom our country would have had better, yet, as we look back into their lives, we find they, too, were given to the cup of destruction. One may make fun of your President regarding his grape-juice. It is better for him to imbibe that than any stimulus that would befuddle the brain and call forth mistakes. It is better to take the water clear and not fiery, while he who imbies of the wine-cup is not in position at all times to be clothed and in his right mind. If you were able to see the destruction, the disgraceful destruction among high officials through their partaking of that which befuddles, you would say, teach the next generation to imbibe grape-juice. It may be that some of our best lawyers are unable to try their cases without they have enough in them to keep their tongues a-wagging; our statesmen the same; but he who has not mingled with maudlin spirits is the man who, in time, will lead the nation aright. The social glass is not for the good of the nation; it is for the good of your wine-sops. It is a blessing to know that our country is not given in its entirety to wine-bibbing. Strong drink is a serpent; it stimulates and hisses; it stimulates the heart before it kills. The same with your wine and your liquors. Be true to yourself, and you are true to all things concerning you. He who loses his head and tongue and feet is not a true man. One cannot serve two masters. Be master of thyself; in doing so you are master of all things that come into your life and actions. You may as a soldier proceed step by step, upright and courageous, looking each person in the eye straight as an arrow, without thought of cringing, without a feeling I am not myself, for each of your actions and steps carries along with it that which you are. In other words, your faith and courage are the mirror of your life, reflecting upon your spirit and stature. I would ask no better service than to teach the small child that from its earliest infancy each thought and act is a reflection upon its life. He would know that, conscience being the dictator for good, there would be less evil in life, for when he can be taught that he cannot do a wrong to another without hurting himself, that he can have no thought of impurity without it leaves its reflection on him and others, and he can be brought up to the idea that conscience will be his dictator later in life, then there will be less evil. You can fall into my line; and that is what I have learned since I left my life and went into the spirit immortal. Since you have come in contact with your wife your life has become a blessing, your thoughts are purer and higher. There was a time in your life when it was different; now you want to live, because you have that love and devotion and high-mindedness with you constantly. If she were not blest with psychic force, she would be instrumental in making you just as happy, for the reason that she is guileless and simple and childlike, but not stupid nor silly.

May 10. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It is with great pleasure I am again in your midst. As we stand on the threshold of summer, seeing all its beau-

ties, some of your friends standing with you today probably this time next year will be visiting with me in your home, having passed through the avenue called death into the sunlight of glory. Some, when they leave their baby clothes behind and step into the larger and brighter and broader life of light and love, leave a life of cares and trials and things they could not help, and in their tottering steps they could not run nor understand what was before them, and as they cross the river of life which they had called death they will find it is but a transfer from one life into a larger and greater, opening the path to the gateway of glory and a life full of joy and peace. We shall soon stand with bared heads listening to oratory concerning the so-called dead who are not dead but have risen in mighty strength from the battle of life. They have missed much, and still they have gained much, for he who fights for an honorable cause has gained life by giving up his own. So time goes on and the life goes out, and may glory come to them as the stars in the heavens gleam and show their twinkling eyes. May all the earth respond in joy to the sunshine from the skies.

May 23. George Wilson correctly prophesied the medium's physical state nine years later, in 1923. Also reported a spirit friend, Samuel Kase, corpulent, billiard ball on top, eyes half smiling, florid complexion. Said people often spelled his name with a C instead of K; lived in Philadelphia; blocked with me on a train in the blizzard of 1888. (All true.)

May 24. Beecher: Good evening. It is with pleasure I again address this audience, because it seems to be a looked-for pleasure from this side as well as from yours, and besides I have the pleasure of being one of the gathering. The sun bursts through the beautiful sky, and instead of being shrouded with clouds we find ourselves surrounded with sunshine, bringing cheer to the heart, light and pleasure to countenances in general. If we have good weather, the air filled with balm, we also have great cheerfulness, the same as love begets love and hate begets malice. Outraged feeling comes to all of us through some means or another, and you little know the effect where pride is dominant; while hopefulness is greater for good, where good may be accomplished, leaving that which is baleful in the background.

In Memoriam. A memoral day comes to each and all of us, be we one of the army or the navy, or a private citizen. And what a memorial day it is to him who upon awakening in the new birth has paved the way to righteousness. True, there are times when things look blacker than the night, when sorrows come to each and all; times when we wish we might turn our back upon them and live the highest thoughts; but sorrow melts the life, helps us to look onward, and recalls the memory of those who have gone before for just a little while, crossing the borderland to the shining shore. We know they are there, though we see them not; they come so gently through the night and lay their hands upon our brow to save and vivify.

June 12. Investigated houses in Allenhurst, N. J., for a summer residence. Three days before Warsaw said we would see a corner we should like. Inspected a number, bought the only corner shown, and at price for house, car, garage, etc., precisely as stated beforehand.

June 20. George: . . . Say, there's a fellow here by the name of Coleman, William Coleman. (A former roomer in Mrs. Wakeman's home.) And a John Ammons, from the South. (A cousin, from Virginia.) Did he have a sister named Elizabeth, sometimes called Lizzie? Was she a niece to your mother? Because your mother tells me that. (Yes.) And who is Andrew? (Another cousin, same time and place.) All three come together. You are cousin to these people. That's what they tell me. The Andrew died in Richmond. He was pretty old, and stooped. Sight was poor. And he had a musical voice in his day, and a very kindly face for a man. He didn't get up in temper like some of the family. He was a churchman. Very brave. Didn't he fight? Because it looks to me that he was in the Civil War and carried a musket. He was always a rebel, and he never liked turncoats anyhow. He never forsook his country. (All correct.)

June 28. Beecher: It is again with pleasure I come to you at the accustomed time on the Sabbath. A few weeks from now and it will be placed at another time. As we again approach the season when the different instruments shall take their place, I predict quite an enjoyable season. While the place may have many drawbacks, still I predict prosperity. I see no reason why the place

used for so many years in this manner should deteriorate. Still it may not come up to the expectations of all. We cannot expect too much in the life of any one person. All growth must take the bidding of Him who is greater than all and who rules the Universe. It seems strange to me when people wander off and forget they are part of that great Universe, if only an atom. We see the sands along the seashore, and the grains of dirt and the blades of grass, a part of the footstool of Him who walks upon the earth of which we are a part, each man being a part of that great One in All and All in One. Each tree has its life and differs from another. No two people can live the same life. . . . You ask me if this place (Lake Pleasant) will survive and live. Yes. All things come near to death before new life is attained. You never call in a physician to a person who is in health; but let him be taken sick, nigh unto death, then you call for a physician. So it is with man in life. In health and invigoration he seems never to know anything outside of himself; but let him be stricken and he calls in help; therefore you need the one great physician to establish the mind in perfect harmony and peace. It is good sometimes to be brought to humbleness. Sometimes when we are given all that life requires we find a dissatisfaction. Death will enter in when it is not expected, be it in the humble home or the magnificent home. Never mind the visitor. Do not look forward to the tomb, but look for life and love eternal. Brush not yourself against others and feel that you are greater than they. In olden times man did not think that his brother was as good as he, yet the Samaritan stooped at the wayside and helped his brother. Therefore, give to the world the best within you, and receive the best for yourself. Look not to the East, look not to the West, without it is for good. Good night.

Aug. 30. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. I step in regarding the sermon preached. (Tabor Thompson.) In one breath he criticizes the Christ whom he speaks of, and denies His divinity, and he claims that each and every person may have that divine battery and be a healer also. He neglected to say he should live a pure life, unspotted from the world. There are certain diseases which nature is able to obliterate, there are others where medicine is necessary. If we believe in our inability we become exactly what we believe. If we find in our lives and in our souls that nature which giveth to the world freedom, to humanity peace, sweet peace, it may be beyond his understanding; yet man grows to his full estate and comes into his birthright and then is capable of understanding. The brother, who some way has had his corns stepped upon by his clerical brothers, feels that there are few instruments he can claim as his truth guides. Such a man has two natures, one seeking to carry a light spirit, the other a nature wanting self praise and admiration. Now, my brother, I wish I might answer that message, but I just desired to say a few words to you. We hear it said that you mortals have it within you to do the work of the mighty Christ. Figuratively speaking, there is much that you can do, much that it is your privilege to do; but there are some things that God in His infinite power has not given man to do since the Christ walked this earth. He was sent to you as a teacher, as a helper, as an elder brother, and he who arises to deny this enters into blasphemy. Each one is sent here for a service, be it as a child that is snatched as a flower, or be it as a man who grows into a mighty oak and becomes solid and sturdy in his views. With all my religious beliefs, all my spiritualistic thought, I never forgot the Christ, there was always a Christ in my life, and, my brother, you recognize that in me today. My instrument knows nothing of my preaching, and I want to say to you, Do not forget the Christ. It goes very much against your belief, and yet that Christ is there, typically speaking. Each mortal walking in the flesh is carrying a cross today, whatever that cross may be, whether small or large. Many carry a cross because it is of their making, and in a sense carrying a cross is brought from someone else. Go through the ages and you will find that he who lives as a saviour carries ridicule for his work. I myself was subject to ridicule in a portion of my life, when I stood for the stars and the stripes and America; and yet that flag waves over the whole United States and over the world, the greatest emblem and the greatest ensign of the ages. . . .

Sept. 26. George: Hello, Captain. (How about the war, George?) We are licking them all to rights. They will have a good battle on the sea, and then there will be some heads shorter; and if they don't care, the

whole royal German family will be out of existence. The people have learned to love George, not this George, but they don't care particularly for his wife. They feel that while she is democratic, she is a little puritanic. In your country they call them bums, in my country they call them Lords. And say, Captain, why are you carrying that paper around in your pocket? (What paper?) Will. About part of it I cannot give you any information until next month, when I am able to look into things. The funds of most of these charitable concerns are eaten up by a few people, and the majority do not benefit. (Was thinking of endowing a hospital bed.) There are some stocks the war won't affect enough to keep you from getting all the dividends. It will all come out in the wash. I can go back to the panic of 1907. Things were much tighter for you than they are now, and I can go back to '95 or thereabout, when things went all to smash, and when, my goodness, if you had had some thousands of dollars to put with what you had, you would have had quite a pile more than you have today. But when the stocks go up to the prices you feel they should, I want you to be a bargain man. Don't hold for your dividends. When the market is high, let go. You can put the money in the bank and buy when it gets low. The bottom of the tub has not quite fallen out.

Beecher: Welcome to harmony, peace and comfort. It will be about the 17th of October before we shall be able to resume our meetings. I do not mean by that I shall not be near you and occasionally step in, but I mean before we are able to say we have resumed our services. I want to say to you, as I see you starting another pace in history, and history repeats itself, another year will be given you to enjoy the society and love of your helpmate, and each day shall be filled with more pleasure and gladness to both of you than in the past year. Try to remain a little calmer under all circumstances, for I find that you get a little upset under slight provocation. My brother, I shall be pleased when the burden of this house falls from off your shoulders, for in it you have had in one way more sadness than gladness; yet your gladness has come to you in the evening of your life to make up for the long years of sadness that were yours; and I want to say, until you met the lady whom you call your wife, and my instrument, you knew but very little pleasure, even in all the long years of companionship with the devoted friend and mother; still there was lacking that which you now have. There is a freedom you now enjoy that you never enjoyed before, and in fact there is a devotion given to you by your wife that even in that soul was not yours. I am not criticizing, I am simply saying that one looked upon you as a son; and the other regards you as one who belongs totally to her, and that is your wife. And you may be proud, sir, that she is, for the more she is admired, the more I see you filled with a feeling of pride; and may each year be filled with greater enjoyment for both of you. I shall be with you on the next anniversary, if you do not see me.

Oct. 17. Sitting Bull: Good evening, white chief. You no feel heap good. You wish this wigwam would go. Heap much rope around neck. You will rise out of it. Too bad lady what you had no like lady what got now, or you no have this elephant. Today, while by yourself, you got seat in this chair, and think to yourself of your life since that old gal go away. The friends what you had not able come the same. Don't you receive as good now? Better get grain of truth than get bushel basket of lies. You was doing other things before half-past four, and you felt lonely when your lady gone; in all this big wigwam alone. And you come conclusion, better to be happy than have wigwam, 'cause you happy with your lady. No fret you. Don't you know, white chief, when you goes separate and come back to 'tend to the things you left, unless you have some dearly love, you don't care to come back when you in good hands. One was your father. Not that he ain't near you, but not able to take the lady at all times. If they did, her have nothing left for herself, and you would put her in a box pritty soon. Just the same with the work of this wigwam, and you find it take long time for her to get strong up. We see you does think of the wigwam by the sea. (Allenhurst, N. J.) You say to yourself, I give my lady a present, what will be for her birthday. That is in your head. (Correct.) But I does want to say to you, what good is it to her for herself after you is up here with us? Wiona told me to tell you that. (Sorry I could not do more for Mother Mary.) Her know you was looking for the future, and her say, in the

big wigwam in 20th Street she had big rent. (Test.)

George: Well, Captain, it does look natural. Good to be home again; not have any foreign interference from Germany. But there's a day of reckoning coming, and even though things may look pretty black, you will find in much of the news received you do not get the whole truth, and he who laughs last laughs best. And the Johnnie Bulls are pretty hard creatures to fight. Somehow they turn up on top, and while they have to accept general losses that are apparent, the time will come when they, too, shall get in their fine work. It is not when one thinks of how for a month to five weeks the little Frenchman and the Johnnie Bull have been able to crush the Germans to a certain degree; one side cannot expect to have the laurels each time, but the backbone must be broken. When I was with you the other day, I said I could not prophesy in its entirety from one day to another, but I believe, so help my Creator, that you will find the English and the Frenchmen and other nationalities, on top, and the rest will be crushed, and that in the end they will want to keep other countries from joining the Allies. There will be different bets offered to keep them neutral. She has taken too large a piece of the pie. She thought she was fighting one or two little countries, but when my beloved country gets into the thick of the fight, when she wants enough of them, she will start drafting, and in the end the Dutchmen will be knocked out, and the Allies will be greater than they anticipated. I want to tell you, Captain, that if Germany was to win on my side of the earth she would then come over to your country, and she would make you bow the knee to her, or she would grapple you by the throat and would dictate terms, and your by-laws would be knocked higher than a kite and shattered in pieces, and that which was made by a Washington and a Paine and others would be white-washed and black-balled, and the Declaration would not be worth the paper it is written on. There is something greater in the atmosphere than money; that is, that peace may live in the hearts of the people. Good night.

Oct. 18. Beecher: . . . It is with pleasure again that I come to you. In this time of great anguish and sorrow, it brings to my mind so many years ago, as I go back into the years '59, '60 and '61, when we had war as well, '62 and '63 the conflict between the North and the South. It brings to my mind the sorrow brought on our Southern brethren, and yet it was something that had to be met, the same as this anguish which overpowers the great European countries. We at times find it necessary for rulers to be taken from their seat of ruling, and when the countries emerge from this great cloud and distress, this terrible affliction of murder, then we will find a grander country than the former Europe, for monarchists and libertines shall be ruined, and you know, my brother, that many Europeans are libertines, and are supported in a way by the nation. They would hardly be recognized in this country, and in time there will be less marketing of American daughters, and less of our good dollars going to imported husbands. Now we see that youth is brought as a sacrifice for war, mothers and wives left husbandless, children left fatherless, mothers losing the sons born into their lives, some who had been a comfort to them from birth. Oh, may He who is the Father of All give help to those stricken souls and may the little country that has lost her bearings and is shifting rudderless be restored to her former beauty, her people to their former enjoyments and happiness. Oh, God, in thine infinite mercy, give to each Thy blessing and Thy help. We are in our supposed Christian land; may each forget his selfishness and see Thee as Thou art with a loving heart, that Thy children may feel Thine uplifting hand and the atmosphere and love of Thine angels. Oh, thou mighty Father, be with those stricken countries, and those in American lands, for many souls abiding in this clime are stricken through the knowledge of the conditions of their former country. You great American people, you little dream of your capability. May you remember that they, too, had their fortunate times. May you not forget them in your prosperity, nor ride headlong to destruction, and become over-ruling and grasping; for at times when we are most prosperous we, too, lose sight of the fact that prosperity abideth but for a day, and that they, too, who have been so prosperous at times, are plunged themselves into poverty, and what is worse than poverty of thought, poverty of mind? Money is good; you need it; but it is better not to have the money than to have no soul. If you could see some of those poor souls who come into Eternity, not

knowing what happened when they crossed the border — my brother, I am speechless, I am unable to go further, for I am overwhelmed when I see this butchery, and when I think of that which was in our own beloved country so many years ago. It has taken so many years to bury the sorrow, and yet in many hearts it never can be buried. God bless and help each mortal in distress. (Spoken with great emotion.)

Wiona: The Beecher man not able to stay heap long, 'cause the feeling he had was too much for him to stick to my lady. Him very powerful here, so he only stay with you a few minutes. He says you is not a fish out of water, and all the rest of you life you was; you was fishing all the time for somethin' you not got, and now you got that wish; he says keep it and make it happy. He say he helped you like the Paine man, but you improved since then. (I had just been privately reading my verbatim notes of Mr. Paine's talks of twenty-five years before.)

Oct. 24. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It affords me great pleasure to be with you this day, as I look around and see from your atmosphere of harmony, good-will and cheer, that which makes life full of sweetness and keeps the soul in peace, for it matters not whether a man has the bounty of earth if he has not that congenial condition which helps him to enjoy it. In other words, what is life spent in a lonely state with money-bags? Rather spend it with less money and perfect peace, confidence and love; for many people, like Judas, are tempted, but with love in the background and the foreground and all about, the money is given but to spend and it is bartered in trade. So we find many lives bartered for the mighty lucre. And yet you think to yourself it is a very necessary evil. True, on this side of life; you could not go very far without it if you have starvation before you, but barring that, as long as one is able to keep his head above water, is clothed and in his right mind, and knows that tomorrow, if it should rain, he has enough and to spare, happy is he if he has not a great, great supply which keeps him awake at night to watch it, whether it is in the deposit vault or in a safe, for as we watch many with whom we come in contact, we see many faces of sorrow, and many of them money-mad. My friend, life is all that we make it. Life is filled with much beauty. Although on the outward the day looks stormy, cold and bleak, still love may be within where the heart is warm and hope is bright. There we find comfort and bask in the sunshine, and the sunbeams of life scattered all about one's brow and entwined around one's life, remove the shadows from the outside, and peace, contentment, light, love, trust and all things go to make life one bright and beautiful day. Oh, my friend, happy are you who knoweth not in your present state one cloud in your atmosphere. By my talk in this strain do not feel any apprehension, for there is nothing that I see to bring one spot or blur as you go along life's journey intent in the devotion you hold for each other. May the Almighty Father watch, guide and keep you thus. Forget not the love which surrounds you in old age. In your early youth your mind was not contented, for you could see the faults of others; you then were critical, watching every movement, and you thought to yourself, no one care I to trust, and yet you felt you sought in vain for another that would give you growth, and now you are satisfied. My brother, I found you debating changes before you sat down to settle your accounts, and a couple of times today you seemed to be looking over matters and thinking you would make a few more changes. (True.) I want to say, leave things just as you have adopted them; there does not seem to me to be any possible improvement; there seemed to be quite a slight shadow, but it has evaporated. I feel that the shadows have departed from your life. Yes, you have received in the last hours of your life an ideal happiness, and I wish to say that she was brought to you to help you in so many ways, and if I may say it without offence, to rectify much in your life that needed rectifying. She does not know, does not have a suspicion, but you know best, my friend, that with the life you are now able to live she is able to bring you the sunshine and to cast the dewdrops of blessing upon your life from one moment to another, and you are thankful for the difference. If in your early manhood you had come in contact with one such as she, how much better your life would have been. But instead, having a temper and will of your own, you came in contact with what you experienced in a strange country soon after your arrival in this city, through that lost confidence in mankind, and you were afraid to trust them, it made you suspicious of nearly everyone

you met, and often the devoted soul and mother was not able to cure you of that disposition. It was meant that the wife you have would be the one who would open your eyes and take the scales from them, and teach you that there was one with purity of word and thought such as a child might have in the presence of a parent, and so she has brought to you a childlike nature, and in that she has helped you to overcome much of your disregard for others; it has helped you to reach out and seek the good in others, and not look for the other side. It has taught you to reach out for the best that this world can give you, and your hardness of thought has been nearly obliterated from your mind, do you understand? because she does not see things with a double-meaning, seeing them single-handed. All these things have come to help you and fit you for the stage of life; in other words, by the little charitable deeds she is able to do. These things, one by one, will be laid up in store; they will meet you, they will greet you and make life more beautiful and helpful, and as it seems to me, you will be the first one to cross the borderline, and the way in which she will use that which is left will be an honor and glory to both; for instead of hoarding it, she will place it to the best advantage, and will lay aside a certain percentage of it from year to year for the furtherance and uplifting of humanity. That is the way her life will be spent after the going over of the three whom she loves the most in life. (Her father, mother, and myself.) It looks to me that one particular kind of cases she will take up will be those who have been afflicted with that dread disease consumption, thinking of the way you at one time told her your father had suffered. She will go where she feels she can alleviate pain; she will use certain hours of the day in which to do it. She will feel that you would approve of her using it in this way, beyond what is necessary for her, and I do not see a better way. She would place it where it would be dispensed with her own hand. That will be her mission in life. Others would seek matrimony for a solace to their woes; she would seek the comforting of others, and in that will comfort herself, and she will feel the presence of those she loved with her in her path. Worldly pleasures are not the craving of her heart; she seeks higher things and brighter things. I do not say she does not like enjoyments and social ties, but it is never with people whom you would be afraid to trust. You may look around among her friends and acquaintances and there is no one you could pick out and say, I do not care for you to associate with her. And that is the way, my brother, she will help others when you are gone, and when those she loves are gone. From earliest childhood her parents have seen her walking step by step up the mountainside, hard climbing, and yet each step with high thought, and each time, and three times in her life when things looked darkest, she saw the light ahead and prayed and sought the heights and ascended each round of the ladder, until she has climbed nearly to the top of the mountain, and that top she shall reach, and for the rest of her life she shall seek those in the valley and place her hand upon them, and step by step she will teach them and bring them up the ladder with her. May God bless, guide and keep you, and may you cherish that which you claim as your own. Good-bye.

Nov. 1. Beecher: My friend and brother, from present indications, it may be a very severe and long war. They are going to wear themselves out. He who sits upon his throne thinking himself the victor, and his country, I am very much afraid will be brought to grief when they turn their backs upon all that is high and just and noble, and their streets will be plunged into dark despair if conditions are not righted very shortly. My heart is wrung, my brother, in these dreadful times. It makes me think of the years of slave abolition, when it was war of brother with brother; now the whole family has gone to war, the whole family of nations. But it looks to me, after years of trial and tribulation and emergence from this dreadful thing, life will then have a new lease; instead of being ruled by monarchs as now, grand republics will rise up and say they want no more oppression. . . . My instrument is not keyed up correctly today.

Nov. 7. George: Hello, Captain. You feel kind o' put out about the news in the newspapers. Well, I tell you, old man, cheer up. A time of recompense comes to everybody. Germany thinks she is going to win, that everything comes her way. That may go for a little time, but there's always an after-clap. When that comes, say, Captain, they won't do anything to her but turn her up on her ear. You wait until the different

forces get busy. You see she has been preparing for this thing, and the other ones had to fall into line, because they were getting bit, and so they did get a d—d good licking all right; but they are bound to come out on top. Sometimes you may think the Germans are right in massing themselves the way they have, and so many going down at once. Well, you may think so, but what's the use of butchering everybody when you don't have to use so many men on the field; but keep them for a rainy day so as to give a fellow a rest. There is no need of wholesale butchery, there's no use of thousands dying when hundreds would do. It's the lion's roar, to see what they are able to devour; but the little yellow dog will show up one of these days. Germany didn't think of such an Alliance as there is now. As I get it, there's four countries fighting, Germany, Austria, Bouparia and Turkey. And there's France, Russia, Japan, Britain and Belgium, and you know it's kind o' hard for Italy. Looks like she's going to join the Allies shortly. She wants some beefsteak, and she cannot get it if she does not work for it. They are not going to stay home, suck their fingers, and not lose some of their men. Well, there's Britain and Russia, Japan, Belgium, France, Australia, India, and you might just as well say Canada, because she is sending her help; so that practically there are eight countries against the other four, and the whole of the four would not cover the territory of Russia. Therefore, Captain, he who laughs last laughs best, by gad, and it's only a question of endurance. But it's too bad there has to be so much loss. I want to say, Captain, that the country that you are living in promises to be one of the greatest countries in the world, caused through this War. Yes, but there's a danger, and that danger is, that when this War is about completed, because of jealousy you are going to be betrayed by one of these countries abroad, to pick a fight with you. It won't do them very much good, Captain, but it will make quite a little trouble, and quite some bloodshed. Now I don't predict this, Captain, it simply shows itself in the atmosphere, and it looks as if that little country Japan will be the instigator, and through the help she has been to England, my own country, in some way she will have to help Japan. England would have to come to her assistance, caused through the jeopardy that England has placed herself in, and the assistance that Japan will prove herself to be to England; she will have to be a friend and help Japan. It may be just in the atmosphere, but I give it to you, Captain, the way I smell it. But if she does, on the other hand, the little Frenchman, who is the son and brother of Lafayette, will again come to your assistance. You have taken the wake-up drops, and in peace you are going to prepare for war. Therefore I think, in the knowledge they have had, and certain indications from other countries, the little Japs and the Johnnie Bulls had better stay at home. Your country does try to settle things; but you know those Japs are a tricky concern, and they will think it is a good time to sweep down on your California side. If she knows when she is well off, she will keep her hands out of it. You have had the displeasure of seeing three wars in your life, the Civil War, the Spanish War, and this tremendous War; and it seems your gal will see three wars, the Spanish War, this great War, and then the War of this country with foreign invaders. The one thing that may save you, Captain, is, there are some 3,000 miles between you. But still you have possessions in the East which they could invade and bring you from your country to the East; but you will find there is some secret in your home at Washington that is known there and at Newport News and your different training schools, that even the other side does not know. You know, Captain, one thing that makes the Britons say they are able to do better than the other fellows is, that they are not muddled in their thinking; they are clear-headed, quick, not loggy like other foreigners. But, Captain, take it on the whole, when this bloody, foolish war is over, in years to come, long years after you have passed from the life you now live to the land where I am, you will look back and see and wonder what progress all this War means, even though there is so much wanton ruin. It will mean, Captain, that instead of unity in one united kingdom, it will mean a grand Republicanism or Democracy. I mean that the people will be for the people, and then will come your upliftment and humanity; but not while a man may sit on a throne and talk of my people, as if he were God Almighty, and had millions of slaves. He is shaking in his boots tonight.

He thought he was able to pick the plum, that he had clear sailing; he did not expect what he is already getting. I do not want to put the entire blame on him; I want to go to the cabinet, his advisers. While he is much to blame, they, too, are to blame more. They did not realize into what they were walking, but their eyes shall be opened. We may go until next spring before we see the commencement of the downfall; but it looks to me that January will start to tell the story, and the unraveling of this whole condition all through this Eastern hemisphere. I think, Captain, I shall be obliged to say to you, good night.

Nov. 21. George: Hello, Captain. Things don't seem to be heap much brighter, as Warsaw says, yet they are not going back. All along the line, until decision takes place, they will have to go forward and backward, backward and forward, give and take, and if it lasts ten years it would have to end, it would be through exhaustion of the Germans. If they took just means, instead of barbarous means, they would have no chance whatever; but with the means they have employed it is going to be a bloody, terrible catastrophe; and yet when the new world is formed from the chill of the old, it will be built upon the dead bones of monarchs. This is my prediction. It may take time, but democracy shall rule; and when time comes for reflection after these dreadful conditions, even when the difficulties seem ended, there will be a cry, Down with the Empires. Then will men have the freedom which belongs to their life. While Germany, with its emperor and its bloody men, has fought to arrest the universe, my opinion is that eventually a new Europe will spring up, and in it man will see his rights and will not be a slave to monarchs. Then, if they have the money, they will be able to get an educational system as free men. If they do not get free schools in the same manner as in your country, it is because the highest monarch, the peasant, does not need education. Well, Captain, I believe I shall steer my ship ahoy.

Nov. 22. Beecher: My friend and brother, when you were playing that most familiar air, "The Home Over There," I thought, Yes, it is so easy for one to feel that it is not all of life to live upon your plane when you think of the Over There. What does it mean to each and every individual? Is he paving the streets with light, or with darkness? As he goes from one day to another it is easy to condemn, but it is very hard to retract. May the experiences of life be filled with such brightness, such beauty and such thoughts as will enlarge the blessings of the life celestial. May the face of each be turned towards hope, for hope after all means life. Without hope life is dead, an empty task. Hope to man is like the electric light; the electric shows the way, hope paves the way, and faith behind that hope will help you to reach the goal you are striving for. Without faith, without hope, one is as one whose hands and feet are tied, not knowing how to break the coils. Faith, hope and charity are the trinity that go hand in hand one with the other; charity when one is in need of assistance from starvation, but sometimes not the starvation of the body, but starvation of the soul, of the mind. Hope for the helpless. Each of us in turn, in some part of our life, has been helpless. We have need of the assistance of others. I know that you may be able to look back upon your earthly career when it was necessary to have that help, and yet what good is help if you have not faith to know it? Tell a man he will live, and if he has not faith to believe it, he will die; for according to the mind, according to the way you grasp the situation of life, are you governed. And then, as your story books read, all heaven, with its jasper walls, is paved with intentions; and the lower regions have been paved with good intentions. As you recall the things you have done in life, as you take up the thread of the flesh as you leave the body, when you have grown and can be sustained by those who come to you to assist you, as in memory you carry to the border all the things you have been able to accomplish, not so much along mercenary lines, but along the lines of help to your fellow-man, you will say: Have I been the means of helping him to know himself, have I yet learned to know myself? Man knows himself, and all the animal kingdom tries to a small degree to unfold itself. It is better that he lose all else and find himself, and that which means more to the life immortal than the small things of life that now engross him. Some things live after death, others decay. That which is committed in sin, in error, must rot away eventually. Man must arise and go to his Father in the frame of

mind in which his Father meant him to come, where he receives opportunities by which he is able to stand erect and place his feet forward, his head upward, and march on. Much depends on human agency. Think you not that you belong to the great and all-powerful Being, that you have to give an account for the deeds of the past life? Man came not into the world of his own accord. He was brought into it by agencies intending him to grow to the estate necessary for the fulfillment of the divine power. He asked not that he should be born of woman, it was decreed that he should be. He asked not whom his mother should be, he had not the choosing, he came as it was ordained; he was born to work, to labor, to ascend from the depths, to reach the heights of purification and righteousness.

Nov. 29. Beecher: As I look around me and see the anguished faces, and see so many ushered into the land of Eternity, hurled from one side to the other, how hard it is to know that life from the cradle to the grave has not been filled with the highest ideals, that the only thought in life was to go from day to day and get the most out of it; men groping their way upon the sea, tossed as a boat without a rudder, dashed upon one rock and another. Bravery in battle is one thing, bravery in life is another. Each life is a battlefield, each person is a soldier; each day some people are having bullets hurled at them, which may not be melted bullets, but just as deadly. It may be disease, it may be strong drink, and vice of every description. You ask if God is responsible for this dreadful and bloody War. I wish to say, No. Over-ambition, greed, jealousy are responsible. They have left God and civilization out of the question. They call themselves Christian, but there is no Christianity in them. As a minister of the Gospel in life, and since coming here, I found it was not always the man who prayed the loudest that was the deepest Christian. It is not always the dog that barks the loudest which is most valuable. It is not always the wife or the husband who says the most, but the one who does the most, that counts. This dreadful catastrophe is man-made. God never leads His children to destruction, as a rule they lead themselves by countless ways. Prayer is but a supplication for assistance, but if the time and place are not at hand, your prayers avail but little. Man is responsible for all things of a destructible nature. You plant a tree, and if it be planted as it should be and watched over from the little sprig, from the little root, from year to year, you see the trunk of that tree as it advances in age and growth, you see the bark coming around it, and its sap; and you nourish it and help it to grow into a strong and mighty oak. So, if you plant the seed of War in the child it is bound to grow into a murderer. If the mother while carrying her babe has the thought of murder or drink in her mind, the child will be a murderer or a drunkard. It cannot be helped. Therefore I say, my brother, God is not responsible. To be sure there are always two paths open, the right and the wrong. We accept the good and the true, or the base and the untruthful; whatever our mind is capable of or desires to portray, that shall we become. God is not responsible for this great catastrophe. If you are a Christian of the right stamp your own faith shall never waver. Why bring God before nations that wish to war for greed? Money, the root of most evil, is man-made, not God-made. All things must be conceived before growth. God never meant that man should war. Man, not God, is fighting.

Chapter XXXVII.

JAN. 10, 1915. Beecher: Good evening, my friend and brother. It is with extreme pleasure I am again permitted to talk with you; first the pleasure of understanding one another, the pleasure of knowing you are ready to receive me; second, the pleasure that comes from the unseen witnesses that surround you at all times. I wish to say for the benefit of my instrument that the birds that she loosed in the haze meant to her messengers of peace and not harbingers of evil, and the lady who came was one they are trying to assist. It will be a pleasure to her to come among those who will receive her. When one leaves the body, where it comes not as one grown, it enters spirit as an infant, and not having the flesh it carries the spirit. Think you it is wise to live and dwell alone in that which is material, or thinkest thou that it is better for it to look for spiritual conditions? Materialization lasts but for a time. In some lives it is sought for, in most lives it is three score and ten. Many lives never reach even the minority, for death claims manhood and childhood in all ages; therefore I beseech you to live the spiritual, and let your thoughts ascend to the highest, that your life may shine through your countenance, and you become as a child in the kingdom. It is not he who possesseth the greatest knowledge in the world who enjoys life most; it is the child with no knowledge of science that comes up from infancy like a beautiful flower; the fragrance of the flower displays its beauty, the laughter of the child shows its naturalness. May you live that life of spirituality. Wealth is given to man for the upliftment of men. Were you to have ten million dollars and no health, would the money amount to much? Were you to have a million dollars and you became ill, would the value of the money to you be greater? No. Health without wealth is wealth itself; and wealth without health is anything else, for you cannot manage both. Wealth flyeth as the night. The happy life is the life that lives according to its best knowledge, that exercises naught but kindness, that giveth love to the erring, that has faith in those it comes in contact with, that has the wealth of spiritual growth that knows no end. God so willed that man should be so empowered with that which would help him through his natural life until he comes into the spiritual realm. Think you, if you have not lived up to the principles of spirituality, that it will not come back to you as a boomerang? You cannot be guilty of treason without being found out; and treason to your life and soul is as great as treason to your country, for each life is a part of the great whole, each part must give an accounting of itself.

Man in his narrowness of thought sometimes feels that he is able to hide much that he does. My brother, thoughts are things, as the Christian Scientist says. Things stored away in the memory must be uncovered some time or another. The Book of Memory can hide nothing when the time comes for that book to be opened. Some of its pages may be black in its history, each page through dearth of understanding may be a cross in existence until the scholar is able to ascend to the heights of goodness; and each page of life is filled with beauteousness of character, of well doing, of greatness of spirit. The small things of life may yield large things, for the world stumbles with the small things, forgetful that they mean the greater; they will not do things because they cannot do them on a large scale, therefore they leave the small opportunities placed in their path. Your young men of today are not willing to take the small positions which in time are the goal. As the gold is refined, so must the life be refined; and the trials that come to man in his natural life are sent to him as refiners to beat the gold into the most wonderful filigree of the different arts and sciences of his life. By that I mean the character must be formed, or you will find no real man. Selfishness is the root of most evil, for many lead selfish lives and it makes little difference in what way they gain their ends; and many in their striving force themselves from one existence to

another, facing a blacker night than they ever left behind; they try to get away from it but they meet it in the life they had hoped would remove all their trials, and then they have, as it were, a double destiny to spin, as you weave the yarn of the spindle to make a beautiful garment.

Jan. 17. Beecher: This is the third Sabbath of the new year, also the commencement of the following day when you first saw the light of this world in that little hamlet in the Southland (Jan. 18. in Virginia), when your kin did not know whether you would be spared to them. Three-score and ten is the supposed limit in life and you have passed three more milestones, and are partly on to the fourth. You have had the shadows and the clouds and the rains, and you are now reaping the sunshine, but through the harvest it is necessary to have all these. There was a day when you thought it would be a blessing if you might close your eyes to this life and open them in the next, and your cup was not filled to overflowing as it now is. Now you see the sunshine where the clouds and the shadows and the raindrops appeared, when your heart was chilled and your life was frosted. You have emerged from that and you have taken new lessons into your life, and each day as it dawns is filled with greater life to you. I see it by comparison, I am looking into the glass which reveals to me the present, the past, and the future. I wanted to say, in the case of the lady to whom we leave you, we see nothing but good and brightness and happiness. There was a day when you could not be content with the smaller things. In that your wife has taught you a lesson, for you have come to the conclusion that it is not the big things that bring life and happiness, but the little things of everyday life. You have buried the old man Adam and the new man has grown; you have placed back of you the former difficulties of life, and there is but one, your wife, who brings you happiness, because she does not make a great task of any one thing she does; she tries to do it in the spirit of love, and you do not care how long it lasts. And, my brother, she came into your life when you needed her most; she came to show you, I might say in a roundabout way, the road to salvation. She came when you were on a bed of illness, to show you how to live again; she brushed the thorns from your path, and opened your eyes that you might see things in a different light. Had you passed away at that time, you would have passed beyond in sorrowful conditions, for they were like chains around your neck, with balls dangling at your heels. (Was ill and alone with careless care-takers.) But the shadows have been broken, a new man has arisen out of the old one. She has shown you that sweetness of disposition which has sweetened your cup to overflowing. It was by her gentle-minded spirit; and not alone has she done it for you, but for others. She is not thinking of evil, but looking for the good. Thank God, thank the angels, for bringing you into communication with the other soul that is joined to yours. On your entrance upon another year, accept my hearty congratulations for the coming year. May your life during this year be crowned with good deeds, for each deed of kindness you do while living in the flesh shall be one more gem in your crown, shall be one step higher in the life beyond the grave. And on the morrow, with all its joys and all its pleasures, give a thought to the poor and the homeless with your love and blessing.

Jan. 23. White Feather controlled in the Sioux language and in broken English advised that the medium go to see a lady friend of hers since childhood, in Brooklyn, about seventy years old, suffering with head and stomach trouble, soon to enter spirit life; name like Voice. (Du Boise.) Said a Margaret told him to say it. No kin; the mother lady to go, too. Sick three or four years, two years as she is; husband with her; own their wigwam; no need help. (All found correct later on a visit.)

George: Well, Captain, you had a big time the other night (birthday). And say, Captain you had forty-three in your way, and twenty-eight in my way, so you had seventy-one guests. And, Captain, tell the gal for me that she knows how to do things. . . .

Jan. 31. Spirit Mother Mary suggested that the medium collect funds for a solid silver loving-cup for the Rev. Dr. H. G. Mendenhall, Moderator New York Presbyterian Assembly, and his wife, personal friends. A large silver cup, with our appropriate inscription and framed poetic testimonial, were publicly presented in Chelsea Church.

Wiona reported presence of my old friend, George H. Mellish, who identified himself by evidence; said he always called his wife Em., that she had a temper at times and a close,

saving spirit; mentioned his own fatal illness in Polyclinic Hospital; our visits about town together when we closed the summer evening with Swiss cheese, beer and pretzel; his talks to me through the Ouija board, and his long position in the New York Police Department. (All true and unknown to the psychic.)

Wiona controlled at table for a moment, to say that my mother told her that my cousin, Katie Hare, in Richmond, Va., was about to pass away, and she would receive her on the spirit side. Later in the same day I received a letter from the family with the same information. No mind-reading here.

July 5. Wiona, at Ocean Grove, N. J., gave fine tests from my father, about his early home near the James River, East Virginia, his business with Franklin Stearns, wealthy friend of Richmond, and father's care of three thousand acres on the Chickahominy River.

Sept. 3. Lake Pleasant, Mass. Eva Hill, psychic, played organ and sang in foreign tongues several operatic airs, alternately as soprano, tenor and bass. Reported numerous names of kin and friends of New York and Virginia, with identifying incidents. Referred to wife as a wonderful psychic, always ready to help; also to Captain George, a powerful influence; also to spirit mother and orthodox influence, my father as a preacher, his sister Jane, Henry Hughes, and Lou, a very lively mortal friend. (Lou Clifford.) (To me): You don't have to work. A man here with red hair. (Called Red Rowlett.) A great speaker, in life way up, will surprise you. (Beecher.) George. You know him all right. And Lydia. They are the long and short of it. (She was short.) Seemed to be in his life. (His medium for fifty years.) Often comes in spirit in your home. Jolly old doctor here. Name like Krebs. Cora. (Dr. Krebs and sister's child) Cornelia. (Corny Haynes, Virginia.) Sam. (Father's father.) Helen. Not in the family. (Mrs. Judge's sister.) Went out suddenly. (Auto crash in Jersey.) A man, burned to death, railroad. (College friend.) Robert Gill. (A cousin.) Never saw anybody with so many spirit friends. They want you to buy a house already built. (Did so, at Allenhurst, New Jersey.) Herbert. (Mellish.)

Sept. 24. Jennie Howlett, New York City, on visit to Lake Pleasant. Charlotte surprised her by asking if she was engaged to marry. Said she had better not, and gave sound reasons. (A secret, but acknowledged.)

Aug. 23, 1917. Lake Pleasant, Mass. After lecture and public tests in the Temple, by May Pepper Vanderbilt, she took up a sealed letter from Charlotte and said: This letter is about your mother. Your father is here. And he says —— is selfish. (Did I do right?) My child, you kept the mother in earth life. But for you she would have lost her mind. He is very thankful. Two of your friends have recently passed away. One is a Katty, or something like that. And I hear the word Richmond. And another, a man. These two were not attached to you by kinship, but to someone else. (Katie and Henry Hughes, of Richmond, Va., first cousins of mine, both recently deceased.) I want to say something more to you. Come to me after the meeting on Sunday.

Aug. 24. Mrs. Clark, stranger to Charlotte: Was your father in the real estate business at one time? He says he has learned much and understands you better since he went away in the matter of Spiritualism. Your interest in it had worried him. He thought you neglected your church, but he has come to know you were right. A Mr. Mingins comes with him. Your father says he sat at his feet in earth life, and they are together now, and he had helped him to come. He is studying the laws with Mr. Mingins and will come back to you later. He says that —— wanted to be all or nothing; thought your husband dominated you in your mother's affairs. But your father is very thankful that you stepped in to assist the mother, or she could not have borne the burden.

Same day, in Temple, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, pastor Unity Church, Boston, after giving recognized tests to many, said he heard the words Son Joe, from mother; called the names of George and Charlotte; said he felt a father was concerned in a far-away home; that a Lydia came to say she was with us in our happiness; also a Mr. Newton, of New York.

Aug. 25. After public lecture in Temple, Mrs. Vanderbilt privately said to Charlotte: Your father is with you. He is so sorry he left things as he did, but he did not realize his sudden going until he was out. He is with Mr. Mungins. (Mingins.) He says your father learned at his footstool, and he is still his teacher. He seems to be a minister.

Your father says he could not have done any better than you did, and if you had settled by note, the paper would not have been worth very much. The way you both acted was the means of keeping the mother in the body, and she has been able to survive the spell that would have taken her out. —— will come to his senses later on. He thought your husband had you under his thumb. Your father says he would not want to be back except on mother's account. He says he is gaining strength and will be able to come closer, and is with her as much as he can be. How thankful your father is to come to you. He will always be near you, and you will always be blest. He now understands you better than he did on Spiritualism. He was afraid you would get away from your church, but now he knows differently.

Aug. 6. Mrs. Peterson, a Danish psychic, gave us tests with recognized names of William, John, Jane, Helen, James and Ed and correct references to home conditions, also name and manner of death of a New York friend. (To Charlotte): Your father was glad to learn of spirit return, and to be able to come back as he does. Go right on and he will help you. You have helped him, and he thanks you for what you have done. He says, Be very careful of your own health and your nervous condition, you have had to go through so much. When your mother passes out, you are not to feel that you are to blame in any way, but that you have done your duty. There is another man in spirit connected with you by marriage, and he is sorry for all the trouble he caused. Such grief. And it was that grief that made you such a strong, sympathetic woman to everybody. You have not always been understood, even your husband is sometimes quick when he has no need to be. With him comes a Mary, like a mother, and with you an Oriental guide, and one like a little Indian squaw. The lady gives me the initial W. (Wakeman.) The little girl does not leave her medy, or the white chief. You have finished with the lawyer, but you will have to have more dealings with him. I see tropics, some water, either Florida or the coast. I see another body of water. Your father came to you there. (Allenhurst vision.) And he never will leave you. He is so thankful for what you have done. You could not have done otherwise. He wants you to carry out your mother's wishes as near as you can conscientiously. He is not very far from her, and never will be. I see a large initial J with your mother. It belongs to his last name. He won't be content until the mother is over, because he sees her mind. And he comes to you at your bedside. You have wonderful prophetic guides. I want to hold that marquise ring. Your father says he gave it to you. (All true.)

Sept. 1. Mrs. S. P. Mosier, of Boston, another gifted stranger psychic, to Charlotte gave names of Grace, Mabel, little Willie, Charles, and her mother's father called Captain John. There was a doctor in your life who says that if it were not for your healing power you would not have your husband. He is sometimes impatient because he goes from place to place, but that gives him health. Father says, God bless daughter. She has always been a comfort. He is a very strong spirit, very just. Been gone about four months. His ability must have been due to his positive nature. His name is William. He speaks the name of Rose; and there must be sisters there, Bertha, Gertrude, and another Bertha in spirit. Your mother is Elizabeth. There is another Captain, a Captain George, who was lost at sea. Was he drowned? (Yes.) If father had been here there would have been no trouble, he would have arranged so mother would not have been cheated. She got about one third. But you and Joe could not have done any better. You are the only woman your husband does not tire of. He is looking for you now. (Was hunting for her at that moment in the Camp.) John is not in very good health, and he is very jealous. In your home you have two Irish persons. (The Shannons, caretakers.) They are going to tell you they will go away, trying to bluff you for money, but keep cool and simply say, Well, if you wish to go, we will have to get somebody else; and they will cool down and will want to stay. (Confirmed on our return to New York.) All the spirits like you, because you are like a child. Medium here correctly described the Florida home; said I had wanted a house there on a hill, but it was not meant we should get it. (True.) Mary says, He thinks he is going from pillar to post, but it is out of the rut. (Mother Mary's frequent expression in earth life.) The Captain John wanted to go to Elizabeth. So nervous and not very old.

Had side whiskers and goatee and a funny stock necktie. What fine music. Piano, Victrola. Your husband sings. Does he belong to a club of singers? (Yes.) Your mother won't part with a single bundle, unless it is to you. (All true.)

Sept. 2. Eva Hill, of Northampton, Mass. Control to Charlotte: Your mother does not feel well with her stomach, but I don't see her passing out. Someone comes to her who passed away suddenly. He sends out loving thoughts. The mother has been worried about some things. They will be smoothed out, and someone will help. (To me): Your former wife is here. (To C): You are like your father. He ought to have been a doctor. He has been around you every day, and he is awful glad you have been happy. (To me): Who is Emma, Emaline, Harriet? (Spirit friends.) And William, a broad kind of man, and Henry. (Father and uncle.) You thought you would not go South, but you did. Don't come home too early. Somebody plays the violin, husband of the Emma. (True.) You will live to be awful old. Will always be decent if you take care of yourself. You will not marry again. Charles and Samuel and Sarah, all kin? (Yes.) What are you doing this way? (Winding Victrola.) Are you trying to sell some stocks? Later on you will sell quick. Here's somebody used to a farm and sawmill. (Henry Hare.) He often comes to his folks, but they do not know it. Their affairs will come out smoother than they think. Somebody is worried about someone going to the war. One or two are preparing to go. Don't you know the war will cease soon, and they won't get hurt? Somebody drowned. Who is this sailor? (George Wilson.) And he speaks to you as if he is glad to talk to you. Is he like a guide to you? (Yes.) John, Cornelia, Corny. Two ancient guides, dressed in robes of purple, give you impressions awfully quick. Lydia. Not awfully big. Also an old lady, hair white, with beautiful face, and she often comes to you. (M. W.) Rose. Tell 'em Hannah is here. You haven't much business now, you travel. You do not wait, and you do not keep others waiting. Eunice. Nice old lady. (New York friend, many years since.) You look at her picture one way and another to see it. (Ambrotype.) Here's a big, stout man, and when he laughs he shakes all over. Always full of fun. Dark face, always jolly.

Did everybody good that was sick. (My friend, Dr. Krebs, of Virginia.) Who is the girl, light complexion, blue eyes, sunny hair, comes to Charlotte? Used to sing in church. (Blanche Mingins.) (To C): Your mother is not very old; been bothered with her stomach. You have been awfully good to her. Not going to die right away. Your father very close to you. (To me): Your father says, You are all right (putting hand on my bald head). He says you never put marble tops on cheap furniture. You don't have a grasping nature. (To C): Your father wishes he had understood Spiritualism in this life. Your mother, he says, believes in it a little now. He knows now where the "voice" is. He can see clearer now than when he was in his wigwam. The woman with the mother is honest. (Martha.) Eleanor sends love to your mother. She's your mother's mother. You think an awful lot of your husband, and you have added to his life. You have got healing powers. You are right on hand, like a wart. He wants you to have a house here in Lake Pleasant. (Got it two months later.) Is that a Liberty pin? (Yes, but how much is it worth in Liberty bond?) One thousand dollars. (Right.) Now I go. Sparkling Water.

After all the foregoing reports (with intervals), communications, tests and prophesies, through unconscious trance, clairvoyance and clairaudience, I close the half-century record with accounts of Independent Writings, Spirit Photography, proceedings of the New York Psychical Society, and other testimony, as published at time of occurrence.

Chapter XXXVIII.

Independent Writings.

FEB. 17, 1875. I purchased a double slate, with wooden backs, and proceeded to "try the spirits" with Dr. Henry Slade, at 25 East 21st Street, New York. After conversation upon the unjust suspicion of deceit to which mediums and believers had often been subjected, and the encouraging impetus which the phenomena of late had excited in the public mind, we entered a spacious room in the rear of the office, at 3:30 o'clock, p. m., the sun shining brightly all around. Sitting down together at a long heavy table and joining hands, immediately raps and thumps followed upon the table. I examined the make of the table above and beneath, saw nothing uncommon in its structure, and only a small support for the flaps. Resuming our seats, the medium took up a slate of his own and asked me to examine it. I found it clean upon both sides, marked the inner side with phonographic characters, and held it at the corner of the table. A violent agitation of the slate ensued, the same struggle following when held in both hands. Closely observing that the doctor's legs and hands were in full view, raps were showered upon the right and rear of my chair, entirely beyond his reach. Asking if I could be moved with my weight in the chair, at once the chair and sitter were turned half around, and the folded clean slate out of reach in center of the table was heard to scratch within, and opening the lids we found the following sentence: It was I pulling you. A. C. Then my own heavier slate which I had brought, and which had lain undisturbed between us, was suddenly removed by invisible force to the opposite end of the table, carried below, and raised slowly and peepingly above the edge, then thrown across the table toward my hands. If the doctor did it, his legs or hands must have suddenly grown about ten feet, but his entire person remained stationary in sight. I remarked that some smart people might say that this demonstration was effected by fraud, and immediately there was the sound of writing between the lids of the slate as it lay closed and untouched, and when the raps within indicated conclusion, the slate was opened and the following message appeared: Dear Friend: Do not mind what others may say. Be true to yourself. I am, as ever, Alice Cary. This appropriate and instanter rejoinder represented one of the Cary sisters who evidenced their friendly presence in my home for many years. Here again was physical force and human intelligence where it was useless to hunt for any confederate. A moment later, while the medium's two hands were in full view, a very large hand, as natural as any in the flesh, appeared before my vest, not only once, but several times. Whence it came, or whither it went, I know not, and it was my first opportunity for witnessing a materialization of any part of the human form under a clear sunlight. At times the medium called attention to the demonstrations, while my coat was pulled, my hand and knee patted, and my chair rapped upon, without his observation. At another moment a heavy round table, apart from us in the center of the room, was whirled around, first quietly, then very rapidly, without visible cause, scattering books upon the floor. The doctor then held an accordion in his right hand, by the bottom end, and the untouched keys played a spirited tune, then another in adagio time, with effective tremolo. His left hand lay in sight, my two feet pressed upon his feet. During the playing the entire table slowly arose from the floor and ascended towards the ceiling, turned upside down, and descended gently upon my head, then arose, turned over, and quietly settled upon the floor, without any mortal uplift or down-pull. A few other movements followed by request and concluded this remarkable seance.

Mar. 21. My next sitting, with Dr. Slade, in company of a New York lady and Mr. Hermann Handrich, of the Psychische Studien, of Leipzig, was held at 229 East 14th Street. Desiring the results for publication, I requested omission of personal matters,

otherwise specially important, and the wish was gratified. We entered the parlors at four o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded to business. The psychic seated himself at one end of a large table of ordinary build, with only the usual leg support. The foreign correspondent sat beside the medium on the west side, the writer on the south side between the lady and the doctor. On the north side of the table lay a pile of new slates, entirely clean, to which I added two slates of my own. I purposely sat close to the medium to observe his feet and hands, which were in full view during the entire sitting. This precautionary examination of the plain table and of the room, and close attention to all movements, failed to affect the results as they appealed to the sight, hearing, feeling and reason of the four witnesses. Joining our hands with the medium's left hand, with his right he withdrew a clean slate and placed a small crumb of pencil under it. No writing appeared, but distinct rappings were peppered upon the table, and his familiar spirit, Owasso, by request made some loud thumps on a chair and on the wall, while the medium described the spirit father of the lady, who pronounced the description as wholly correct. The correspondent and the medium next held two closed slates between them over the center of the table, with a crumb of pencil between the lids. In a moment we heard the noise of writing within, the holders feeling the natural pressure. The explanation was, not that the writer gets between the slates, but that the magnetism employed enables him to penetrate the slate from without and handle the bit of pencil, top and bottom, often leaving the crumb where the line concludes. To illustrate the need of unbroken magnetism, when the medium removed his fingers for a moment the writing immediately ceased, but resuming his touch, it audibly continued, regardless of the general conversation. After three raps we opened the hinged double slate, and found the following message from a familiar guide:

My friends: How very strange it is to us spirits to see those of earth close their eyes to the proof of this divine subject. Spirits feel this, for there are many that are anxious to come to their friends. We hope the day will come when their eyes will be opened. Dr. Davis.

It was explained that the writer was unknown to the medium, was a physican in New York City over a hundred years before, and often acted as scribe on the modern "tables of stone" when personal friends could not control. In this and the following writings the reader will perceive the expression of sentiments worthy of their source, some specially pertinent to the mental need of the sitters. The time taken for the writings in these cases was much less than the time usual for mortal production. Two similar slates were next examined and laid together on the table beneath the right hand of the medium and my left hand. At once more writing scratch was heard, with raps on the board, and repeated pressure of a hand upon our person. Opening the slates we found the following:

My friends: The way to enjoy life on earth is not to borrow sorrow, but to turn tears to smiles, refresh the weary, render balm to pain, nourish the hungry, and give to others as your means allow, and strengthen the erring with kindly aid and counsel. Then no one can find fault with your life, no matter what your belief may be. I am, very truly, Dr. Davis.

The medium next held a single clean slate under the table edge, when it was jerked away. Replaced on the table, the medium's hand upon it, my own upon his, rappings continued, and writing was again heard and read as follows:

My friends: Our object in coming to earth is to assist you on the pathway of progression to those bright regions from which we come, and to help you to receive our teachings in the kindly spirit in which they are offered. This is the mighty law that God has given to lead you on to Himself. I am, Dr. Davis.

Then one of my own smaller slates was taken up by the medium, when suddenly it flew into fragments, as if struck by lightning. I took up my second small slate, placed a crumb of pencil under it, held my left hand over it as it lay flat, the medium's hand on mine, when at once similar independent writing was heard beneath, disclosing these impromptu words: Your slates are too small for our use. A large clean slate was then rushed to the hand of the lady sitter and in the passage was shattered to pieces, one portion of the broken frame flying to the further end of the table. Lastly, two other clean slates were held together at an incline by the medium and the German correspondent, when again the invisible operator was heard

at work, with audible writing in French and Spanish, with translation as follows:

Combien de chagrins nous ont conte des malheurs qui ne sont jamais arrives. How much pain cost us the evils which have never happened.

Questiones esa buen grave y que merece reflexinarse. This is a serious question, which requires reflection. Dr. Davis.

This particular slate, and my own with the foregoing writings, and a collection of other private slates and cards, with similar independent messages, under like conditions, through other well-known psychics, I still retain for ready inspection, some of them in the handwriting of the recognized writers, others in different masculine or feminine characters, or in the uniform chirography of the usual control.

Later on, I invited my niece, Mamie Pritchard, of Staunton, Va., to visit New York for a month or more. Among other curiosities of the city, I proposed a call on Dr. Slade. June 16 we called on the doctor in 14th Street, sat down to a table and waited some time for results, but failed to get anything. This seemed discouraging to the doctor, as it was to me, and we were invited to come again.

June 20 we returned, and I carried my own slates. After rappings, the doctor and I placed two of them together on top of the table, when immediately writing was heard between them. Opening the slates we read a message regarding the natural disposition of some people to doubt unusual phenomena. Constant raps followed, and on another slate was written a message as follows:

My dear friend: Never shun your duty in remedying evil, no matter where you meet it, always do that which is right; have confidence in your knowledge of this truth, and let this knowledge comfort you through all the vicissitudes of life. Let the knowledge of eternal life cheer you in all trials and sorrows, and let charity govern you in all your thoughts and actions. If all mankind would do this, you would have a heaven on earth, and you would have no fear of death or of God. I am, very truly, the spirit of Dr. Davis.

Dr Slade took up a slate and wrote: Willie is present, but is not able to write until Monday. I asked for the last name of the Willie, and he wrote at once, "McGee," thus giving the full name of a brother of mine who died in infancy in Virginia, on June 10, 1847. The medium then invited us to come again on Monday. Accepting the invitation, we returned on Monday, and received the following communication:

My dear brother and niece: I am so happy to come to you with proof of eternal life. Dear Mamie, you must not doubt this fact. We are just as natural in this life, and more than you are in your life. I would like to have the language to express to you the beauties of this life.

I think Mamie would enjoy going to the great Niagara Falls. It would do her good. There are many wonderful things for you to see before you come over here, where you will meet your affectionate brother and uncle, Willie.

I had not mentioned the niece's name or relationship, and the reference to Niagara Falls showed that he had overheard my talk with the niece before we left home, when she earnestly urged that I take her there. This was unknown to anybody else, and furnished a handle to her wishes.

Next a crumb of pencil was placed on the table, a slate was placed over it, the niece's two hands on the slate, and Dr. Slade's two hands on hers. Writing was heard in process, amid rappings, and revealed the following:

God is the treasure of your soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

We come not to condemn, but to fulfill, to illustrate and enforce the gospel of truth, of natural religion, that all the world may see and understand. I am the spirit of Dr. Davis.

Nothing but the most wilful prejudice and conceit could ascribe these facts to previous preparation, and it was my desire that the demonstrations should occur under the eye of the Christian lady herself. In view of such experiments, under the open conditions allowed, in full satisfaction of the three senses of seeing, hearing and feeling, with the independent physical and psychical evidence in the pertinent personal tests, it was simply stultification to deny their spiritual origin.

Oct. 6, 1877, hearing of the presence in New York City of Charles E. Watkins, receiver of messages on slates and otherwise, I bought two new double slates of a stationer,

and repaired to his rooms as a total stranger. Entering the door, he said: Your father comes with you, and his name is given as William P. Snipes. Asking for the full middle name, he replied, Parish, which was correct. Told him I wanted a slate writing. He invited me into his large back parlor, and requested me to hold my own slates at arm's length at the opposite corner of the room. I did so, and immediately heard the scratch of writing within the slates. In a very few moments after tiny rappings I opened the slates, which contained no pencil, and found a long message in a feminine hand, addressed to me and signed with the name of the Julia referred to years before, expressing her pleasure in returning, but regretting that her friend could not come as expected, etc., her name, as in life, ending in the diphthong a and e. (See notes of Sept. 18, 1873.) Just before leaving home I had asked Mother Wakeman to accompany me, and she agreed, but at the last moment was prevented by household duties.

Being Election Day, I asked if any of the old-time statesmen were probably interested. Reversing my slates and holding them myself alone as before, after audible writing within, we found the names of seven well-known politicians of the past, including the characteristic signature of my frequent home communicator, Horace Greeley.

Aug. 13, 1913. Frank M. Donovan, Lake Pleasant, Mass., first time. His telegraphic ticker, working independently of human touch, made him remark: I will try to get your friends here to talk to you at this time, if I possibly can. Wait, we will see. (To Charlotte): She brings good magnetic conditions with her. A strong and intellectual band around her, who will do a great work through her organism. Dr. Cutter (medium's guide). I am truly pleased to be able to come to you this beautiful morning. I will try later to write you a message on the slates. (Donovan): Margaret. Eleanor Morgan, or something like that. (Eleanor Magnes.) Somebody named Wiona. Says she will try to help Eleanor to get it on the slate for you. You will see that your friends in spirit are very anxious to manifest to you, in fact so anxious that it makes it hard for us to get proper conditions to do so. (Medium, reading ticker): There's a spirit here named Jones. She is working to assist. She came to this side with some false ideas, but she is fast learning the lesson that will make her very happy here. They cannot get what you want. If you will come again they will try to get it, but do not know it is possible, as they will have to make arrangements with artist for George to do so. (I had mentally wished for a drawing of a ship on a slate to represent Captain George. No charge.)

At 2 p. m., with Donovan. Held three clean slates between us, plainly heard writing inside, and opening them found following result: Painting of a cluster of daisies, surrounded with this message in green and yellow script: (To C):

Dear, I am glad to come today and tell you that for years I have been your guardian spirit striving to keep your life clean, pure and beautiful, and bringing to you that which we deemed for your best good; also unfolding your spiritual being for the work that is yours to do. Do not resist the influences or intelligencies that try so hard to manifest through you. The powerful band around you will protect you under all circumstances. Thus will they grow strong and place you in the field of labor where you belong, and in which you will do so much good. Yours, with love, Margaret.

On another of the three slates, at same moment, was written: Dear brother, I come to you at this time. We are all very happy in your happiness, and predict many years of contentment for you. All are here, and work to help. George cannot have picture this time, but will try later. Yours, Henry. (In strong hand of H. W. B. Very different from that of the Margaret.)

On another slate, at same time, was the following, in large printed capital gold letters: Wiona comes, with love to my chief and my lady. Be happy. Make nice wigwam here. Me work all time. Preach man get so write on slates for my lady. Me love ice cream. Wiona. (Without punctuation. She always enjoyed ice cream, and always called her medium "my lady.")

At a later sitting we received through Donovan, on paper, surrounding a sunflower, the following: Dear instrument and friend: I am here with you tonight, and will do all I can at all times to make things as you wish them. I can see you will be very successful in getting what you want. Your helper, George Wilson.

On another paper, between clean slates

in red brush lettering, without punctuation: Wiona send love. Send love to lady Snipes. Be near her much. No worry. Good time come. Come to her soon. Wiona.

On same paper, in pencil: I am so happy that I can come in this way. I see great good coming to you. We are near all the time, and are very happy. Lovingly, Margaret.

The next paper had another message from Wiona, the letters in straggling purple paint: Wiona comes to sweet lady to tell her have been with her and know the time not far off when all will be like she wants Good times are coming So go on have happy times See much then we be very happy do lots of good make many happy Wiona

1913 Aug. 2. Lake Pleasant, Mass. Mr. Donovan lectured in Temple of New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association, and before 700 in the audience, in afternoon, gave numerous evidences of his remarkable gifts. On a table behind a small curtain in front of the stage, was placed a bunch of examined clean papers. The rear of curtain was in honest view, and the medium sat in front, as scores of personal messages were floated over the top and recognized, the invisible producers taking much less time than would be necessary for mortal brains and fingers. In the rapid fire we received the following, in green and gold script and pencil. (The medium claimed attendance of a spirit artist.):

My chosen instrument and friend: I am here, and am pleased. I can see great good coming to you, and much to make you both happy. Your guide, George Wilson.

Dear, I come to you again. I am sure you will have much to make you very happy, as we are all working for you all the time, and see bright days. You will do much good, and will be very happy. Every day we are near you, and are happy. Lovingly, Margaret. (Wife's aunt.)

Aug. 5, a. m. Jennie Howlett, from New York City, for first time, visited Donovan with me. Medium's telegraphic ticker rapped out the following: Somebody here named Father Howlett, for somebody named Jennie. Tell her to go on, that in the end it will show that what she is doing is for the best. You must have written a question about an aunt. (Question written at home and folded several times.) Dr. Cutter (guide) says he will try to have all the three that are asked for come to her soon.

Aug. 5, p. m. Charlotte and Jennie with Donovan, and about forty others. Numerous messages written and spoken. C. received the following: My dear Charlotte: You have no conception of what joy I took in the little visit I had with your father, and how much good it does me to come to you. Continue to let the light shine into the souls of men and women concerning this beautiful truth. You have a great work, a happy life before you. I will always come when I can to help you. Love to you and your good husband. Your aunt, Hannah Galvin. (A beautiful tulip painted about the writing.)

Miss Howlett also received messages from her father and her aunt, the latter referring to her marriage engagmeent, which was a secret. Most of the audience petted by invisible hands.

July 19, 1917. Lake Pleasant, Mass. Again met Dr. Watkins, after my first interview with him in 1877. Engaged him to hold a seance this evening in our own cottage before ten invited friends.

After giving many names and messages clairaudiently, the medium turned to Mrs. Snipes and said: Your father is here and gives me the name of William P. Jones (correct), and says he will write his name on my arm. Rolling up the sleeve of his left arm, while the company looked on, the full name slowly appeared in red script letters under the skin, and slowly disappeared.

Two new hinged slates, brought by a visitor, were examined and closed, and held above the centre of the table by the entire ten persons (the medium's limit), under brilliant electric light. A minute or two later, the slates were opened, and displayed the following communication from well-known workers in the spiritual cause, whose names and signatures were readily recognized:

From a home of wondrous beauty and perfect conditions and perfect joy I come to you, wondering in my inmost heart if you will believe it is I, in spirit and in truth, or will you doubt? Sometimes we have tried to return to earth and earth's dear ones, but we never have succeeded so well as we do now, and it is because you give us such beautiful conditions, though we are sorry to find doubts in the hearts of some present, which we hope this message will help to remove. If you always try to enter into the seance-room with trust and confidence in the psychic or medium present, I think that those of

us who also try to come in confidence and harmony will find you ready to receive our attempts to communicate with you. Let me assure you, one and all, your loved ones are present, and ask me to give you their love. (Signed) Harrison D. Barrett. Crosswise and interlined appeared also the names (some in fac-simile signature) of Luther Colby, Isaac B. Rich, Frank Baxter, Clara Banks, Joseph Beale, and Mary Pepper Vanderbilt.

P. L. O. Keeler, of Lily Dale, N. Y., is another modern Moses for spirit writing. Still living in 1927. Instead of slates, he uses bristol cardboards, about a dozen between one pair of slates. Sometimes it is considered necessary to address desired friends in pellets, safely guarded, and then again they report satisfactorily without nomination or question.

Feb. 23, 1920, at the Spiritualist Camp, Cassadaga, Fla., my wife first sat with Keeler, and expressed her preference for receipts without pellets or names. The result, on plain cards inserted by her between two slates, was the following, in different handwriting, from friends, strangers and kin:

Dear Charlotte: I have never done anything more wonderful than this, and I hope that every one you know will become interested and be made happier by the personal knowledge of our continued life and return to those we have left in the mortal form. I am not lost to those who knew me. Some thought that when they laid my body away I had gone into that eternal sleep so erroneously imagined.

But here I am today, alive and well, and as much myself as ever. I was with your mother all day yesterday. She should realize the truth of spirit phenomena. Affectionately, Father, W. P. J.

If there is anything I can do to be of real help to you, command me. Henry Ward Beecher. (Very much like his own writing and signature.)

Underneath, in blue and more upright letters, was written: I understand that Mary has gone to Washington, D. C. Tell her I wrote you, when you see her. Frank M. Donovan.

Following was also written—

Charlotte Snipes:

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are blooming the eye does not see,
So deep in my heart the still prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world rises silent to thee.

Don't think for even half a minute that my transmission has robbed you, or anyone else, of my affection and myself. I can be with you just the same as ever. I am not so far away but I can know of you. I am glad Mr. Vanderbilt is sending those articles to the *Progressive Thinker*. Mary Pepper Vanderbilt.

Mar. 14, 1921. Mr. Keeler, medium. Mrs. S., under previous absolute conditions, received the following independent writings:

I did not understand much in my earth days. I have found we live on. Your mother is with me. She will advance. You shall be helped, and find work in the field. Father, Wm. P. Jones. (Just like his earth signature.) Across the face of this writing, in red lettering, were the words: I will help you. Wiona. Beneath this, the following: Your mediumship shall be fully completed in the way we planned it to be. (Capt.) George Wilson.

Underneath, on same card, in small, nervous letters, were the words: I have found the truth. Mother. Elizabeth S. Jones. (Writing and signature exactly like her own in earth life.)

On another card lying on the others, in a firmer hand, was the following:

Dear Auntie: I wish I could fly on the wings of the lightning to the abiding place of everyone I know on earth with the gladsome news that the dead are alive and the lost found. With all the opportunities for examination of the claims of Spiritualism now available, these grand truths should soon abound all over the world. I shall feel better for coming here to you, and I hope you will, too. Where could be found a thought more weirdly sad than the contemplation of loved ones in the grave? I have grown up here to young womanhood in spirit. I have attended college and been an apt student. I love you, Oh so much. Your loving niece, Grace Jones.

Numerous similar messages affirm that infants born into spirit life continue to grow and mature.

The next adjoining card contained this message:

Dear friend: You may be fully confident that I will find my way to your dear presence whenever I can, and I thank you most sincerely for all your efforts to perpetuate a kindly memory of me. Not of me as a person, but as one of the great army of workers.

Let a Memorial at dear Lake Pleasant not be for Mrs. Vanderbilt, but be commemorative of the work accomplished by her, for which I give all credit to my faithful spirit helpers. God bless you, dear Mrs. Snipes, and may your good husband and yourself long live to do good. Sincerely, May S. Vanderbilt.

Still another adjoining card contained the following words from a noble friend of the past:

Dear Co-Worker—As one very sensibly said: During my career on earth, I passed a large proportion of it in sleep, and a goodly part of it in babyhood, of which I have no remembrance. When I sum up the remembered and conscious portions of it, it is reduced to a very small percentage. Some of this was given over to sickness, much of it to trouble and worry, and a heap of it to attending to the wants of the body. Sift out that which was really desirable, and its duration would compare well with the summer insect. Why should I want that experience again? A miserable makeshift of a life on earth is not worth the living. Our wishes are not consulted, we are sentenced to it at birth, just as a criminal is to imprisonment, and we have to go through it. Henry Ward Beecher.

Feb. 23, 1923. Mrs. S. again sat with Mr. Keeler in the afternoon in the Hotel of the Spiritualist Camp at Cassadaga, Fla. She placed together nine blank cards between a pair of clean hinged slates in front of her, asking no questions and writing no name, waited observingly for nearly half an hour, then heard the sound of writing, and found on the cards the following messages, in different handwritings:

Avoid, dear child, all worry. There is not much of anything to cause you unusual concern in your future. Mary A. Snipes. (My mother.)

Dear Mrs. Snipes. I send love. Francena Dillingham Storrs. (A former visitor to Lake Pleasant.)

I still live on. Hattie Mason. (Grandmother of Edith Mason, singer.)

Charlotte: We look upon the coming months as a little out of the usual; favorable to your contemplations, desires and involvements. This is indicated by the swift fleeting of all shadows that have settled around you recently. I am with your mother. Wm. P. Jones.

Dear Aunt Charlotte: I send love. Grace.

Love to dear Joe. Sister Alice. (An infant sister, who "died" August 8, 1852.)

Mrs. Snipes: We will help Mr. Snipes in the book work. Greeting to you. J. V. Mansfield. (A well-known psychic and a friend, known as the Spirit Postmaster.)

Beneath were the two words: Present. Wiona.

Be at ease in mind. You will see the way clearly. W. P. S. (My father's initials.)

In calm or wind
You'll ever find
I'm not behind.
I'm Jennie Rhind.
(A former poet and medium.)

Mrs. Snipes: I can see that the apartment building (meaning the Vanderbilt Memorial Hall, at Lake Pleasant) is going to claim its own and have its purpose to serve, and serve it. All looks promising. When wearied of the continued struggle, come over here, for here is a refuge for the weary. May.

Charlotte: We are watching keenly Joseph's condition. (I had just enjoyed the grip.) You need not apprehend any severe depletion of his faculties, mental or physical. He will reach a certain stage and at his age in life there must be a little deviation, but do not anticipate any really marked change in him. (Capt.) George Wilson.

Chapter XXXIX.

Spirit Photography.

FOLLOWING is account of my early experiences in this direction, as published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, Ill.:

After a careful and thorough test investigation of the work of Thomas R. Evans, in New York City, a stranger to me, I have the pleasure of submitting to an interested public the following facts:

Mr. Evans is a man of good exterior, large clear eyes, chubby cheeks (indicating good digestion), frank demeanor and an even temperament. His wife is a little unassuming body, with a penetrating clairvoyant eye; dividing her time with her husband and six children, as wife, mother and medium.

I recently attended their circle, with twenty-five others. Seated in the light alternately, a small camera was exhibited and placed on a stand in center of room. The medium and his wife sat opposite each other, their hands upon the stand. A song was sung to promote negativity, with organ accompaniment, followed by profound silence. A photographer's tin plate, from a number on hand, was privately marked by Col. H. S. Olcott, of the *New York Graphic*, and by myself in phonographic signs. The plate was placed in the camera, withdrawn and developed in a few moments, when upon the same marked plate appeared the following message in clear, white, upraised letters: Dear friends. We are very happy to meet you all here tonight. We will do the best we can. Da Guerre. This writing after examination was seen to be a perfect facsimile of the handwriting of the father of the daguerreotype.

A similar plate was likewise marked, inserted and withdrawn, showing head and bust of a very aged man, with sunken lips and eyes, high cheeks, broad, square forehead, and thin grey hair. Nobody recognized it, however, until the last sitter, Mrs. Mary A. Winslow, clasped her hands and exclaimed: Why, it's Grandfather Crump, of England. Then, under control, she added, Yes, yes, it is I, and my son is with me. (Referring to her father whom she had buried just two weeks before.) She said she came in hoping to get her child, was not thinking of the old gentleman; he never had a picture taken of him in life, and the likeness was unmistakable.

A third plate similarly treated developed a likeness of James Fisk, of sporty fame. A fourth plate disclosed a little boy; recognized by his mother, who does not believe a mother can forget her child, Benjamin Franklin's experiment notwithstanding. On the fifth and last plate appeared simply the words: Good night.

My natural skepticism inquired whether the brown coating of the tins might not have concealed faces and writings prepared beforehand; but is it not unreasonable to assume that so many strangers should fully recognize them?

J. H. Whitney, proprietor of the Weed Sewing Machine, wrote the medium as follows:

My dear sir: It is with feelings of gratitude that I inform you of the recognition of the dear spirits on both our cards. Even a practical photographer, not a spiritualist, who has taken many pictures of our darling daughter in the form, recognized her in spirit. Dr. Eugene Crowell, a very wealthy and estimable citizen of Brooklyn, has shown me three spirit likenesses taken by you of members of his family, all of which were readily recognized.

David Bruce, 182 South Fourth Street, Williamsburg, L. I., wrote: I take the earliest opportunity of expressing the great gratification of myself and friends in beholding the photograph with the spirit likeness of my old friend, Mr. Henry Witt, late of this place. On taking it home and handing it around among the members of my family, and his immediate friends and amiable widow, it was readily recognized with bursts of surprise. This spirit likeness saves me a great deal of tiresome argument. The circumstances under which it was taken pre-

clude all suspicion of fraud or collusion. We were entire strangers to each other, and the time occupied in talking and taking the photograph was not more than ten or twelve minutes. If necessary the names of scores of ladies and gentlemen could be obtained, testifying to their ready recognition of the old gentleman's face.

I have the names and address of others who declare their similar success; have seen most of them personally and received assurance of their astonished satisfaction.

Mrs. C. L. Glade, 109 East Washington Place, wife of editor of *Commercial Advertiser*. Received pictures of two of her children. Dr. J. B. Newbrough, 128 West 34th Street, his child. Mrs. Taylor, 329 West 43rd Street, her son. Mrs. Fisher M. Clarke, 739 Seventh Avenue, two of her children. Said she saw them clairvoyantly beforehand.

C. H. Daniels, New York City, was requested by spirit friends to visit the medium while the latter was in Washington. Out of twelve sittings he obtained eight likenesses of members of his own family. Left his own photo for trial in his absence, and received a picture of his mother. Said he saw several of them materialized afterward with Dr. Slade.

Judge A. G. W. Carter, New York City, said he had received twenty-four faces, both sexes and all ages, of members of his "Band." A Mr. Jackson, of Williamsburg, L. I., recognized his mother and son. Mr. D. Stratton, of Baltimore, a friend. C. H. Watson, Baltimore, his mother. Mrs. Compton, Havana, N. Y., her mother; full length, features and dress very distinct, patterns of floor transparently seen, the form overlapping the chair and shoulders.

Later on I sought a personal trial. The first and second attempts were entirely unsuccessful. The third time I obtained an indistinct head upon the glass plate, but could not recognize it as man, woman, child, or thing. Meanwhile I requested a copy developed on paper, which was promised within a few days. While waiting at home for the copy, Mother Wakeman was entranced by my father, who assured me that the effort, though feeble, was his, and the best he could do. A few days later I received the print, and sure enough, as far as the head and neck went, it was my father, with his thin features, high cheek bones, broad upper forehead, and forward stoop. He never had a photo of himself in earth life.

Still later I tried again, desiring another effort for my mother. After one or two failures I received a distinct half-size figure of a middle-aged lady, with a very sympathetic face, which I did not recognize. I had a copy sent to me in Staunton, Va., a few days after, but the family could not recall it. Visiting the mediumistic wife of a Mr. Brownold in the town, concealing the picture without hint, she asked me if I did not have a picture card in my pocket. She then declared it a likeness of my mother's aunt, very long in spirit.

Returning to New York, and keeping the secret, I consulted my old-time instrument, Mrs. W., when my spirit father advised it was my mother's aunt of long ago, before his time, who had introduced herself to him in spirit life.

About this time William H. Mumler, of Boston, published his remarkable experiences in procurement of spirit imprints. Among the numerous parties of more or less public prominence, some of whom I knew in this connection, and who bravely proclaimed their unusual facts, were: Alvin Adams, founder of the Adams Express; Luther Colby, editor of *Banner of Light;* Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia; Mr. Gurney, photographer, 707 Broadway, New York City; Charles T. Livermore, of Livermore, Clews & Co., Wall Street bankers; Paul Bremond, founder of the Houston and Texas Railroad; Judge John W. Edmonds, Supreme Court of New York; Mrs. Lincoln, who, veiled and disguised, obtained a fine likeness of Mr. Lincoln and their son Tad; Hon. Moses A. Dow, editor *Waverley Magazine*, Boston, and member of the Massachusetts Legislature; Joseph Jefferson, actor; Charles H. Foster; Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States; William Lloyd Garrison, and others.

See Colonel Crandell's remarkable experiences with Mumler, as related under date of October 25, 1874. page 16.

After the Colonel's success, I mailed Mr. Mumler a small photo of myself, and later received six copies with the form of a tall white-robed man, transparent between the card and the camera. I did not recognize the face and figure, but had earnestly desired that my mother might have a test instead of myself. My father, entrancing Mother Wakeman with some difficulty, said: My son—Hu—Hughes. Hen—ry. Tell mother. (My mother's favorite brother in her early

years in Virginia. The medium never heard of him.)

The next time I visited Richmond, I carried an album full of pictures of well-known spiritual speakers, writers and mediums, and spirit pictures, including this one, without title. Casually handing the album, without comment, to the daughter of this Henry Hughes in presence of my mother, she quietly reviewed them in succession until she came to the Mumler card, when in excitement and tears she exclaimed: Why, Aunt Mary, here is father. Mother also could not deny the likeness, and comparing the card with a family portrait the identity was complete.

But one of the most impressive experiments in this phase I afterward had with my own tin plates, purchased and cut into regulation size and minutely marked with phonographic characters, and taken to a Mr. J. J. Hartman, a New York visitor and stranger, who allowed me to handle and develop them myself. I made five attempts to get results, sitting before the camera in the bright sunlight, the medium simply touching the box and following me in the development. My eagerness for success under my own hands appeared to defeat the end, as several efforts were failures. I then less anxiously remarked: I will try once more, and stop. This time there appeared between me and the camera on the plate the sympathetic face of an Indian girl, in white flounces, with a long white veil over her head and form, with apparent snowflakes falling all around her, enveloping myself with exception of the head. The sensitive was equally surprised and wept. I did not recognize the original but waited for an explanation at home. I hastened to interview my well-tried friend and psychic, Mother Wakeman, who addressed me in broken English, the control declaring herself the original of the unprinted Indian form, belonging to the Sioux tribe, and that at five years of age she had been frozen to death in a snowstorm. For many years after this she continued to visit us, as these minutes show, improving her English with the years, and giving numerous tests of her cheerful and useful ministry, which she still manifests to this day.

New York Psychical Society.

This interesting Spiritual Society was organized and conducted by the writer for seven years, finally in Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th Street, New York City. In confirmation of the service rendered the Cause, I beg leave to append a number of reports of its exercises as published in spiritual and secular papers. In these extracts also appear many phenomenal facts not included in this sequential diary. . . .

The New York Psychical Society entered upon the third year of its pleasant labor in the dissemination of the doctrines of Spiritualism and the investigation of its phenomena, and has admirably done its part in separating concrete facts from abstract speculation. It has already accomplished much for which it has received due acknowledgment and assistance from those prominent in the ranks, as well as from the secular press.

Its Hall was re-opened for the fall campaign to an overflowing and hearty audience, among whom were many strong adherents of the Cause conspicuous for their uncompromising fealty and their desire to assist in the propagation of the truths of psychic science. Interesting experiences were related, and the seeker after absolute evidence must have been gratified and surprised at the array of stubborn and indisputable facts which were stranger than fiction. The opening address by the president was one mainly of congratulation and welcome. He reviewed his experiences during the vacation and arrived at the conclusion that what was imparted through trance mediumship and prophetic clairvoyance had no relation whatever to mortal mind-reading. He also related how an attending spirit had given him intelligence of interesting events occurring among his friends in the south, previous to their confirmation afterward by personal letters.

Judge Cross was warmly received, and expressed his satisfaction in seeing so many present who were not afraid to be known as spiritualists. He declared his firm faith in independent writing, clairvoyance and full-form materialization. He not only believed them to be true, but knew them to be as true as any other facts. Though simulated often, the true medium is not difficult to find. The finer laws of mediumship are not always understood, hence many mistakes in judgment are made. Twenty-five years of investigation had convinced him that the presence of spirit friends cannot be commanded by the medium or sitter.

Dr. Lawrence, who had traveled through

many of the States during the summer, brought tidings of increasing liberal thought. Mr. Ostrander appealed to spiritualists to imitate the courage of the ancient martyrs who were not ashamed of their faith, but if necessary were willing to die for it. Mr. Loney, humorist, delighted the audience with comic presentations, after which cream and cake, friendly congratulations and general enjoyment were indulged by all until a late hour. The uniform success of the Society, and its standard of public usefulness and social enjoyment, are due to the perseverance of its president, Mr. J. F. Snipes, an observant student of human nature, with a happy combination of the grave and the gay.

Jan. 25, 1893. The New York Psychical Society had a most enjoyable and profitable evening of song, speech, experiences and tests. After singing, with piano, the president offered extended remarks upon the recent liberality of the *New York World* in publishing, with cuts, his many personal facts since 1873. General Lee humorously expressed his views of old-fashioned and new-fashioned theology, and Mr. J. W. Fletcher, as usual during his long engagement, delivered some brilliant reflections and many clairvoyant tests. Among those present were many familiar to the public facially if not nominally, and more or less noted for wide intelligence, superior mediumship, or social and business position.

Apr. 26, before the New York Psychical Society, its president, Mr. J. F. Snipes, offered the following resolution:

Whereas, a bill has been presented to the Legislature of the State of New York, apparently a literal copy of one submitted to the Legislature of Illinois, declaring that "every person who shall for compensation or agreement therefor assume to inform another of his future affairs, in respect to birth, death, marriage, divorce, or other matter or thing, by means of astrology, clairvoyance, Spiritualism, trance mediumship, or any other pretended supernatural powers, or by means of any mechanical or other device, shall be deemed and taken to be a common swindler, and shall upon indictment and conviction thereof be fined not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for each and every offence;" therefore be it

Resolved, that the New York Psychical Society, representing one of many bodies of liberal and progressive thinkers in matters of science and religion, hereby recommends the following amendments to said bill, to wit:

Any man, woman or child, seen reading, or heard talking about, any of the numerous cases of clairvoyant seership and spirit return mentioned in the Bible and other works, and anyone who does not thoroughly understand all the disagreements of orthodox religionists, shall be deemed guilty of grave misdemeanor, and any member of the Legislature who dares to consult a lawyer, a liberal minister, a modern scientist, or a confidential friend, on any subject of business, and pays anything therefor, shall be fined $5,000, one cent of which shall go to the informer and the rest to the members of the Legislature. And all books, pamphlets or scrolls containing any reference to spirits, second-sight, prophecy and the future life, or any remarkable experience of people of intelligence and position, shall be bundled together and burned.

It is also decreed that, on account of the possible misuse to which they may be put, all drugs and liquors, guns, ammunition and knives and forks, and every private practice which may be abused by excess or misdirection, shall be banished and discontinued forever. It shall also be the duty of sheriffs and their assistants to raid the premises of all families in every city, town and hamlet in the State, at any hour of the day or night, and anyone harboring a pack of cards, or talking of mental or spiritual philosophy, shall be hurried to the nearest police station for trial and conviction of crime.

Finally, any person who attends a church, or hall or parlor, and is suspected of being heterodox, and any minister who shall venture to preach his honest convictions, or try to prove the truth of what he preaches, and receives any pay therefor, and any blockhead who fails to hire a pretentious doctor, and any poor fool who knows enough to distinguish between truth and fraud, and any spiritualistic medium with peculiar gifts, including "the discernment of spirits," who dares to furnish the afflicted of earth such comfort and evidence as only the facts of Spiritualism can afford, on complaint of any pious ignoramus shall be sentenced to enjoy the gospel of eternal damnation.

It is understood, however, that nothing in this bill shall be construed to mean that any member of the New York Legislature shall be adjudged guilty of misdemeanor, even if he has no belief in any kind of religion or

morals, and nothing herein shall debar him from continued bigotry, intemperance, gambling or bribery. This Act to take effect immediately upon the death of American religious liberty.

A copy of the above was sent to Governor Flower, and nothing further was heard from the original bill. And since that time, in consequence of the later progress of public liberal thought and spiritual and scientific knowledge, no similar ignorance has been noted.

At another Society meeting, attended by a large and enthusiastic audience, including representatives of the New York and Brooklyn Societies, Dr. Thomas S. Bahan, 257 W. 14th Street, vouched for the genuine mediumship of Mr. C. N. Foster as a spirit photographer, and exhibited a picture with likenesses of his mother, brother, sister and son, all of which, he said, were instantly recognized by his family and friends. Mr. Foster said he had accepted an invitation to attend this meeting, but he did not seek or need the endorsement of any particular individual, society, or newspaper. He had submitted himself to numerous tests already, and if the accounts of the papers and the testimony of reliable citizens in many of the cities of the Union, in the last seven years, whose articles and letters he brought with him, were not sufficient, he could do no more.

The experiment of the evening was one about which the oldest spiritualists had often read but seldom seen, a demonstration of the transference of matter through matter, as shown by Professor Zollner in his "Transcendental Physics." Taking a pair of slates, which were passed through the audience, a skeptical gentleman from England was invited to screw them together tightly with ten steel bolts and nuts all around the frames, and the slates were again inspected by the audience. Next a half-dollar was marked and the date noted by two known gentlemen, and placed upon the slates, which were held in the hands of the psychic and the Englishman, in the bright light of the chandelier, in full view of all, when suddenly Foster seemed to receive a nervous shock, and on opening the slates with the screw-driver, which took suspensive time, within the slates was the identical coin as marked; mysterious as the biblical tax-money in the gullet of the fish. Question: Is there a so-called fourth dimension in space, and is disintegration of matter under spiritual penetration as easy as the passage of the finger through water?

At another session, after the president had considered the very liberal treatment of the subject of Ancient and Modern Spiritualism by the Rev. Dr. Eaton, in his Fifth Avenue pulpit the Sunday before, Mr. J. B. Gibbs, of temperance fame, was introduced. Although he was not a spiritualist, he said, he had many sentiments in common, and had had many singular experiences. He did not believe in evil spirits, only the bottled kind, and had abiding confidence in the supremacy of the Great Father's love for all his children. He related a peculiar dream of recent date, in which he thought himself approached by a friend who distinctly informed him that "Ida" was dead. On the following morning he received a letter saying: My dear wife Ida died yesterday afternoon at four o'clock. As a simple student, he desired an explanation of this predictive information from those who were booked up in the dictionary of Heaven.

Again, when editing a paper in Boston, some years ago, he had a dear friend as assistant editor, a man of brilliant mind, but one who preferred whiskey to food and fame. For a long time he had lost sight of him and wondered what had become of him. One night he dreamed that the gentleman had called on him at his business place in New York; that he heard a noise at the front door, and looking up he saw him standing in the door smiling, with a new silk hat and a broadcloth suit. After a mutual surprise, his friend exclaimed: I am well fixed now, and playfully showed a large roll of money. The next morning, while in his office, telling his wife of his strange dream, and how glad he would be to see his old friend again, suddenly they heard a noise at the door, and there stood his gifted and redeemed friend, after a dozen years, dressed exactly as he had dreamed, who said: Well, you see I am pretty well fixed now, showing a big bundle of bills.

Once more, a nephew of his, a Dr. Packard, of Boston, a member of the Legislature and prominent in the Methodist Church, had a very interesting son, whose mother made it a practice to tuck him in bed every night and place a glass of water beside him. On a particular night, however, the mother heard a strange movement in the room, and running to her son, she found that he and his bed and the water had been transferred to the

opposite corner, the lad asleep, and the clothing tucked about him as usual. . The sequel was, that a grandmother, who lived in the country and fondly worshiped the boy, had passed to spirit life at the self-same hour.

At a later meeting of the Society, Mrs. Mary Wakeman made her appearance as speaker and test-giver. Many years before she had lost a lady friend who died in her arms. A few days later she visited the noted medium Charles Foster. One of her boys had been killed by lightning, and a few months after she lost another son. Foster told her that her son was present, gave his name, stated how he was killed, and that he was happy with his brother, giving his name also. After returning home, this spirit friend appeared before her, and said she was in the room several hours after her death, and saw her take a ring from her finger. From that time she began to investigate more seriously, her father and children visited her, and she saw their faces plainly. The thought often came to her, Where did the spirit, the breath, the living soul go after it left the body? She could not be reconciled to think it went into some prison-house in space, confined to some narrow limits somewhere, if it went to God that gave it, as she had been taught; there must be some place where her children were happy in their innocence; where they would not have to wait for a final judgment; and in answer it seemed as if the spirit world was opened to her, and she could see many of the bright ones in the life beyond. She had tried to live near the spirit world ever since, and she felt that in so doing she became more earnest and faithful and happy in her duties, and could give better tests to those who came to her for evidence and comfort. Spiritualism was her religion, she was trying to live it day by day, and she hoped to die in it. She then proceeded to describe for several persons present the spirit forms that appeared before her vision, giving recognized names, family facts, and appropriate counsel.

Mrs. Tingley, the philanthropist, expressed her gratification at the public appearance and success of Mother Wakeman, and hoped that if she began late she would not stop early. She herself had found increasing interest in her circles throughout the city, many of its members connected with churches, showing that sermons do not feed those who hunger for spiritual food and facts. She was particularly interested in the Woman's Emergency Relief Association, which is on the east side and feeding seventeen hundred hungry people every week.

Mrs. Margaret Austin, another veteran medium, said that, living as she was in another town, it was refreshing to see the good work of other mediums, even under heterogeneous conditions. It was a matter of rejoicing that such mediums as Sister Wakeman were living to furnish the evidences of immortality. Nothing else brought her such peace and comfort; it is good to know that we are not bound by creeds or dogmas, that our saviour is ourself; but are we really growing in spirit, in truth, in justice, as well as in years?

Prof. Daniel T. Ames, in a manner betokening keen caution, related some of his experiences. He attended his first seance only two years before, and very many since. In the last two weeks, on a book-slate, in his own hands, brought and held by himself, closed as tightly as a printed book, wholly untouched by the medium, in the broad daylight, he had received a message written and heard in the act of being written, and signed with the full name of his father. Between two other clean slates, examined and held by himself, he had received other intelligent and appropriate messages which he recognized. On a previous occasion he had a sitting with a Chicago medium, a stranger. He prepared six questions on paper of uniform color, shape and size. The parlor of the medium was full of sunshine, a light pine table stood in the center of the room, which he closely examined. Placing his package of questions before him, he carefully wiped two slates which he and the medium held above the table. Extracting one of the questions for an answer, immediately he heard the sound of writing between the slates, and after some rapping he opened them and found a message in perfect answer to that particular question. Again they held two other clean slates and a second question, alike concealed, was correctly answered. The question was: Friend Corey: Can you give me your opinion of the Religious Parliament now in this city? The reply was: My friend Ames: It is too early to express an opinion as to the probable outcome regarding the progress of Religion, but I am most happy to have this opportunity to say to you that life is a continuity. Yours in the Order and in Love, L. B. Corey. The

speaker had simply addressed him as Friend Corey, and yet he had prefixed the initials to his signature, and also referred to the subject of their frequent conversations in the flesh, and to their mutual fraternity.

Once more he took two other slates, tied them tightly together with his handkerchief, and hung them on a gas jet ten feet distant from the medium, and very soon he saw the slates vibrating with a measured swing. Getting up and listening, he heard the sound of writing between them. Taking them down he untied them, and found a communication of one and a half pages. He then read his folded question as follows: Dear Father: Can you favor me with a message over your autograph? The answer in part was: My dear son Daniel: I cannot express to you the satisfaction I have in knowing that the way has been opened for communication between us. It has been difficult, for you must know that conditions are as necessary upon the one side as upon the other. I am glad to be able to say to you today, that we live on, that death is not the end. Your father, J. M. Ames. He and his father in life had often discussed the great question: Is there any Hereafter? Special attention was called to the fact that he had not addressed his father by name, but the writing was signed with his autograph signature.

As a sample of the remarkable experiences of a prominent and reliable relator, I also had the pleasure of stenographizing the following short address of Dr. D. M. McFall, State Senator of Tennessee, before the New York Psychical Soiety:

The facts of Spiritualism, he said, are intended for the future as well as for the present, and we must go into Nature's laboratory and endeavor to give her those conditions and surroundings by which she can prepare and place on this planet a more perfect class of minds and physical organizations than those of the past. I do not question the effect of duress; we cannot change a people by law or force, but we have to leave decided results to coming generations. If we wish to reach the point of exercising transference of mind forces, or mental telegraphy, we must work for it. We are fast rising above our present limited powers to a more perfect generation and application of these forces, as in degree we find in one class of men a certain line of faculties different from those of another. I believe that a majority of our fellow-beings who live an average physical life pass sooner or later through more or less psychical experience. The civilized races will never become civilized through creedalism, so long as the forest grows, the wind blows and water runs; for in these they hear their own language spoken, they are governed by mysterious psychic voices and influences. What I may say on this occasion will be in proof of the psychical laws as I understand them through my own experience.

At one time I was a Presbyterian, and for years was active in prayer meeting work for revival purposes; but in time my spiritual conceptions were developed, and I left the church. At the time of the death of my younger sister, I was standing on my front doorsteps in Nashville, Tenn., in conversation with a former rector of the East Nashville Episcopal Church. I said to him: My youngest sister has just died. She was 350 miles distant and I did not know that she was even sick. He asked: How do you know? I replied that the information had just been received mentally. He then requested me, if I should receive a confirmatory dispatch, to send it to him; and I did. It so thoroughly impressed him with the truth of the transference of mind or spirit force that it led to the organization of circles in his own home. He left the Church, became a Spiritualist, the editor of a spiritual paper, and died a Spiritualist.

A short time after Morgan made his raid on Cumberland Gap, and during the march of the Federal forces over the mountains, an officer in full uniform, whom I had never seen before, suddenly appeared in front of me, and said: Tell your brother, commanding the advance forces, not to go up the main way, but to go around on the left trail. He then vanished as suddenly as he had appeared. I delivered the message, which was received with doubt and reluctance as unofficial, but a scout was sent on ahead, and he was not long in making the discovery that Confederate sharpshooters occupied the summit of the hill. The left trail was then followed and the advance guard of the enemy were all made prisoners.

After General Burnside had crossed the mountains into East Tennessee, I was standing one afternoon on a hillside near Russellville in company of my brother and others, waiting to see the passing of some prisoners

for Camp Nelson. At the time a thunderstorm was gathering, and we were interested in the different positions the angry clouds assumed, and just as the raging elements seemed prepared for a terrific outburst, a voice said to me: Take one step up the hill, and as I stepped forward an electric bolt passed so near me that I sensed the ozone, and tore to pieces a tree just beyond.

The Federals, after the Hood raid, occupied the Presbyterian Church at Franklin, as a hospital, and the dead-house was near by. One night the orderly, who was an Irishman and attended to the dead and their burial, approached me in an excited manner and said: I tell you, doctor, the old Devil is in the dead-house, sure, looking after lost souls. I accompanied him back, and what appeared to be the surgeon-in-charge was bending over the body of a soldier who had died in the afternoon from secondary hemorrhage; but as I approached, the surgeon, as I thought him, disappeared, whither we could not tell. On examination the body was found to give evidence of life. It was removed back into the hospital, a second amputation was had, the bleeding vessels secured, the man revived, recovered and was sent home. He said to me afterward: Doctor, before you came to me I saw my mother, and heard her say, If we can in some way interest the doctor, we can save you.

I had an intimate friend, John Marshall, a lawyer by profession. He was going from Nashville to Charleston, by the North Western Railroad. At the depot I said to him: You had better wait until morning. I feel as though some accident is going to happen to the outgoing train. Nonsense, I must go; and he boarded the train. In a few hours he was brought back a corpse. The train had gone down through a bridge into the river.

My mother was 300 miles distant from where I was at the time of the occurrence I now relate. She was suffering from what her physician claimed to be an abscess of the viscera, the result of hernial strangulation, and I have never seen on record a case like hers that ever recovered. I did not know at the time that she was sick, but at about eleven o'clock at night my mind seemed to go out to her with unusual intensity. I retired, and soon felt a very peculiar sensation coming over me and quickly discovered that I was passing up the stairway to the room where mother was living. I entered the room, and the clock on the mantel marked eleven fifteen. I saw a doctor and two ladies present, and heard mother say: Oh, if my son were here he could save me. I seemed to walk around where she was, and put one hand on her head, the other over the abscess, and remarked: You will be all right soon. I saw that they were very much alarmed at the sudden change in her appearance. After I returned to exterior consciousness, investigation was instituted which proved the truth of everything I claimed had occurred, and mother recovered and lived several years afterward.

Mr. Daniel Underhill, President of the New York Fire Insurance Company, held a reception at 232 West 37th Street, the occasion in part being the first public introduction of an interesting autobiography entitled "The Missing Link," by Mrs. Underhill, one of the original Fox Sisters, in whose home in 1847 occurred the Rappings that since then have engaged the attention of the world. The book embraces the missing evidence in the chain of the family history, and although the phenomena had been preceded by others of a similar and different nature for centuries, these were the first to be thoroughly tested for determination of their source, to the confusion of the wise, and the comfort of the sorrowing. Of course misrepresentation accompanied common ignorance, and the object of the publication was to give the true inwardness of developments, with numerous strange experiences for the succeeding thirty-seven years. The raps still attend Mrs. Underhill with variety and intelligence.

Prof. Jay J. Watson and his niece and son, musical friends of the great violinist and pronounced spiritualist, Ole Bull, tastefully rendered on the organ, piano and violin, the "Witches' Flight," by Russel, a bolero by Ole Bull, and a feeling melody, the notes of which were dictated by independent taps on piano keys, a very uncommon musical notation. After further music, the wants of the physical were served by a bountiful supper. When untiring attention had been given the liberal edibles, Mrs. Emma Harding Britten, the author of several standard works on Spiritualism, controlled the piano and delivered a dramatic and allegorical apostrophe to the hostess and the Cause. Lastly, the dulcet accents of Mrs. Nellie Brigham were heard in a lengthy and well-measured im-

promptu poem called "Leah" (Mrs. Underhill's first name), the subject chosen by a prominent city official. The company then dispersed at an early hour next morning.

Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Britten, of England, Mr. Alden, Titus Merrit, Mrs. Snowden, Judge Cross, Miss Martin and friends, J. B. Silkman, Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Newton, Dr. Wilder, Marshall Wilder (who highly amused the guests with his humourous impersonations), Mrs. and Miss Crane, Dr. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Knox, Mr. and Mrs. David Knox, Mr. Oscar Underhill, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Underhill, Mrs. Theodore Osborn, Mrs. E. Y. Anderson and two daughters, E. W. Capron, Joseph A. Dreyfus, Stephen B. French, and others of prominence, nearly one hundred in all.

The Georgia Wonder.

Lulu Hurst, famous through free advertising by the press and by those who have tested her, is still astonishing the people without diminution of power and interest. I had the pleasure of attending her closing entertainment at Wallach's Theater. Of course, in the want of more light or enlightenment, many persons advance a theory of extra muscle, dexterous digitalism, or some other natural power, but only those who have seen her work confess the folly of denying her possession of a very peculiar force, often exercised when least expected.

Miss Hurst is about eighteen years old, has good height, plump figure, round face, dark hair, small dreamy eyes, and a modest unsophistical manner. As one of two other committeemen, I accepted an invitation to the stage. The program embraced eleven experiments, including attempts to curb the movements of umbrellas, chairs, etc., she simply placing her hand on them flatwise, when violent agitations followed, resulting in the complete overthrow of the object and the objector. She herself remains perfectly calm, keeping up with the object controlled as it dragged the would-be holder about the stage in lively fashion. Her open palm was plainly in view, and had no grasping disposition. After the destruction of several umbrellas, a billiard cue was held in turn by the committee, who found it impossible to bear it to the floor so long as she touched it, and she easily lifted a chair and its occupant from the floor with a finger touch.

Several chairs were suddenly endowed with intelligent resistance. Holding up a chair, her open hand touching it, I found it impossible with all my will and weight to pull it down to the floor, she meanwhile uttering little chuckles of exultation, and quietly talking Indian, as the audience laughed at my involuntary dancing. Her arms were soft and cold, and I saw no evidence of effort, though profusely perspiring myself. In its physical force her manifestations reminded me of experiences with Dr. Henry Slade, with this exception: that in her presence myself and chair were locomoted in the light in the face of a demonstrative crowd. Whatever it was, it was not muscle, trick or will.

Her father informed me that her singular experiences began about eight months ago when stones were observed to fall about her from different parts of her room, and her parasol was often wrested from her. At first she would be entirely disqualified by a harsh word or inharmony, but gradually she gained her present equipoise and success under exciting public conditions. Her family and exhibitors claim no knowledge of the source of her power, and call it a natural force. Whatever proof they may have had in private that it emanates from external intelligence, they are promoting general wonder and investigation, and doing better work for themselves and others in this public way than by ascribing it to Indian or white spirits. She is a very interesting study and a profitable adjunct to the family. On good authority I am informed that in two weeks here she has cleared over three thousand dollars above all expenses. This week she appears in Boston for the illumination of its learned lovers of latent lore.

As a further evidence of spirit existence, observation and interest, I offer the ensuing relation: I wrote to a niece, who I supposed was in her home in Staunton, Va., about matters of practical interest, but received no reply. Wondering why, I consulted my old friend and trance psychic, Mother Wakeman, when one of her familiar spirit attendants informed me that she had been to my Virginia home, also to Richmond; that the niece had been stopping there, but was gone. She then inspected the Staunton house and did not find her, but tracing her further she said she

found her in another town, a hilly one, stopping at a hotel and enjoying herself, as I would discover later.

Judging from previous experience that I would be safe to communicate this information to her father, in advance of any mortal advice, I wrote him the particulars, and received a letter from him, written on the same day I had written mine in New York, corroborating the news as to the absence, the town, its topography, the hotel, etc. As he nor anyone else had informed anybody outside the home, and as there was no correspondence between the family and the medium (as for years was the case), and as no such information was in my own mind at the time, are not these facts, in even a simple matter, apart from any emotional sentiment or mental guess, evidence of external intelligence, and do they not demonstrate, with multiplied similar instances, the truth that if one single mortal is able to prove his return and identity, we, too, may hope to survive the universal change?

Mrs. Mary Hollis-Billing was another remarkably gifted instrument of my acquaintance. Modest and refined, she never heralded herself, and it was not unusual for people of influence to visit her from distant States for engagements. Once a week it was her custom, as in England, to hold a pleasant sociable, to which were invited a parlor-full of congenial spirits. The various tests so freely given were personal and convincing.

One evening her control talked on the influence of precious stones, and advised a lady present to wear a topaz. Nothing more was said about it, and other meetings followed. As a matter of test the stone was obtained just before a later gathering, and the lady concealed it under her glove. No sooner had the circle formed, however, than the invisible congratulated her on having the ring; also upon having just obtained some money after a long and quiet contest in Connecticut; referred to a visitor at home, and reported her father and others long departed, giving their names, relationship and appropriate counsel, and advised the confinement of a young lady she knew who was demented and dangerous. And so from one to another the spirit observer conveyed the names and messages pertinent to matters previous, present and prospective.

Mrs. Mary I. C. Youngs, a native of Washington, D. C., having signified her willingness to submit her mediumship in the line of piano manifestations, to a thorough examination under absolute test conditions, presented herself accordingly before a New York Committee and invited friends in the parlors of the chairman, Dr. J. B. Newbrough, 128 West 34th Street. She proposed that the piano be placed toward the middle of the room, with the back of the instrument facing the company.

1. In a bright light the lady sat down and began to play. A minute later the front of the piano commenced to rise about three inches from the floor, keeping exact beat to the music, slow or fast as the time required, and concluded by coming down on the front castors with violence. The medium requested less force, and the violence ceased. Then the front feet of the piano arose higher, beating time without touching the floor in the downward motion.

2. Playing as before, the medium placed her left foot under a leg of the piano, and the heavy piano continued beating time upon her foot.

3. Medium stood up and played, showing that neither knee was under or touching the piano, and yet it kept time gracefully as before.

4. By request, five men were allowed to sit on the piano, as follows: On the front, limbs pendant above the floor, Dr. Newbrough, 245 pounds; H. J. Newton, 175 pounds; on one end of the piano H. G. Newton, 125 pounds; J. F. Snipes, 125 pounds; at the other end Charles E. Loomis, 115 pounds, and E. Edgerton, 140 pounds; piano, 260 pounds; total weight of men and piano, 1,185 pounds. Then, while the medium played, the piano rose its full length in front four or five inches, beating correct time, as if studying to follow the tempo of the fingers. The light was as strong as could be desired, and it was easy to see and know positively that the medium exerted no power whatever in this remarkable physical and mental demonstration.

5. Next, as one of the committee, I raised the piano at one end very readily, but when the medium, standing aside, requested the intelligence to keep it down, I could not budge it.

6. Each and all present, one at a time, placed the right hand under the piano, using no force, the medium, standing apart, placed her hand under the first hand, but without

any pressure, and the piano was elevated as before.

7. Medium again sat and played, the hand of the chairman interposed between her knees and the piano, in full view of the rest of the committee, no contact except by the medium's fingers with the keys, and the piano again marked time to a number of tunes, slow and fast.

8. Finally, the medium gradually released her fingers, stood up, and removed all contact with the piano, when, like an intelligent thing of life, it moved its entire front length up and down several inches, quickly and slowly, as requested.

Mrs. J. T. Burton, formerly of Richmond, Va., was another psychic of reputation. When I last visited her she remarked that as I entered an old man suddenly appeared before her with an hour-glass in his hand, and while looking at it, it was shattered in pieces, and she knew that the sands of her life were about run out. A few days later I called again, and was told at the door that only the day before her body was laid away.

In proof of the practical benefits of spiritual advice, while the object of communion is naturally to inspire a desire for patient labor for the necessary things of life, we do often receive material aid from unseen sources, one such account being related to me by Mr. Simmons, the co-laborer of Dr. Slade (whose letters he signed Per—Simmons). A man of prominence (whose name was given) by means of advice from his spirit friend Mr. Greeley, was enabled to furnish written proof that he had duly paid Mr. Greeley a certain note for $6,000, payment of which was disputed by the executors.

In contrast with the undeniable facts afforded by honest seers in public and private life, it was my fate to face another kind at different times, but these commercial counterfeits did not disprove the genuine coin. As this sort of experience left a bad taste, and as these 'possums have since climbed the tree of forgetfulness, and can no longer deceive, it is not necessary to repeat their names.

In one instance I attended a so-called materialization. Five thicknesses of court-plaster were placed over the mouth of the Endorite, her hands were tied behind her back with rope (waxed cord refused), before entering a cabinet, a lamp threw an oblique light over the window of a curtained box, John Brown was sung, a masculine voice was heard within, a hand made its appearance, then the face of an old man, full gray beard and hair. After familiar talk, with much bad grammar, another face was offered, like a photo on the wall. The speaking was wheezy and always forced. A third face was presented, that of an old lady. Neither of the three heads was recognized, nor indicated any human suppleness. The doors of the cabinet were opened, the sitter pulled out, seemingly entranced, the plasters removed, and a collection taken up. A few days after the same personator gave another seance, when the same three faces appeared under similar conditions. Considering the statement made that inharmony had no effect upon the manifestations, that they were always going away the next day; that the faces and hands were entirely immobile; that the lady refused to be tied with waxed cord; that the same faces make up the stock company; that a party present declared she saw plainly a human wrist just below a mask; that the voices tapered into one another and could be attributed to ventriloquism; considering these facts, we had to conclude that another weak woman was cheating her own soul of the reward of a good conscience, and her credulous disciples of their wits and money.

Attending a public Sunday performance of another professional, in Adelphia Hall, as one of a chosen committee for close observation, before a very large paying audience, after an exhibition of heads and masks at the aperture of the cabinet, when the show was over I obeyed a sudden inspiration to attack the waist of the wide-awake sleeper, and withdrew therefrom a lengthy sample of the flesh-colored veiling which had shown the ghastly ghosts. The medium suddenly recovered from her trance and protested, without avail. Spreading the veil over my face and sucking inward the jaws in imitation of the cadaverous spirits, the audience arose in excitement and demanded the return of their money. The next day the *New York Herald* published my report and the lady and her agents retired from public gaze.

Other instances of flagrant attempted abuse of confidence came to my notice while conducting the New York Psychical Society in 1895 and later, one involving the complete overthrow of a brazen actress whose operations with confederates were boldly undertaken and quickly demised, as completely proven by the united testimony of many

prominent investigators, editorial and scientific, some of whom sent to me, at 26 Broadway, fullest details of the thorough and ignominious exposé, with many telling illustrations, as published in the foreign secular and spiritual press. The papers and letters in the case are retained for perusal when desired.

About this time I attended a third of a series of public spiritual test meetings held at the Broadway Opera House, New York City. The entire hall and galleries were filled by an intelligent audience; present on the platform Dr. J. V. Mansfield, Dr. Frederick Willis, of Boston; Jessie Sheppard, musical medium; Mrs. M. E. Suydam, of Chicago, fire-test medium; Henry J. Newton, and others. Dr. Willis, a tall, spruce gentleman, with gracious voice and graceful mien, detailed his strange experiences as an unwilling subject of the invisible and invincible for twenty years, partly as follows:

He was a student at Harvard College. At that time he had no faith in Spiritualism, had never seen a manifestation; heard of the knockings, but felt towards them that contempt which was still prevalent in stagnant quarters. He thought that none but the most illiterate had aught to do with them. Judge of his horror when he discovered that he himself was a medium. It was suggested that he and some friends try the table, did so; the table twisted and snapped unaccountably. To their surprise it arose alone two feet from the floor. With my right hand on the table, said he, thinking deeply, suddenly a strange sensation took possession of the muscles of my right arm, extending down to the hand; then the hand commenced moving with exceeding rapidity, so much so that I could not distinguish the fingers. One of the ladies present suggested that I was going to write. I did not then know there was such a thing as a writing medium. Some ordinary foolscap paper and pencil were procured; involuntarily my hand grasped the pencil, brought the paper in position for writing, commenced with great speed to write, filling a page and a half with half a dozen handwritings, entirely different in their characteristics, each message signed with the name of the spirit from whom it purported to come, brief messages of love addressed to the persons present, one of them from my own mother, who died in giving me birth. I had never seen a word of her handwriting, but I procured some afterward, and it proved to be a perfect fac-simile, so much so that the most skilled expert could not detect the difference. The signatures in every case were perfect, although the body of all the writings was not; but that of my mother was.

I had always prided myself on my ability to control myself; biologists and others had tried to influence me, but failed. I tried most vigorously to prevent this sacrifice of my will, but I could not withstand it, and I thought, in view of my previous education, that the very Devil, or one of the many little devils of theology, had full control over me. I repeated the experiments, however, and developed rapidly, until I became a medium for many of the phases, including the muscular, so that when simply touching or playing on a piano, the heavy instrument would be lifted entirely from the floor, without contact, and with six men sitting upon it. One gentleman said, Oh, you are all fooled; he is a biologist; you think you saw that piano rise, but it only seemed so. He was requested to put his foot under it, when he found he had put his foot in it, he was lame for a month.

We held similar meetings and obtained materializations, but only of hands of various sizes, from the tender hand of an infant to the brawny hand of a laborer. Many of my seances were held at the house of Mrs. Governor Davis, widow of honest John Davis, sister of John Bancroft, the historian, the intimate friend and correspondent of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. The doctor then spoke of a fine musical manifestation on such lowly instruments as the drum, bells, etc., present among the rest the brilliant Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. While the guitar was in the lap of the reverend skeptic, a beautiful female hand, seen by all present, swept the strings as it played, the hand terminating at the elbow in a cloudlike vapor. The explanation of the Thomases present was that it came from the medium's boot. For eleven months he was the rather unwilling instrument of these forces; he fought against them, but they followed him. If he stood talking in the streets, the raps could be heard on the sidewalk, or upon the adjoining house. If he called upon friends who contemned Spiritualism, and put his hand on the social table, it would run away from him, or the piano would move out alone into the centre of the room.

The spirits were bound to make him their servant. He was reduced almost to despair by their persecution and his living persecutors. He went to Roxbury, called on his friend Dr. Putnam, told his experience, begged advice. Said the doctor: So long as this thing is beyond your control, yield, and see where it will lead you. He resolved to do so, and prepared to retire for the night, extinguishing the light, and in a few moments he saw a phosphoric light moving in the room, about the size of an egg, which expanded gradually until it became large enough to contain a human bust, and then appeared a beautiful picture, the form of a female, with a divine and holy radiance about it. She spoke to him and announced herself as his mother. She told him she had loved him through all the years, and had watched over him as his guardian angel, striving to keep him from sin, but she could not make him recognize her presence. It was a beautiful and holy experience. Even then arose his usual doubts. He cried, Am I insane? No, my son, it is no hallucination; it is God's truth. She added that a bitter trial was coming to him, but he must bear it bravely. She then gave him some facts known only to herself and her mother, and vanished. He visited the grandmother, and verified the sacred facts. He then related at length the particulars of his expulsion from Harvard on account of his mediumship, as largely ventilated by the press of the country. Now he thanked God more for the sham trial and its consequences than if he had borne away in due season all the honors they were able to bestow.

Mrs. Louie M. Kerns, of San Francisco, was another gifted body, for evidence. Just arrived from California, she held a meeting at the Harvard Rooms, Sixth Avenue and 42nd Street. Her phase was the reading of ballots under cover, the hearing of spirit voices, and the writing of communications, with or without ballot, signed in full with the spirit's name. On this occasion about six hundred ballots were handed in by the audience and placed in full view on a stage table. Two men were voted as judges and sat on either side of the medium for close observance. The ballots were thoroughly mixed by them. The hall was crowded, many standing, and great interest and good order were manifest throughout.

1. The lady reported that a spirit present said: Tell my son that Hope Vincent is not here. One of the audience said he had called for Mr. Vincent. 2. The name of Sarah A. Cary was called. Acknowledged by a gentleman who said he never saw the medium before, and his ballot he folded smaller than the stem of a pipe. As was easily seen, the medium made no attempt to open any ballot. With mouth firmly closed, and eyes tightly shut, she wrote with great rapidity a clear message conveying assurances of immortality, signed Sarah A. Cary. 3. Medium wrote another message in like manner, saying: My dear boy, I am so glad to meet you. Do not worry over that tunnel. Your Uncle Haskell. Party acknowledged the name and reference as correct, but he had not written any ballot with that name. 4. Robert Weaver reported present. A lady arose and said she had written the name of a relative named R. L. Weaver. 5. Medium wrote: Dear sister Hattie: I am going to try to make my name appear on the medium's arm, to prove my presence. Dr. Wilson is with me. The medium then bared first one arm and then the other. The two judges curi ously inspected the skin of both, but saw nothing. In a few moments, however, they observed red script letters developing on both arms, as if written with blood under the cuticle, disclosing the names of Mary Gillett, Peter Knight and M. Weeks. The sister Hattie recognized the name of her sister Mary Gillett. Mrs. Knight recognized the name and signature of her spirit husband. The third name, M. Weeks, not known. 6. Medium said she had seen two or three times during the evening, about midway of the hall, a spirit of light complexion and brown hair, very mild, blue-gray eyes, and she says: Tell my daughter Ellen I am here. A lady arose and said that from the description and name she recognized her mother, who always called her Ellen, instead of Helen, as she was of English birth and accent. The medium replied: Tell your father not to be so impatient to go to mother; he will come to me soon. The lady answered: My father is living, and is very anxious to go to mother, as you say. 7. Medium wrote a message of general character, name imperfect. Will the spirit please write the name better? The name of I. H. Lawrence was re-written. A lady arose and said: That is my mother. I never saw the medium before, and I am not a spiritualist. Another lady said she knew the

other lady's mother, and the name was correct. At this point the committee stated that they heard raps upon the table distinctly, but the buzzing interest of the audience prevented a general hearing. 8. A message signed Judge Edmonds, addressed to Mother Taylor, read: I am delighted to meet you and tell you again that all I heard, all I believed, and all I knew of Spiritualism before I left the body has been proven true. I wonder if you remember—(here followed a distinct reference to a friendly transaction between Father Taylor and Dr. Newton). Mrs. Taylor said she understood the allusion perfectly, and that a medium behind her had just said she saw her husband with the Judge, before the writing. 9. A message signed Ann V. Smith. The medium reached over and picked out a folded ballot, handed it to one of the committee, who opened it and read the same name. Nobody acknowledged it, nobody had left the hall, but somebody had written it. 10. Message signed George Collins. Gentleman said it was his father's name. 11. A message signed I. Stone. A gentleman said that was his father, but he had written no ballot. 12. Message signed Sarah. Medium said she saw a large letter B. Party responded that it was probably Sarah Brown, his brother's wife, for whom he called.

In reply to many questions, medium said her writings were done by the individual spirit, not by her control, and was entirely mechanical; that she is not unconscious, her eyes were closed for better abstraction, and talking was no detriment. She also received fac-simile writings. The foregoing demonstrations were followed by frequent applause, and a large number remained to shake hands before her departure for Europe the next day.

Feb. 12, 1893, I made further mention of Mother Wakeman in the *Banner of Light*, as follows:

Mrs. W. is an elderly lady of great natural refinement of thought and manner, extremely intuitional, and responsive to the appeals of charity and suffering, yet a very practical, motherly adviser, and best of all an honest and successful instrument for spirit reflection. Spirit forms and speech seem to her almost as natural as mortal shapes and language. The following instances, within my own knowledge, will further illustrate her service to strangers.

A gentleman called on her for the first time, and among other things was told that the name he gave was not his own, but was ——, that his spirit wife (describing her and giving her name also correctly) was present, and desired him to return to his home up the Hudson at once, for moral reasons. The gentleman acknowledged he had given a false name, that his real name and the name and description of his spirit wife were correct, and the object of his visit to the city was a discreditable flirtation, but he would take the advice and return to his home.

Another gentleman called, and remarked: Madam, I have heard of you, and would like a sitting. The medium replied, I am very busy just now; can't you call tomorrow? No, he said, I have come a long way, and I want to tell you at the start that I am a skeptic. Seating themselves, she quietly said: I see a lady beside you (describing her and giving her name), and I hear her say: My dear, why don't you wear your necktie right? That will do, said he, jumping to his feet excitedly. That is my wife. You have described her exactly and given her name, and her very last words to me as she dropped dead eight months ago. It is fair to add, his skepticism leaked out of his eyes.

To a lady, at another time, she said: You have come to inquire about some loss. It is a diamond ring. There are two persons concerned in it, two young men you recently engaged to move something for you, and one of them has it. If you will send for them, as if for more business, and threaten their arrest, you will get it. The visitor replied that that was her mission, that the ring was worth $800, that she had hired two young men to move some furniture for her, and following the advice, she reported its recovery.

I also well remember another man who was made desperately despondent by the suffering and death of a friend, but through the ministry of Mrs. W., a stranger to him, he was made to realize the presence of his so-called dead, and was saved from actual self-destruction.

Such cases as these, and numberless others, should certainly be impressive enough to convince any doubter of the value of present-day seership in matters of personal bereavement, material loss, impending evil, and concern for the future life.

Following is an abstract of another report I published in the *Banner of Light*, June 3, 1893:

While there are many mediums in the world whose merits as individuals and psychics are well-known, not only to personal friends, but to casual visitors, it is true that in comparison with the majority of the world's population these responsive agents are few and far between and should be appreciated for their rarity. My chief consultant, Mrs. Mary Wakeman, has been a medium for sixty-five years. She was born that way, the centre of phenomena for which she and her family for many years had no name, and little understood. Personally I have noted her development for the past twenty years, her first unconscious trance controls being my father and relatives and friends of my early Southern life. Her phases are clairvoyance, clairaudience and trance, and ability to answer unread letters, as received from the extreme West and South and neighboring points, resulting often in further letters and personal interviews. In illustration of her success with strangers, I relate the following:

A gentleman from abroad called for the first time, when at once his father and grandfather reported their presence, giving their names in part, and spelling the last odd French names correctly. Another party, a lineal descendent of Napoleon, formerly a General in the French Army, and now connected with the business of the Standard Oil Company, made his first visit, heard, and was conquered; afterward had several lengthy interviews, and like the son of Ole Bull, expressed his gratification in many complimentary terms.

Recently Mrs. W. was telling some friends of her visions of the day. Coming in at the time, she turned and said: Mr. Snipes, Wiona told me today that she had been down South to see your brother-in-law, and found him in trouble. But he has another man with him now, and his name begins with a D. To my surprise I soon after received a letter from Mr. P., informing me that he had just dissolved partnership with his associate of many years, but had found another, by the name of Davis.

A Southern lady called, and said: I have visited a number of mediums, without success, and if you could give me the name of my father, it would be a good test, as I am a stranger here and nobody knows me. Well, said the medium, I hear the name of ——, and he tells me that he owned some land here in New York many years ago, in the squatter region, that it was of little value then, but is worth considerable now. Now I see two other men who were familiar friends of his, and they are seated at a table, having some friendly glasses together. Your father was not used to drink, and in a spirit of fun, as he thought, they offered to lend him money if he would give them a mortgage on this property. Now I see him putting his name to the paper. He did not dream of deceit, but they recorded the writing; and this was done in 1872. (Can you get the names of the two men?) Yes, one was named ——, and the other ——. Then followed advice from the father as to legal investigation. Wonderful! exclaimed the lady. I am here from the South to consult some lawyers about this very matter. The names and the other facts you have given are all correct.

A lady of Staten Island wrote a letter asking if she could get any information of a missing relative (giving no particulars). Holding the non-committal letter in hand, the medium dictated a reply to the effect that she was taken to the far West, to Colorado, where she saw a brother of the writer on a ranch; that in crossing a river he was drowned, and that a man who was with him would so inform the family. A few weeks later the writer of the letter called, giving no name or hint, when the medium said: I see your spirit brother here who gives me the name of ——, and he says that he told me about three weeks ago that he was drowned. Do you understand it? Yes; I am the party who wrote you from Staten Island. You have just spoken my brother's name, and a gentleman who was with him in the West has written us word that he was accidentally drowned in crossing a river. . . .

Returning to New York from Virginia at another time, I had a purposed interview with Mrs. W., whose familiar control, without any hint, mentioned correctly the physical condition of my mother as I left her, and that on my arrival in New York I had sent her a card instead of a letter, announcing I had safely arrived. Also that a letter I had just received contained the news that a cousin of East Virginia was about to pass away. (Correct.) Placing a photograph before the medium, the control remarked that it brought with it the grandfather of the lady and five others of her family, naming them all correctly, and they earnestly desired that the family would hold a circle and allow them

to come. (All unknown to the medium, to my personal knowledge.) The mother of the lady in the picture was also faithfully described; and another letter from a New York friend was rightly read, with advisory caution. I next submitted a small bit of shrubbery, which was at once declared to be a clipping from my father's grave in Staunton, Va. (A fact.) Touching the medium with a small piece of carbon pencil, she said she felt as if choked by a blinding light. (I had picked it up under an arc light in Virginia.) The medium, still under control, said the Staunton home was closed, no one in it. (Another unmentioned fact, since I left, all the family absent.)

One Sunday afternoon, at Carnegie Hall, Mr. Augustus Striker, of 347 Fifth Avenue, a stranger to me and mine, was invited to the platform, and gave numerous statements in a nervous manner, and while pacing the stage he suddenly turned towards me and said that a lady spirit presented herself to him, showing him the letter M, that she came to me, and also showed the letters J. T. P. Said he was carried away from the city to a home in front of which he saw a big tree, and on the left a conservatory of flowers. As he entered the house he seemed to hear music. He also saw a clinging vine in the front yard, and the words Lewis Street, and three figures, 22—, the last one not distinct; next a thorn and a rose.

The facts were: The M was the initial of first name of my sister, the J. T. P. the initials of full name of her husband, in Virginia. The house he occupied had in the front yard a noble tree, also a clinging vine and flower near the porch, and on the left was a large growth of flowers under glass; in the parlor a piano, often played; the name of the street was Lewis, the number of the house 221; the thorn and rose combined meaning Thornrose Cemetery, in which were buried the remains of my sister and others of the family.

In the winter of 1921, my wife Charlotte and I took her mother, in failing health, to our winter home in Cassadaga, Florida. We arrived there late at night on January 10. The next day, before time for any possible introduction of the mother to anybody, we attended a public meeting by a Mrs. Etta Bledsoe, from the West, speaker and test-giver, in the Auditorium. After a lecture and the giving of many accepted messages to others in the audience, Mrs. Bledsoe turned and said to my wife's mother: Is your name Elizabeth? Your spirit husband, William P. Jones, tells me so, and he says he is glad you have come South, that you will be with him very soon, but he will make the way easy for you.

Six days after, January 17, she suddenly startled an assembled social company by dropping to the floor, and in fifteen minutes was gone. Brave to the last, and comforted by mortal and spirit attention, she rejoined her devoted husband; and both have since returned at various times and places, through different sources, with ample proof of their happy survival.

Feb. 23, 1923. Leopold Lee, a trumpet medium from Louisville, Ky., stranger to self and wife, reported present an old lady, like a mother to me, but not my mother, named Mary. Father also identified. Wiona gave her name. Names and salutations to several others. On entering the house, medium wanted to go to room at head of stairs where wife's mother passed away. One visitor was addressed in German by independent voice of a friend long gone, in conversation about ten minutes.

Feb. 23. Mrs. Lizzie Sanders, of Clearwater, Fla., a Methodist cousin, wrote me to say a terrible accident had just happened. Wanted "the spirits" to tell her what it was. Submitted the hidden question to Mrs. Anna Stewart, chance caller, who said she saw the letter B in connection with a young man who had been injured in body, but not fatally.

Next day, John Slater, in giving tests from the platform, called out the names of William P. Hughes, Marion Hughes, and Byron. Said the latter had had an auto accident, but would get well. The William and Marion were the spirit father and uncle of Byron. When the non-committal letter was received from Clearwater, Mrs. Snipes exclaimed at once, Automobile. A later letter confirmed the accuracy of all these statements, and Byron recovered.

William Cartheuser, of Buffalo, another trumpet psychic, in our home circle, a few days later, furnished further facts. Under control of his familiar, White Bear, the trumpet cavorted around the room and ceiling, and the floating voice gave many names and recognized messages to fourteen persons present. I was addressed from the big end of the horn, but not very audibly. By request it darted towards Mrs. S., and gave her

the full name of my father, his age when he passed over, the odd name of the place where he lived in East Virginia, the cause of his translation, etc. All true, and unknown to anyone except my father and myself. My sister Alice also gave her name and mentioned an injury. Rev. William Jones also was named as a preacher and friend of my youth.

Mar. 2. Cassadaga. Cartheuser, medium. Twelve present. Gave many good tests personally, while independent voices spoke at same time. Mr. C. T. Ford, business friend of banker Harriman, received names of his wife's friends, and several of his departed kin. Father reporting, I asked if he was with me that afternoon. The reply was: Did he get his pants wet? A friend, while boating out of sight of the Camp with me, was upset, and saturated his new and portly pants.

Feb. 15, 1924. Cassadaga. Miss Hazel Ridley, voice medium, from Buffalo. First visit. Grey Wolf her main control. The independent voices, in the bright daylight, are heard outside the medium's body. Name of wife's father spoken. Was thankful for the opportunity. Sorry he did not understand before the change. Did what he could. Somebody else will do differently later. Knows he has not done right, and would lose in the end. Mother is here, and happy with me. Referred to our Florida investments. Lydia (my former psychic wife) gave me the name given her in life—Heart's-Ease. Wife's mother revived many memories unknown to others, her habit of emphatic fisting on table, her thanks to a Mrs. Babcock for kindness in her last moments. Sister gave her name by outside voice, with father and mother. Asked for names of her children she saw in her dying vision many years before, in Virginia, she replied correctly, Cora and Josie. (See notes of March, 1888.)

In conclusion, if these remarkable personal experiences, in addition to the countless psychic facts supplied through other modern seers and scribes, furnish a solid basis for actual knowledge of the merciful operation of Natural Law in the Spiritual World, then indeed is fully attained the primary object of the grateful author, now eighty-five years of age, who cheerfully awaits his own new birth into the higher conditions and privileges of family and friendly reunion and progress in the real realities of the Infinite Future.

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